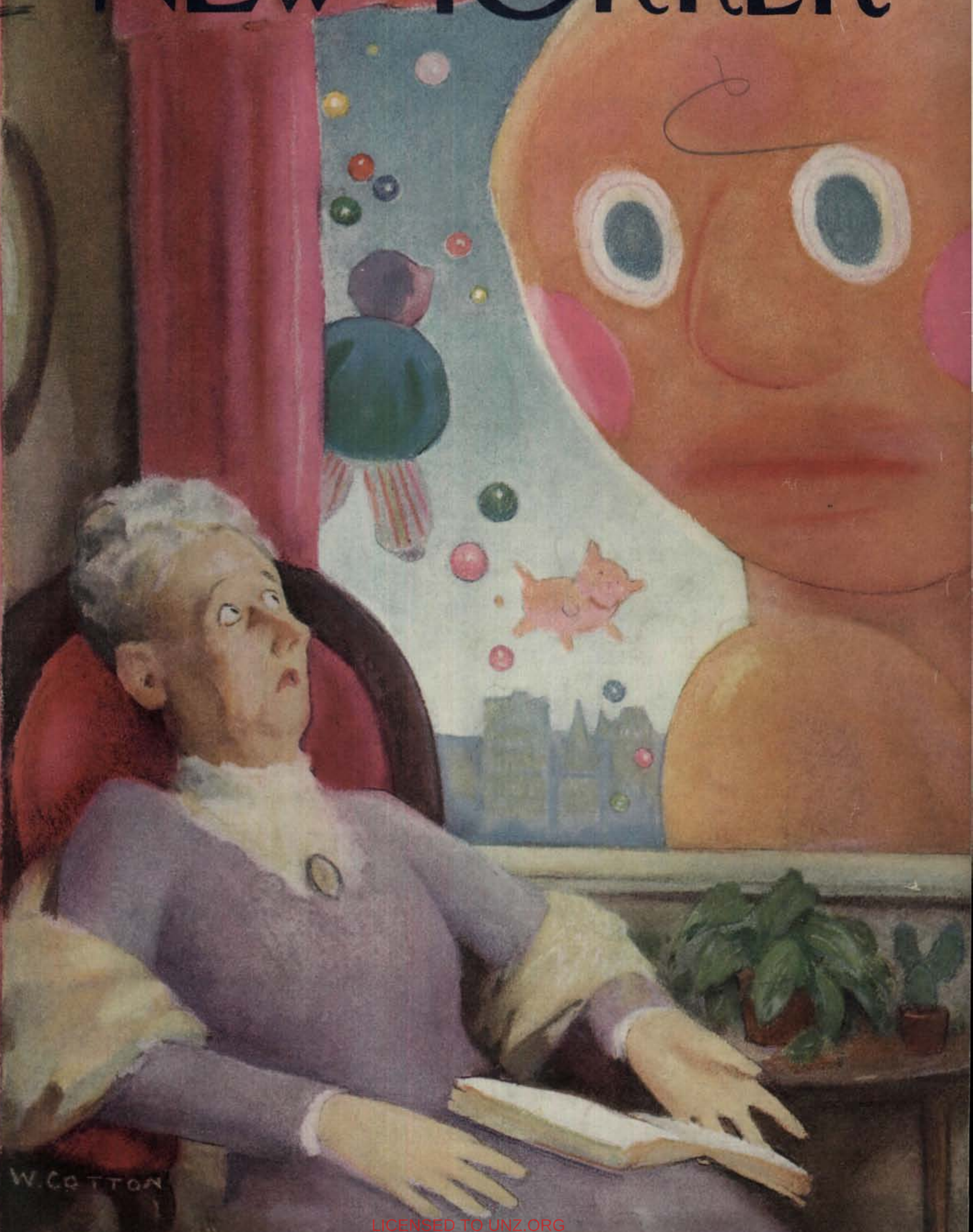
* Nov. 24, 1934

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



THE KING WHO SET PARIS TO EATING ONION SOUP

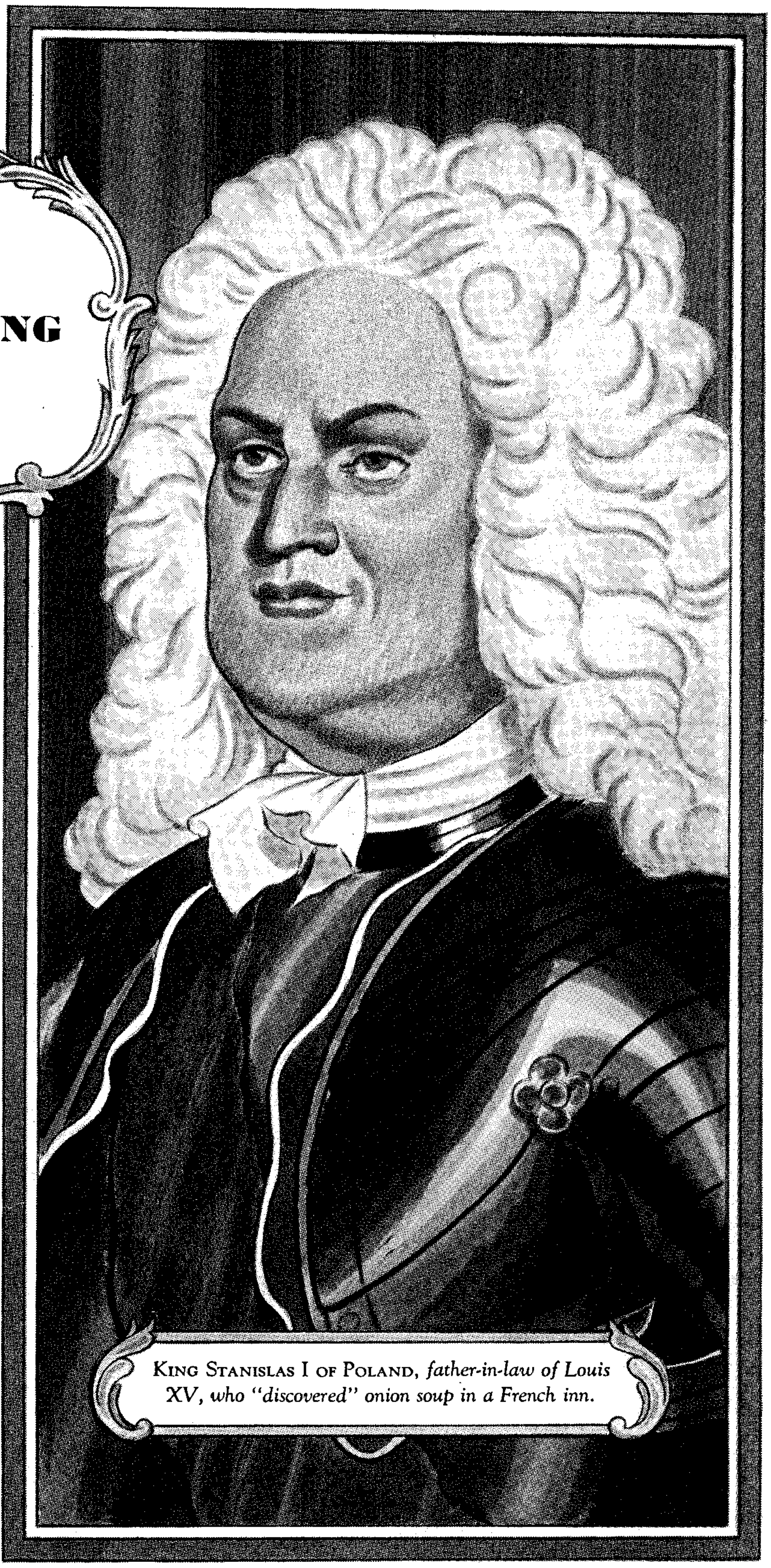
AN exiled king persuaded Louis XV to try onion soup and started a vogue that Frenchmen, travelers and gourmets still follow with pleasure.

You may have been introduced to it at Les Halles, in Paris, "where the onion soup flows best." You may have watched for the days onion soup appeared on the menu of your favorite restaurant. But never before could you pour true French Style Onion Soup out of a can at home.

Such a treat is now ready—Hormel Onion Soup. Prepared faithfully by a French chef, after prized French recipes, Hormel Onion Soup has the familiar shredded onions, fried with butter; the rich strong beef stock; the indispensable Parmesan cheese.

Your food store has it in the 20 oz. can for 20c. If you can't get it, write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if you don't say Hormel French Style Onion Soup is the most delicious you ever bought. Mail name, address and criticism on label to Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



KING STANISLAS I OF POLAND, *father-in-law of Louis XV, who "discovered" onion soup in a French inn.*

And You Get Nearly a Pint of Real Beef Stock in every can

HORMEL
ONION SOUP
French Style

HORMEL
ONION SOUP

HORMEL FINE FOODS

Hormel Vegetable Soup
Hormel Ham (In tins)
Hormel Chili Con Carne
Hormel Chicken Broth
Hormel Chicken à la King
Hormel Chicken (In tins)
Hormel Little Pork Sausages
Hormel Spiced Ham
Hormel Smoked Ham
Hormel Smoked Bacon
Hormel Pea Soup

"VOL DE NUIT"
NIGHT FLIGHT

GUERLAIN
VOL DE NUIT
Darcy

Le Parfumeur de l'Élégance après L'HEURE BLEUE, SHALIMAR *et* LIU *présente . .*

VOL DE NUIT . . . TWENTY DOLLARS . . . NEW SIZE TEN DOLLARS

GUERLAIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS
CALENDAR
OF EVENTS
WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABBEY THEATRE IRISH PLAYERS—The excellent company from Dublin in a repertoire of Irish plays. "Church Street," by Lennox Robinson and "Resurrection," by William Butler Yeats: Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 22 and 24. "Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey: Fri. Eve., Nov. 23. "Look at the Heffernans," by Brinsley MacNamara: Sat. Mat., Nov. 24. See daily papers for plays to be given the week of Nov. 26. (Golden, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DARK VICTORY—Tallulah Bankhead in her first real chance to show her serious talents as an actress, which she does without qualification in this play about a young lady who likes to live and finds she has to die. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE DISTAFF SIDE—Three generations of English ladies brilliantly portrayed by John van Druten in a comedy which goes on a little breathlessly about chastity. With Sybil Thorndike, Estelle Winwood, Viola Keats, and Clifford Evans. (Booth, 45, W.)

DODSWORTH—A clear and concise stage version of Sinclair Lewis's story of the American businessman who finds Europe without his wife better than his home town with her. Walter Huston and Fay Bainter give splendid performances. (Shubert, 44, W. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE—A finely humorous play about life on the Erie Canal during the big Railroad Menace. June Walker, Henry Fonda, and Herb Williams head a cast of real characters. (46th Street, 46, W.)

JAYHAWKER—Fred Stone, out of his old element but into a new one, as the fire-eating old senator from Kansas who helped get the North into the Civil War and then tried to get it out. (Cort, 48, E.)

JUDGMENT DAY—Elmer Rice versus Hitler in three acts of melodramatic slugging. Exciting though earnest. With Fania Marinoff, Josephine Victor, and Walter Greaza. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

LADIES' MONEY—A fast-moving cross-sectional view of life in a boarding house, with practically everything going on. With Helen Lynd and Eric Linden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

L'AIGLON—Eva Le Gallienne and Ethel Barrymore in Rostand's play about Napoleon's son, exciting to all who are excited by patrician play-acting. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG—The melodrama by George Kaufman and Moss Hart in which a playwright and most of his friends go gradually to pieces. It covers eighteen years and is played in reverse order. Mary Philips, Jessie Royce Landis, Cecilia Loftus, Kenneth MacKenna, and Walter Abel. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

PERSONAL APPEARANCE—What happens when a Hollywood movie star gets her hooks into a filling-station boy. Genuinely comic lines, read with great effect by Gladys George. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

SAILOR, BEWARE!—A rough and very funny explanation of what our navy does with its spare time. Second year on Broadway. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

SMALL MIRACLE—The "Broadway" formula applied to assorted deviltries in a theatre lounge. Nobody ought to miss Joseph Spurin-Calleia as the escaped murderer in the telephone booth. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

STEVEDORE—Even if you don't like propaganda plays, you ought to get a kick out of this drama of race-rioting along the docks, with its practically all-Negro cast. Last three days. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M. Closes Sat., Nov. 24.)

TOBACCO ROAD—A pretty grim outline of life in the back sections of Georgia, given importance and humor by James Barton's performance. (Forrest, 49, W.)

WITHIN THE GATES—A symbolic treatment of modern life as typified by characters assembled in Hyde Park, London, written with great distinction by Sean O'Casey and acted by a large cast headed by Lillian Gish, Bramwell Fletcher, and Moffat Johnston. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

CONVERSATION PIECE—Delightful because of Yvonne Printemps, Noel Coward's music, and some lovely settings. The story doesn't matter, but it is also pleasant. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—Superbly presented by the D'Oyly Carte Company from London. "The Gondoliers": Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 22-24. "Ruddigore": Mon. and Tues., Nov. 26 and 27. "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore": Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 28 and 29. "The Yeomen of the Guard": Fri. and Sat., Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:15 P.M. Mat. Thurs., Nov. 29, 2:15 P.M.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—The miracles of stage engineering winning a close decision over the Strauss music in Hassard Short's spectacular operetta. With Marion Claire, Guy Robertson, Marie Burke, and many, many others. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40—Bert Lahr, assisted by Frances Williams, Luella Gear, and Ray Bolger, in a revue that has its broad and familiar moments, but is much better than average. The Ira Gershwin-E. Y. Harburg lyrics deserve your attention. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
PROFILES	22
OF ALL THINGS	27
THE THEATRE	28
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	35
MUSICAL EVENTS	38
PARIS LETTER	42
A REPORTER AT LARGE	48
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS LETTER	62
FEMININE FASHIONS	64
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	67
THE CURRENT CINEMA	79
TABLES FOR TWO	81
MOTORS	86
BOOKS	87

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

SAY WHEN—The kind of musical comedy we all have fond memories of. With Harry Richman, Bob Hope, Linda Watkins, Cora Witherspoon, Taylor Holmes, and Dennie Moore. (Imperial, 45, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify all dates.)

THE LORD BLESSES THE BISHOP—A play by Hatcher Hughes, with Claudia Morgan, Hugh Rennie, Wilton Graff, and Patricia Calvert. Opens Mon., Nov. 26. (See daily papers for theatre.)

PAGE MISS GLORY—A farce by Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning, with Dorothy Hall, Charles D. Brown, Peggy Shannon, Bruce Macfarlane, and James Stewart. Opens Tues., Nov. 27. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD EAGLE GUY—The Group Theatre's production of a play by Melvin Levy. The cast includes J. Edward Bromberg, Stella Adler, Margaret Barker, Alexander Kirkland, and Morris Carnovsky. Opens Wed., Nov. 28. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE SAINT'S HUSBAND—A comedy by B. Iden Payne and Rosemary Casey, with Alexandra Carlisle and Vera Allen. Opens Thurs., Nov. 29. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

ANYTHING GOES—A musical farce by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, revised by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, with music and lyrics by Cole Porter. The cast is headed by Ethel Merman, William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Bettina Hall. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—A play by Lillian Hellman Kober, with Katherine Emmet, Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, and Robert Keith. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

●

CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Second edition, with Lucienne Boyer, Vicente Escudero, Deslys and Clark, Gali-Gali, the magician, and many others. (Little, 44, W. Nightly at 9. Mat. Sat. at 3.)

THE DRUNKARD—P. T. Barnum's powerful temperance drama played in a reproduction of the old American Museum, where the audience sits around at tables and partakes of free beer, coffee, and sandwiches, and sings old-time songs. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. Nightly at 8:45.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—New edition of this informal Sunday evening entertainment, with Sigmund Spaeth, Shirley Booth, Marion Chase, Nina Tarasova, Sam Wren, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

FOR CHILDREN—Raymond L. Ditmars lecturing on "Wild Animals I Have Known;" and Harry C. Raven, with Meshie, the chimpanzee: Sat. Morn., Nov. 24, at 11. "Haensel and Gretel": Sat. Morn., Dec. 1, at 11. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

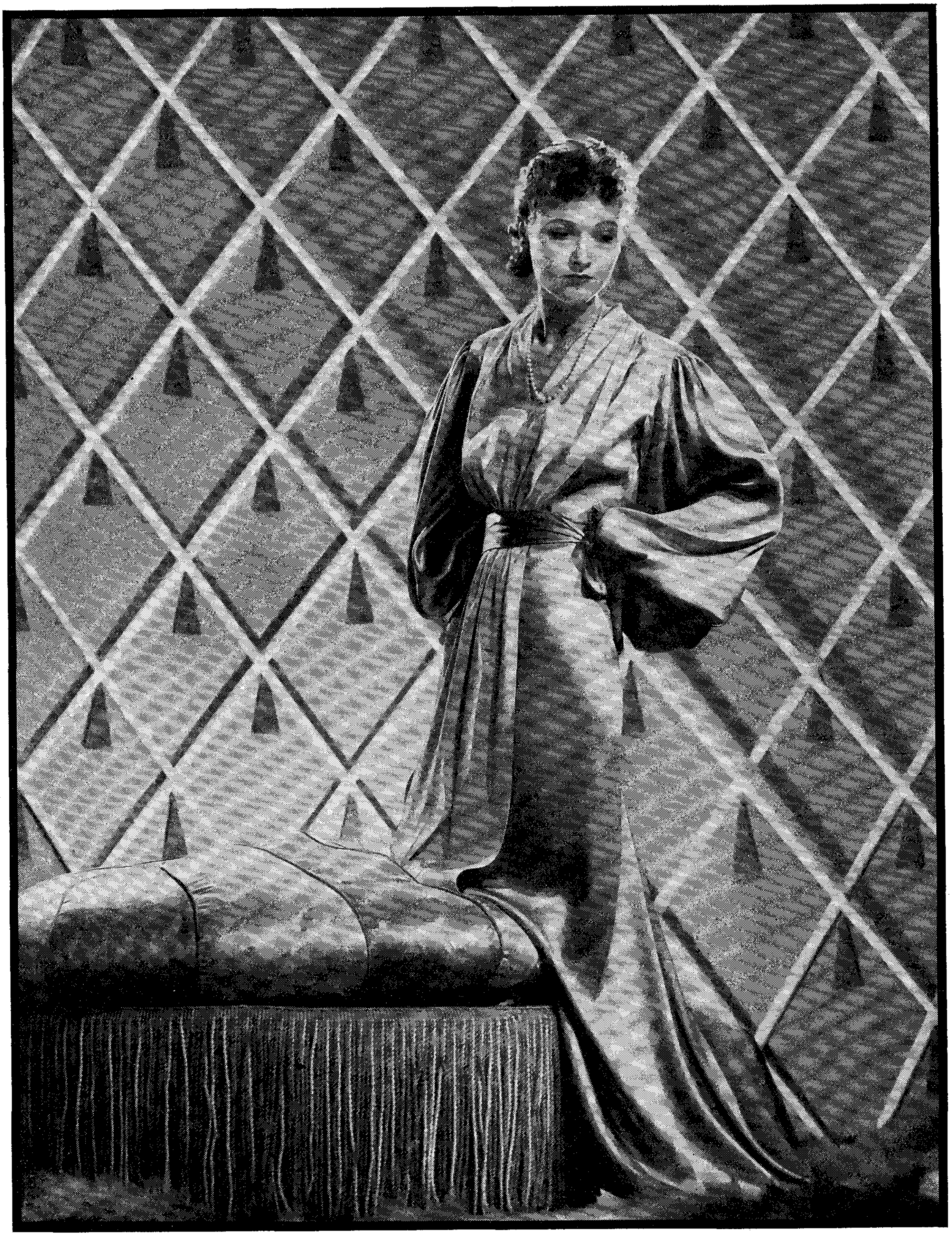
LE BIJOU, 2 E. 56 (Plaza 3-4282)—A small and attractive room, with songs by Grace Morgan, dances by Elise Lord and Peter Marshall, and music by Mario Di Polo.*

BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Where you will find Paul Whiteman, his orchestra, and his group of entertainers.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—

(Continued on page 4)

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. X, No. 41, November 24, 1934. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1934, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.



ARTHUR O'NEILL

★

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

La robe d'intérieur takes its inspiration from the Moyen Age. Created in Satin Duplicand, a luscious twin-toned satin, in azure blue and rose. Woven of "Acele," the luxury yarn of fashion. Vastly becoming for luxurious leisure.

DUPONT
ACELE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 2)

Eddy Duchin and his orchestra, with tangoes by Beuvel and Tova.*

Chapeau Rouge, 159 W. 49 (Columbus 5-9096)—Peppy De Albrew's supper club. Songs by Deslys and Clark, dances by Medrano and Donna, and music by Dick Gasparre and José Rodriguez.*

Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra play for supper dancing.*

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (Plaza 3-8887)—A smart and handsomely decorated after-theatre rendezvous, with Joe La Porte providing the dance music and entertainment by the Coq Rouge Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—This popular East Side spot has Jean Sargent, Irving Rose's orchestra, and Rodrigo's Havana Tipica rumba band.*

Larue, 480 Park at 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—Here you will find Walker O'Neill's orchestra and Dwight Fiske singing his merry songs.*

Park Lane, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Supper dancing in the Round the World Bar. Max Bergère's orchestra.*

Place Piquale, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—Harry Rosenthal leads the orchestra at this gay after-theatre spot. There's also Latour's tango band, songs by Eva Symington, and dances by Dario and Louise Brooks. Dress.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—Emil Coleman and his orchestra play in the Persian Room. Dances by the De Marcos. Dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 7-5312)—Lucienne Boyer, dancing by Lydia and Joresco, Jolly Coburn's orchestra, a color organ, and a revolving dance floor are some of the features of this showplace sixty-five stories above the town. Dress.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Supper dancing in the handsome Café Lounge. Bob Grant's orchestra and songs by Tito Guizar.*

St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Leon Navara's music, with impersonations by Sheila Barrett, and dances by Minor and Root.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for supper in the Tropical Garden. Songs by Marion Chase, and dances by Coperton and Columbus.*

Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, supplemented by Xavier Cugat's tango orchestra. Dress.

Weylin, Madison at 54 (Plaza 3-9100)—Enric Madriguera plays for supper dancing in the Caprice Room. Rumbas by Eva and Raul Reyes, and songs by Teddy Lynch. Dress.

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Joe Moss's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34, Sat. Eves. only.* . . . Hal Kemp plays in Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Del Campo is at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46.* . . . Joe Haymes provides the music at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . You'll find Jack Little at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Scott Fisher is at the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Ozzie Nelson plays at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Felix Ferdinando is at the Casino Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Archie Bleyer plays in the Commodore English Grill, Lexington at 42. . . . Anthony Trini is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Jack Berger plays in the Orangerie at the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Michel Gorner plays in the new Salon Madrid, Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Eddie Lane plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.

●

Notes—There's Meyer Davis music and singing by Lois Elliman, and George Owen and Armand Vallerie, at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (Eldorado 5-9048). . . . Gene Fosdick's band plays at Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (Eldorado 5-9696). . . . Maurice Shaw provides the music, and Tommy Reilly and Billy Comfort sing, at the Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9478). . . . The Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Murray Hill 2-9717), has Allan Cole's orchestra and songs by Jerry Goff and Jack Kerr. . . . Charlie Wright plays his accordion and sings at the Continental Café, 10 E. 52 (Wickersham 2-8953). . . . Zelli's, 128 E. 58 (Eldorado 5-8339), offers dance music by Don Costello and Neil Litt. . . . Max Dolin leads the orchestra at Maison Lafitte, 144 W. 55 (Circle 7-9340), and the Musical Rogues sing in the upstairs bar. . . . Maison Voyante, 324 E. 57 (Eldorado 5-8476), has Arthur Valentino's orchestra and songs by Spivy. . . . Tony, formerly of E. 53 St., has an attractive new place called the Trouville, 112 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9234). . . . Consuelo Flowerton sings at Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8 (Spring 7-7000). . . . Anna Held's in Town, 1 Ave. at 52 (Plaza 3-8325), has Michel Zarin's orchestra and piano-playing by Walter Lynch.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.]

●

Broadway Atmosphere—Casino de Paree, 254 W. 54 (Circle 7-1590), has an elaborate show featuring Milton Berle, Gracie Barrie, Al Bernie, Peggy Taylor, George Tapps, Mark Plant, and others. The two orchestras are led by Charles Drury and Leon Belasco. . . . The Billy Rose Music Hall, B'way at 53 (Circle 7-4822), offers Benny Goodman's and Jerry Arlen's orchestras, a revue, movies, singing waiters, Barbary Coast bar, etc. . . . Palais Royal, B'way at 48 (Lackawanna 4-7300), with a floor show featuring Morton Downey and Dan Healey.

Other places, with plenty of undressed floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), with Will Osborn's band; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), Charlie Davis's orchestra.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . Don José's Continentals play at Le Chat Noir, 557 West B'way (Algonquin 4-9271). . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has a good show and Mills's Blue Rhythm band.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Cubanacan, Lenox Ave. at 114 (Monument 2-8272), with a real rumba band and dances by Rodrigo and Lila, and Ofelia and Pimento; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (University 4-8644). . . . Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (Circle 7-6435). . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Vanderbilt 3-9189). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646), with a new show that includes dances by Nina and Zabol; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836), small and intimate, with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

The Affairs of Cellini—"The Firebrand" considerably damaged by Mr. Zanuck, but with a fine performance by Frank Morgan. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon. Nov. 24-26; continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Count of Monte Cristo—Relaxing; the great romance is faithfully if not brilliantly retold. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 23-26; continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Gay Divorcée—Rather too big and fancy, but with its inspired moments, thanks to Fred Astaire, especially, and to Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, and Edward Everett Horton. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Man of Aran—The eagle-eyed Robert Flaherty looks over the islands which lie just west of the Irish coast and makes a fine film about them. (Westminster, 49, E. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily.)

The Merry Widow—A pretty picture, with the Lehár music, Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and a lively rendering of the story by Lubitsch. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Fri., Nov. 23; continuous daily from 11:30 A.M.)

One Night of Love—Grace Moore sings well and the Hollywood touch is fairly light this time. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; continuous daily from noon. Also, Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; starting Thurs., Nov. 29; continuous from 2 P.M.)

The Richest Girl in the World—Mild comedy, with a freshness which may appeal to you. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 23-25; continuous from 2 P.M.)

Note—You can see an hour's program of animated cartoons, by Walt Disney and others, at the Bijou, 45, W. of B'way; continuous from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Charles Laughton as the father of all the Barretts, and with Norma Shearer and Fredric March doing as well as could be expected; "The First World War," Laurence Stallings recalling the war and the great people of those days in a film you should certainly see; "Little Friend," Nova Pilbeam, the young English girl, making a film of divorce especially interesting; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," bringing Pauline Lord to the screen, but perhaps most lively when W. C. Fields is about; "Our Daily Bread," the King Vidor dissertation on communal farming and its problems; "What Every Woman Knows," Helen Hayes in a well-preserved screening of her stage success, with Brian Aherne as the young and ambitious husband.

ART

Beal—Paintings by one of the most spirited of the conservative painters: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

Burliuk—Colorful paintings by a Russian modern: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

Children—Five hundred paintings representing forty different countries, all by children under thirteen: Mezzanine Gallery, Rockefeller Center, 6 Ave. at 50. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

Corot—Large exhibition of paintings borrowed from important collections here and abroad: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

Degas—Interesting paintings dating from the sixties and seventies: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

Despiau—Retrospective exhibition, dominated by portrait heads of women: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Green—Exhibition for the benefit of the Heckscher Foundation, in which the ripest artists, from Renoir to Orozco, are represented only by canvases in which green predominates: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Industrial Art—Annual exhibition of contemporary Americans, arranged by Mr. Richard Bach: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Knight—Syrupy landscapes by Aston, not Laura: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 24.

Laufman—Paintings by a Carnegie Prizewinner: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 24.

Luks—Memorial show of works by an important contemporary of Robert Henri: Newark Museum, Washington Park, Newark, N. J. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 12 noon to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

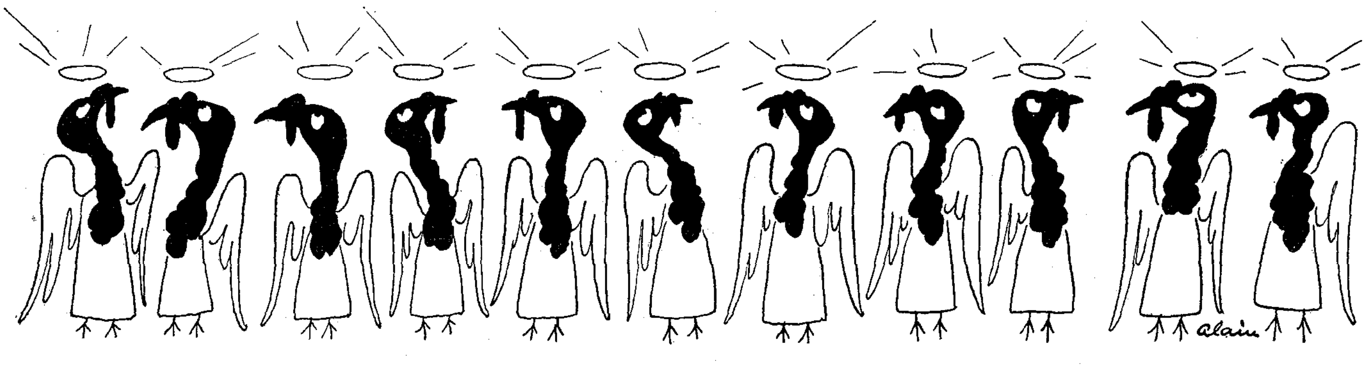
Marin—New work, with at least half a dozen paintings that count among his best; an exhilarating show: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Marsh—Paintings by Reginald Marsh: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Maurer—Remarkable show of a modern painter never adequately seen or sufficiently appreciated in his lifetime: Uptown, 249 West End Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

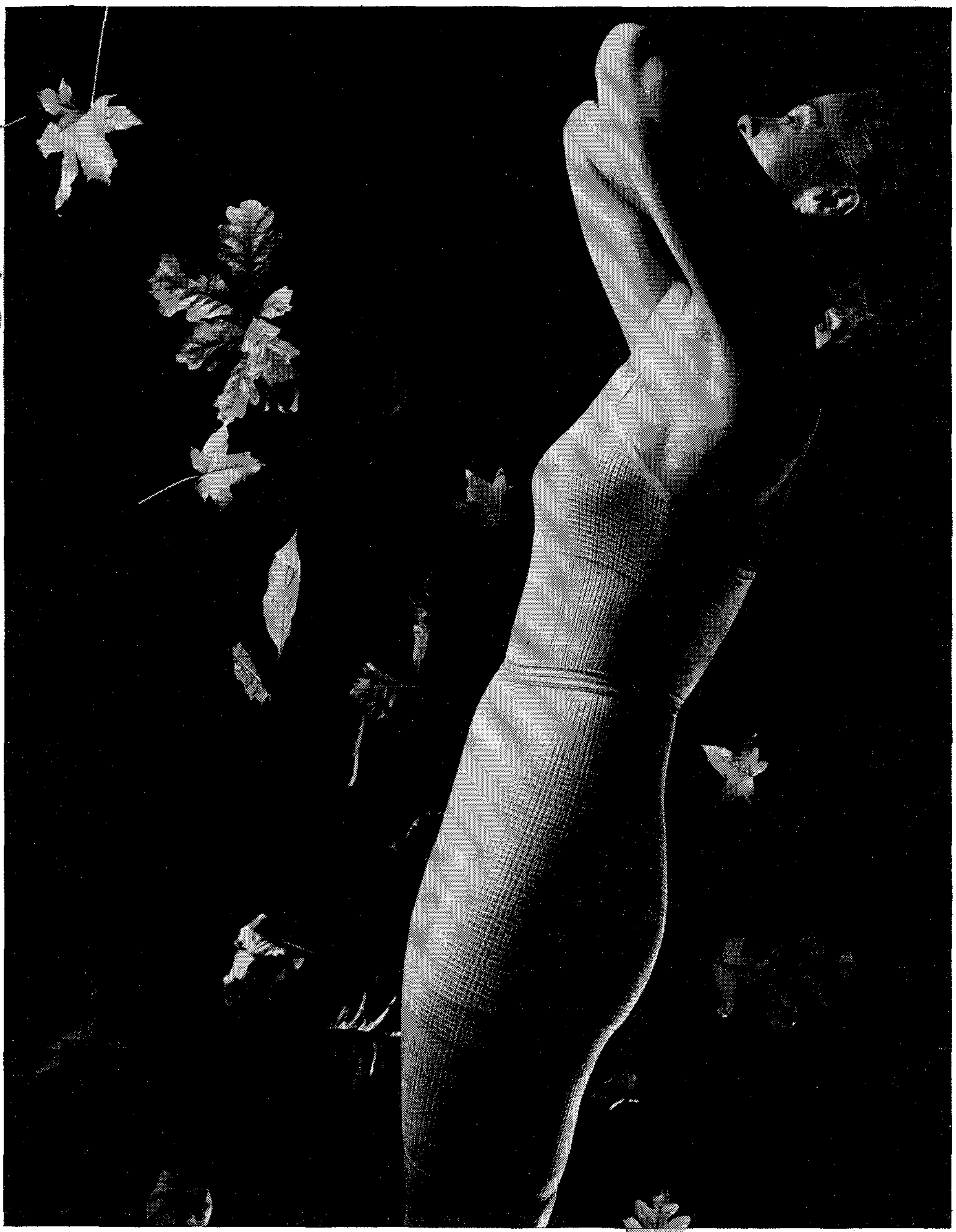
Modern Museum—Fifth Anniversary Exhibition,

(Continued on page 6)



Fair and Warmer...in

KAYSERETTES!



Wendell Mac Rae

Bask through the winter in Kayserettes*! They're snug, warm, cosy. Slimming and close-clinging. No hooks or snaps to break their smooth, suave lines. Thrifty prices: Very soft Lisle Vest or Tight, 50c. 20% Wool Vest or Tight, 59c. Combination, 1.00.

KAYSER

AT SMART SHOPS AND KAYSER STORES

*TRADE-MARK

473 Fifth Ave. at 41st St. • 545 Fifth Ave., near 45th St. • 584 Madison Ave., at 57th St. • 31 Nassau St., near Liberty St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

including painting, sculpture, architectural models, and industrial art: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Photography—New York, by Berenice Abbott: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103. Open weekdays (except Tues.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Prints of fifty years ago and those of today: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 30.

Picabia—Twenty recent paintings of the x-ray school: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 24.

Radical—Fall exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture portraying the contemporary social struggle: John Reed Club, 430 6 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Whitney Museum—Second biennial exhibition of contemporary American painting: 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 2 to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Tues., Nov. 27.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Paintings by Salvador Dali: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. . . . Paintings by Robert Brackman: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. . . . Paintings by members: Pen and Brush Club, 16 E. 10 (closed Thurs.); through Nov. 30. . . . Original drawings for hunting books by Paul Brown: English Book Shop, 64 E. 55; through Nov. 24. . . . Drawings and paintings by Charles Dana Gibson: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 156 (open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.). . . . Paintings by Ludins, Nagar, and others: LaSalle, 3105 B'way. . . . Paintings by members: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. . . . Water colors by James McBey: Harlow, McDonald, 687 5 Ave. . . . Paintings by Gordon Grant: Howard Young, 677 5 Ave. . . . Sculpture by Nathaniel Choate: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57; through Dec. 1. . . . Paintings and sculpture by Eugenie Marron: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 1. . . . Paintings by Rudolf Jacobi: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. . . . New work by Arnold Friedman: Contempora Art Circle, 509 Madison; through Nov. 24. . . . Paintings by George Lohr: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54; through Nov. 24. . . . Paintings by Serge Férat: Passedoit, 485 Madison, at 52; through Nov. 30. . . . New paintings and drawings by Frederic Taubes: Kleemann, 38 E. 57; through Nov. 30. . . . Paintings by Sorine: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Florence Easton—One of the Metropolitan's stars of a few seasons ago returns in recital: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 23.

Ruggiero Ricci—Fine fiddling: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 24.

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison—The famous two-piano ensemble reunited: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 24.

Beveridge Webster—First recital by a young American pianist who had a brilliant début with the Philharmonic-Symphony: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 30.

Jascha Heifetz—His second recital this season. Go: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 1.

Dalies Frantz—An unusually accomplished native pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 1.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony — Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eves., Nov. 22 and 29, at 8:45; Fri. Afts., Nov. 23 and 30, at 2:30; Sat. Eves., Nov. 24 and Dec. 1, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 25.

New York Civic Orchestra—Plotnikoff conducting. Free concerts: C.C.N.Y., Lexington at 23, Sun. Eves.; American Museum of Natural History, Wed. Afts. at 2.

Westminster Choir — Williamson conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 27.

Harvard Glee Club—Polyphonic song, with commentary by Olin Downes: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8:15.

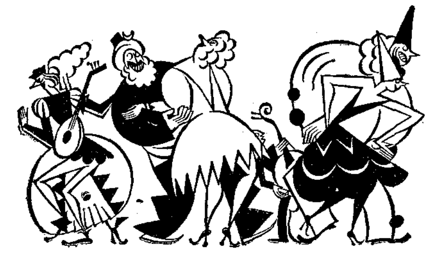
Don Cossack Chorus—Jaroff conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 30.

OPERA

Moses—Two performances of Rossini's rarely produced opera: New York Coliseum, E. 177 St., Bronx, Sat. and Sun. Eves., Dec. 1 and 2.

ON THE AIR

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler—This week's stars on the Hollywood Hotel program: Fri. Eve., Nov. 23, at 9:30, WABC.



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.]

Raymond L. Ditmars—The Curator of the Bronx Zoo will speak during the Carnegie Hall Children's Entertainment broadcast: Sat. Morn., Nov. 24, at 11:30, WABC.

Football—Sat. Aft., Nov. 24: Army vs. Notre Dame, at 1:30, WABC and WEAF; Yale vs. Harvard, at 2, WJZ; Stanford vs. California, at 4:45, WJZ.

Ethel Barrymore—In a radio version of "Mrs. Dane's Defence": Sun. Aft., Nov. 25, at 2:30, WJZ.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch—Guest artist with the Ford Symphony, Victor Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8, WABC.

Harold Bauer—Piano soloist with the General Motors Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 25 at 8, WJZ.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 22; Rangers vs. Americans: Sun. Eve., Nov. 25; at 9:15, WMCA.

Gene Tunney—Discussing the statement, "A Man Must Think": Sun. Eve., Nov. 25, at 10:30, WJZ.

Royal Wedding—Description of the marriage ceremony in Westminster Abbey, London, of Prince George of England and Princess Marina of Greece. You'll have to get up pretty early to tune in: Thurs. Morn., Nov. 29, from 5:45 to 6:50, WABC and WJZ.

Ninon Vallin—The French soprano making her American début as Marguerite in "Faust," broadcast from San Francisco: Fri. Night, Nov. 30, at 12:15, WEAF.

Concerts—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Mon. at 1:45, WJZ; Fri. at 4, WEAF; Tues. at 1:30, WEAF. . . . Music Appreciation Hour, Damrosch conducting: Fri. at 11 A.M., WEAF-WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. at 3, WABC. . . . Grete Stueckgold and Kostelanetz's orchestra: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Rose Bampton and Shilkret's orchestra: Sat. at 9, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Janssen conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . George Gershwin: Sun. at 6, WABC. . . . Queena Mario: Sun. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Rosa Ponselle: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . Understanding Music: Tues. at 6, WABC. . . . Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Curtis Institute of Music program: Wed. at 4:15, WABC. . . . Nino Martini: Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 9:30, WJZ. (Times are P.M.)

Comics—Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. at 9, Tues. at 10, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Joe Penner: Sun. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Sun. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Ed Wynn: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

Some Other Weekly Features—Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Captain Henry's Show Boat: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians: Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Paul Whiteman: Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 11:30, WEAF. . . . 45 Minutes in Hollywood: Thurs. at 10, WABC. . . . The March of Time: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Thornton Fisher: Sat. at 6:45, WEAF. . . . Art in America: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Sigmund Romberg and William Lyon Phelps: Sat. at 8, WEAF. . . . The Gibson Family: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt: Sun. at 7:45, WABC. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Sun. at 9, WABC. . . . Walter Winchell: Sun. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Ben Bernie: Tues. at 9, WEAF. . . . The Beauty Box Theatre: Tues. at 10, WEAF. . . . Mary Pickford: Wed. at 8, WEAF. . . . Byrd Antarctic Expedition: Wed. at 10, WABC. . . . Guy Lombardo: Wed. at 10, WEAF. . . . Dennis King: Wed. at 10, WJZ. . . . Harry Richman: Wed. at 10:30, WJZ. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Lou Brouillard vs. Al Gainer; Tony Falco vs. Harry Dublinsky; John Henry Lewis vs. Patrick Perrone; Eddie Cool vs. Teddy Loder: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:30.

College Football—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 24—Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, 1:30 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, 2 P.M.

Thurs., Nov. 29 (Thanksgiving)—Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M.

Sat., Dec. 1—Army vs. Navy, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 1:30 P.M.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11 A.M. and 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:15 P.M. (special train); for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

Indoor Football—At the Atlantic City Auditorium, Atlantic City, N.J.—Washington & Jefferson vs. West Virginia, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 29; New York Military Academy vs. Farragut Naval Academy, Sat. Eve., Dec. 1.

Professional Football—At the Polo Grounds—Boston vs. New York, Sun. Aft., Nov. 25, at 2. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Ebbets Field, Brooklyn—Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Sun. Aft., Nov. 25, at 2; Brooklyn vs. New York, Thurs. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2. (Take B.-M.T.-Brighton subway to Prospect Pk.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden, 8:45 P.M.—Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 22; Americans vs. Rangers, Sun. Eve., Nov. 25; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Nov. 27; Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 29; Rangers vs. Montreal, Sat. Eve., Dec. 1. . . . Amateur Hockey, at the Garden, Sun. Afts. at 2.

Horse Show—New York Indoor Horse Show: 32 W. 67, Fri., Nov. 30.

OTHER EVENTS

Fine Arts Exposition—Antiques, interior decorations, and so forth: Forum, Rockefeller Center, 6 Ave. at 50. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 1.

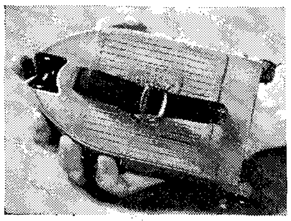
Public Balls—The Russian Naval Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . The Milky Way Ball, sponsored by the Social Service Auxiliary to the New York Cancer Institute: Park Lane, Wed. Eve., Nov. 28. . . . The County Fair Ball, for the benefit of the New York Hospital Social Service: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Dec. 1.

Old Glory Sale — Annual auction of the top-ranking yearlings of American breeding farms and champion harness horses: Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 27-29.

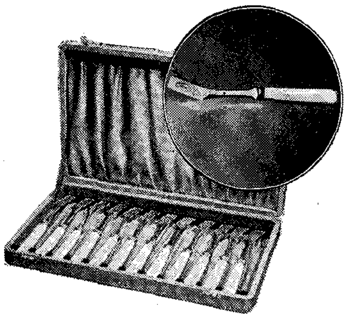
Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The important collections of the late Eli B. Springs. European and Oriental objects of art: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 22-24, at 2:15. English and French engravings in color: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:15. Eighteenth and nineteenth-century paintings, including Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and others: Fri. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:15. . . . The fine library of the late Alfred Nathan: Tues. Aft., Nov. 27, at 2:15. . . . Furniture and decorations from various sources: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, at 2:15.

At J. C. Morgenthau & Co., 23 W. 47—The Russell Burrage Collection of rare Egyptian, Greek, and Roman coins: Mon. Aft., Nov. 26, at 2.

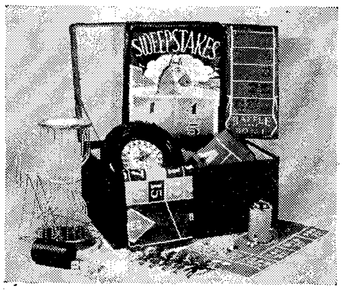
MUSKRAT MUFFLE GLOVES
Tan capeskin leather with muskrat fur back. Muffle lined with rabbit fur; glove lined with seamless wool. Sizes 7-10½. $25.00



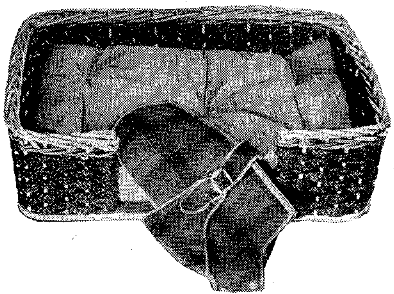
SLIM GYM
A pocket size gymnasium for men or women. Has rowing machine unit and reel unit; complete with chart. . $5.00



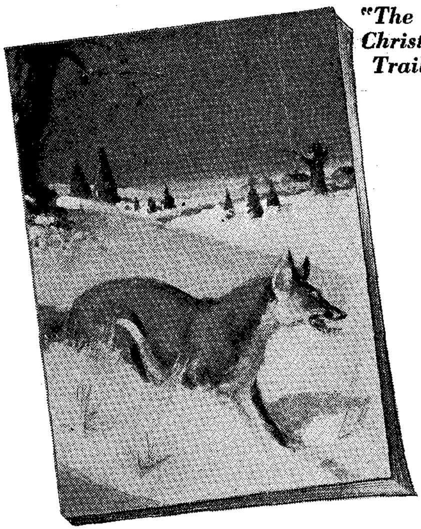
ENGLISH CHOP KNIVES
Have a small cutting edge set at an angle and designed especially for use with chops and steaks. Similar to those used at "Simpsons in the Strand." . . . $15.00



MONTE CARLO GAMES COMPENDIUM
Ten inch roulette wheel, cloth and ball; a chuck-luck and hazard cage with cloths; Roluck game; steeplechase racing game; poker and straight dice. A compendium of the best games. $10.00



DOG BED WITH CUSHION
Made of split Bamboo, woven with green Hong-Kong grass. A Kapok cushion . $3.75
Dog blanket coat $2.00



"The Christmas Trail"

Send for this—

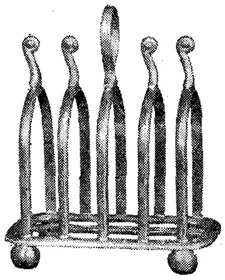
A Gift Shop in a Book

There are many pages and each one is full of gifts for outdoor men, women and children. From the far corners of the world we have gathered the most varied collection of gifts, games, novelties, accessories and equipment for outdoor life and sport. Bring your gift list and let us help you in your selection.

ABERCROMBIE
& FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

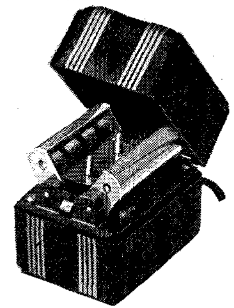
CHICAGO STORE: *Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.*

WINE ICER
A full size, heavy silver plated wine pail to hold two large bottles. Has special cover and a drain plate to preserve ice. . $12.50

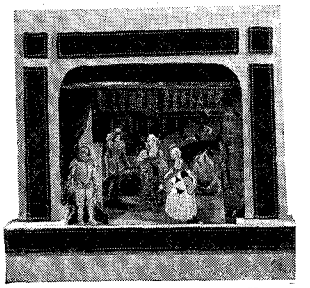


SPUR TOAST RACK
This popular breakfast table accessory is of best quality Sheffield . $8.50
In sterling silver . $20.00

PEDIGREED PUPPIES
We have registered puppies of all popular breeds in our Sixth Floor Kennels. All have been selected with great care from some of the leading breeders. Inquiries are invited for any breed.



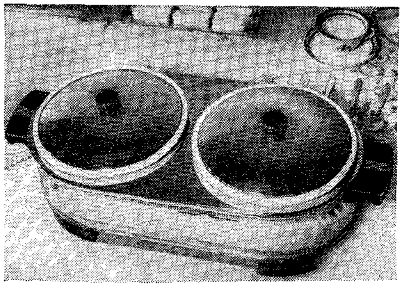
G. E. BLADE SHARPENER
Operates on A. C. Starts automatically when lid is closed. $8.50



CHILDREN'S THEATER
Contains scenery and movable characters for the presentation of Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and Dick Whittington. Includes script for each play. . . $10.00

ASPREY VANITY CASE
Four composition enamel lidded jars and bottles for cosmetics and lotions. Interior of lid fitted with mirror. In blue, brown, or green morocco. $15.00

TOUR-AIDER FOR MEN
An entirely new design in hand luggage. Holds an amazingly complete wardrobe which may be hung up in a closet intact. Strongly made of woven waterproof fabric, reinforced with pigskin. $15.00, $22.50 and $35.00. Similar styles designed for women's apparel; $22.50 and $35.00.



ELECTRIC BUFFET SERVER
A chromium frame with walnut handles holding two china compartments, one with 3 divisions of 7 pints capacity; the other without compartments holding 5 pints. Heated by an electric unit. $27.50

Now Comes *Once-a-Day* Cheek Make-Up

THAT KEEPS YOU PERFECTLY MADE UP ALL DAY LONG!

9 A.M. *You apply it before your own mirror — and get a perfect and even color!*

5 P.M. *It's still perfect—just as it was a minute after you applied it! Ends constant making up in uneven light during the day!*

A Discovery That's The Rage of Paris—And That's Making Women Everywhere Discard Old-Time Powder Rouges!

In Paris women have found a new way in make-up. A cheek make-up that stays just the way you put it on all day long; no matter *what* you do.

You apply it in the morning—and forget your cheeks all day long. Walk, dance, go in a pool—do anything you like—yet your cheeks are divinely perfect without a further thought!

It's the newest creation of Louis Philippe—world-famed colorist—whom women of Paris follow in matters of make-up like a religion.

What It Is

It's a delicate *cream rouge*, called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat*, that comes in tones to blend with every complexion, eye-color and hair. Subtle, natural tones that actually match the color of the human blood. And thus provide a natural, *undetectable* cheek make-up.

Apply it, and only under a magnifying glass can even an expert detect that it is not the *natural* color of your cheeks. *For, being a cream rouge, it blends directly into the skin.* Old-time powder rouges touch only the surface. Hence, rub off, blow off, become uneven and disillusioning.

Women Quitting Powder Rouges For It

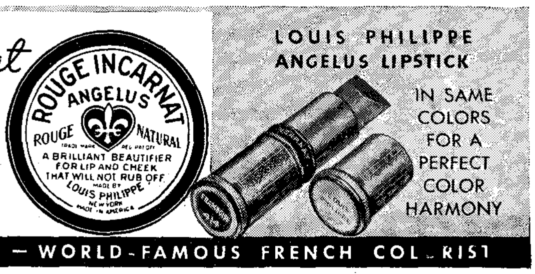
On every side women are quitting old-time powder rouges for this remarkable creation. For it does what no other rouge does or has ever done—provides a NATURAL color that lasts all day long.

All drug and department stores have it with complete color charts to guide you to a happy choice.

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

IN THE LITTLE RED BOX

- FRAMBOISE
- SUN ORANGE
- POPPY
- LIGHT
- PANDORA
- MEDIUM

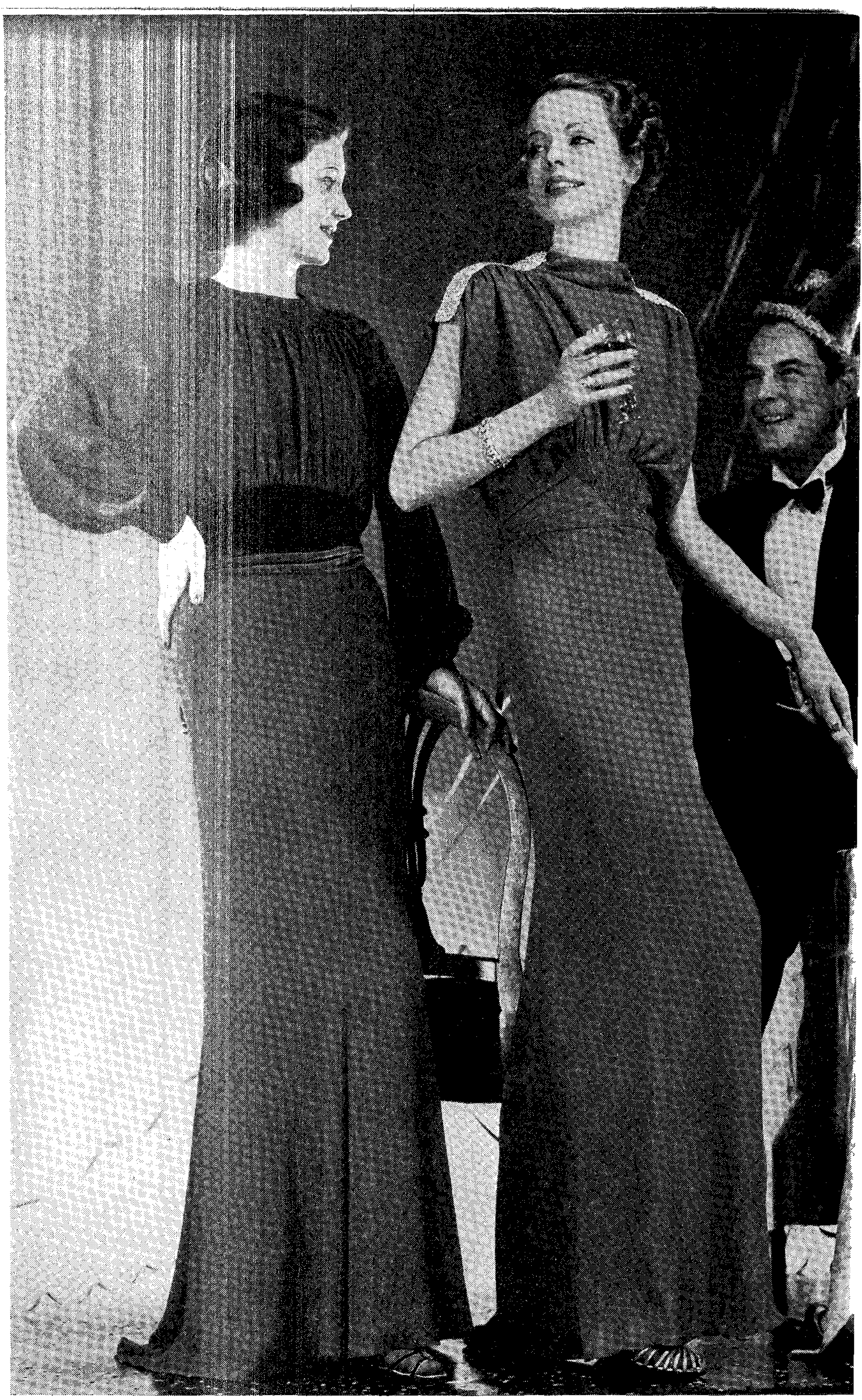


LOUIS PHILIPPE ANGELUS LIPSTICK

IN SAME COLORS FOR A PERFECT COLOR HARMONY

BOTH BY LOUIS PHILIPPE — WORLD-FAMOUS FRENCH COLORIST

Dance the Holidays Through in Celanese*

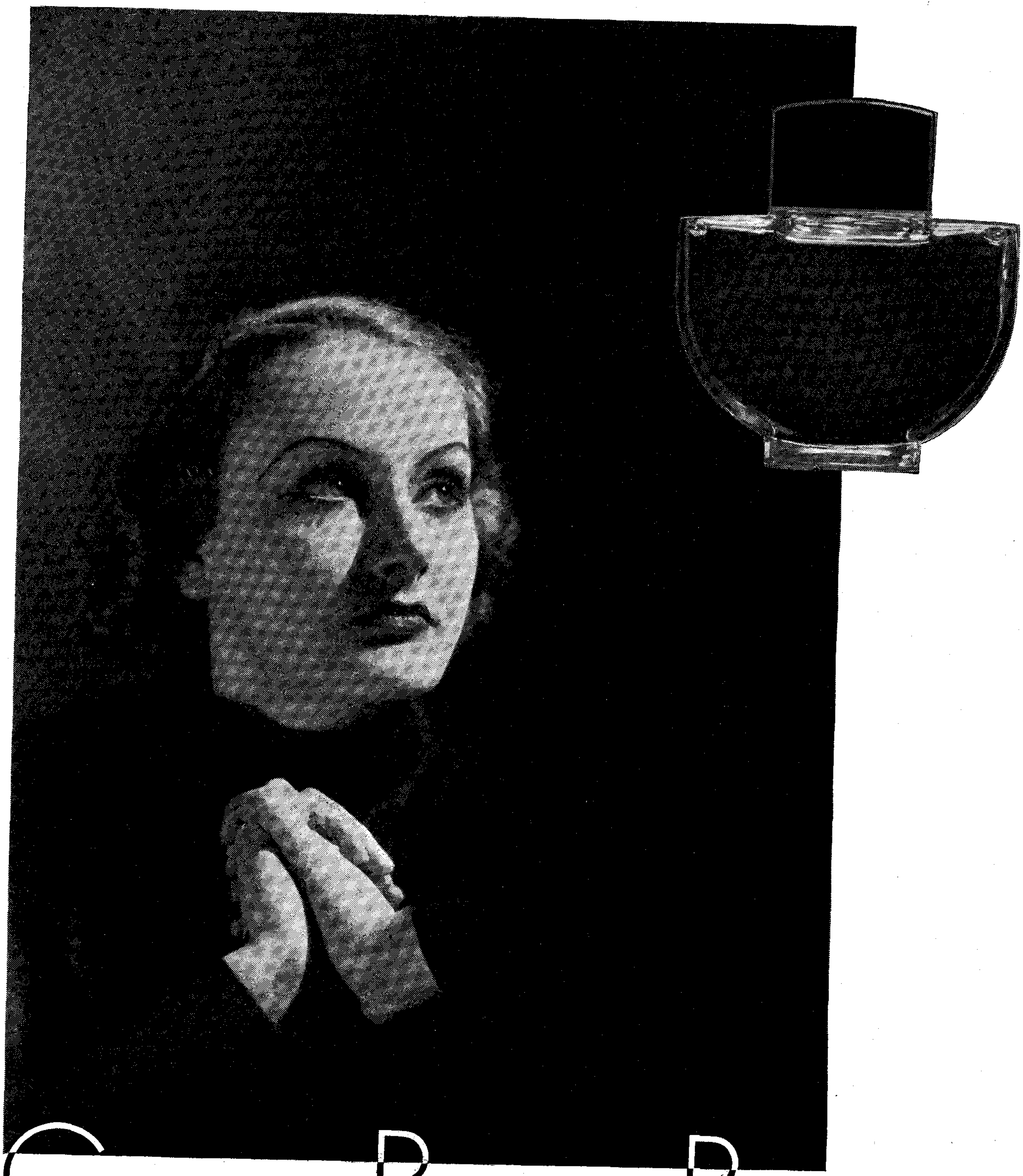


A gay young frock of "Matelasse de Luxe"—Duplex's crinkled beauty in Celanese—will see you smoothly through the whirl of holiday dances . . . debutante parties . . . dinner dates. *Left.* Over a slim gown goes a brief jacket with "little girl" smocking, two-color velvet girdle tying center back. In gold, royal, black. *Right.* Brilliants at the shoulder . . . shirring at the bodice . . . a briefly slit skirt make for drama in a young "night life" frock. Red, aqua, royal, black. In misses' sizes. **$19.75**

BEST & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 35TH STREET
NEW YORK

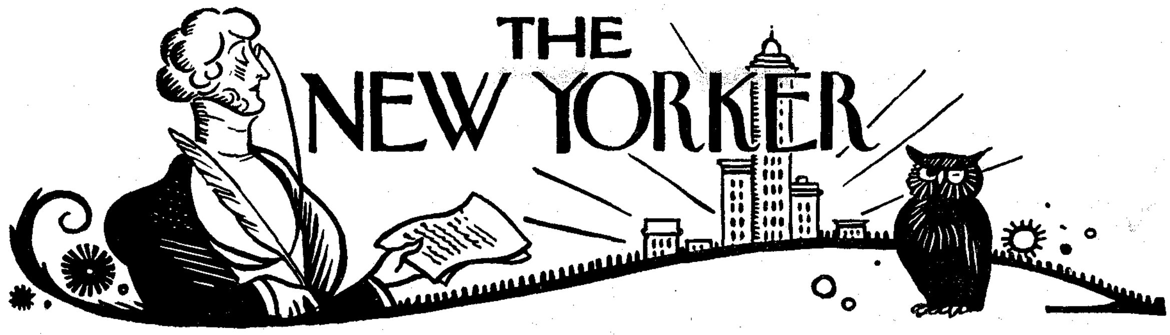
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



UNE GRANDE BEAUTÉ PARISIENNE
QUI ADORE LE PARFUM **EN AVION**
DE CARON

A PARISIAN BEAUTY WHO ADORES
CARONS EN AVION PERFUME

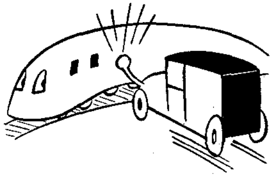
© 1934 Caron Corp.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

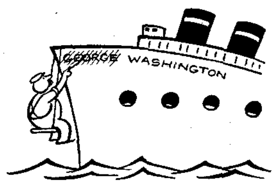
ONE of the first things that happened to the streamlined Zephyr, on its regular run, was that it met a truck. (We are picking our verbs with great care.) In the newspaper in which we read of the crash, or "circumstance," the account said that the Zephyr "was hit" by the truck. The truck "struck" the train just behind the engine, and apparently the train just turned its other cheek. It's really a most interesting engagement, reversing the old order of train-hits-truck and setting the tone for the new day in rail travel. We shudder when we think of the first passage-at-arms—if we may be permitted that phrase—between the Zephyr and a bicycle. Is the railroad going to insist that what really happened was that the bike hit the train?



ACCORDING to Raymond-Whitcomb, every Spaniard and Mexican in town is in stitches at our naïve little paragraph about seeing three Spaniards uncover before a picture of Juan Belmonte. It turns out that, in the same window with the picture of Juan, there was also a statue of the Madonna of the Arena. Oh well, it's probably the first time we ever had every Spaniard and Mexican in stitches. That's something!

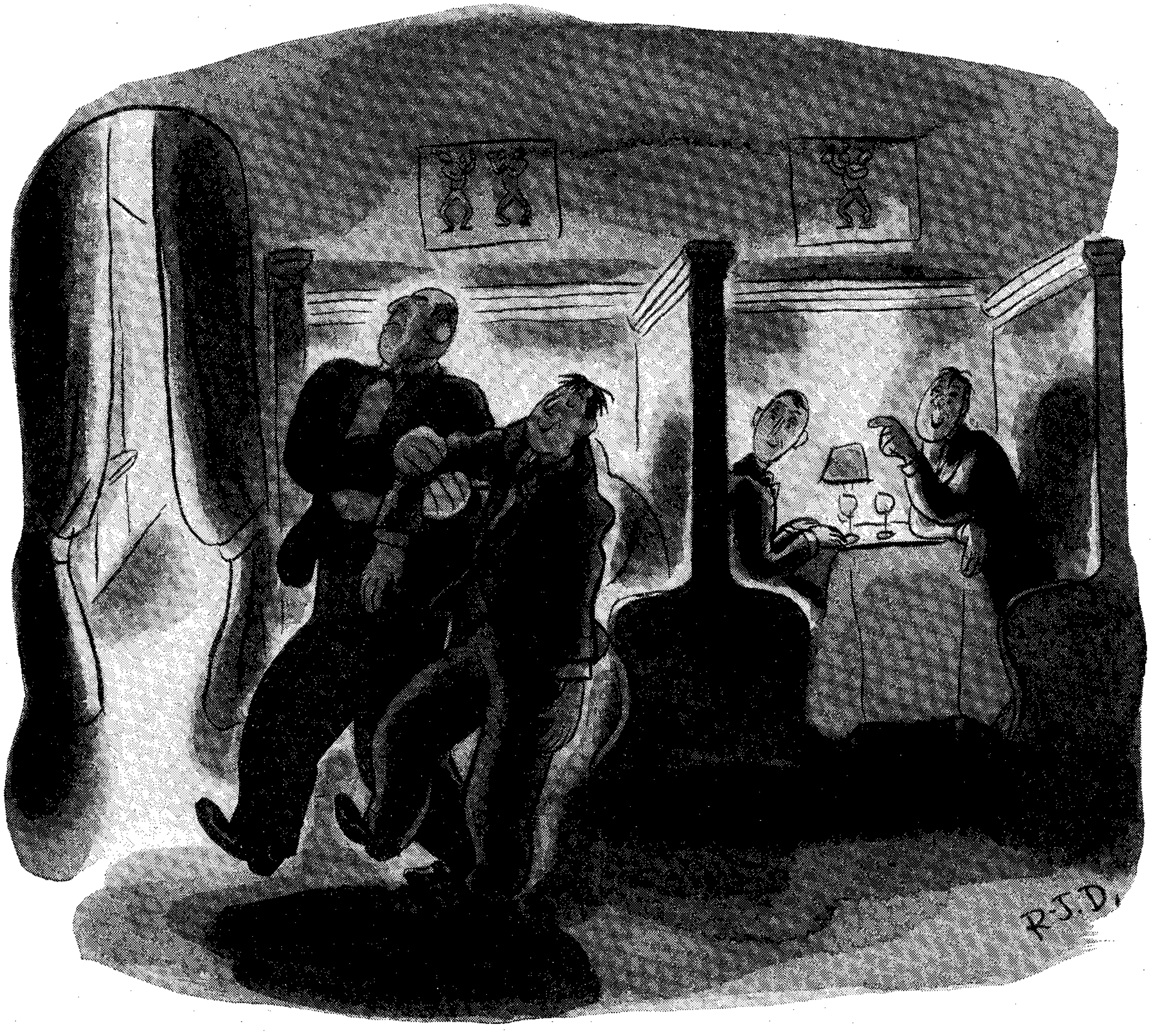
SOME government sculptors who have been refurbishing the statue of Columbus in Columbus Circle have discovered that the Great Navigator has moved two inches north, on his own hook. Whether Columbus was trying to prove that Columbus Circle was round, or was trying to keep up with the northward trend of the smart shops, or was simply afflicted with the old restlessness, we don't pretend to say; but north he went. It is this vibrant quality of New York City, preventing even a statue from standing still, from which we expect something some day to come—either something great or something ghastly.

THE publicity director of the United States Lines has written us a long and not particularly absorbing letter asking us to help correct the impression which exists in the public mind that the new liner Washington is the old liner George Washington. We hadn't realized that any such confusion existed; but we will be the first, we hope, to jump in and help correct the damnable impression. If our readers will now please repeat after us: "The old George Washington is the old *George* Washington and not the new Washington; and the new Washington is the new *Washington* and not the old George Washington." There, now it's straight. When has a press-agent ever received support like this before, we want to know.



THE above confusion does not strike us as either great or troublesome compared to the dark and bitter confusions which dwell in our own mind about people and names. We live with a weird company of half-folk. Nothing ever clarifies them for us. There is James Joyce Kilmer, Robert Edmund Wilson, James Truslow Adam Gimbel, Eliza Orne Jewett, Percy Hamlin Garland, Florence Paxton Hibben, Mazo de la Arthur Somers Roche, Virginia Bellamy Partridge, R. H. Bruce Richard Lockridge, Ben Ray Ezra, Ray Ben Bolger, Caroline Duer Miller (who wrote "Lamb in Abraham's Bosom"), E. Phillips Oppenheim Collins, Eda Lou Walpole, James Nordhoff Hall, Leon Errol Feuchtwanger, Michael Arlington Robinson Jeffers, Mary Ellen Salpeter (who wrote "The Goodly Earth Always Turns Three Times"), Kay Francis Hackett, H. G. Carveth Wells Root (author of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas"), Phillips Brooks Atkinson, Joseph Fulling Fishback, Roland Stark Young, Jane Mary Austen, Joan Lowell Thomas (whom we sometimes affectionately refer to as Little Jumping Joan Lowell Thomas), Bertrand Russell Crouse, Stefan Sweigmuller, and Dr. Logan Dostoevsky (author of "The Human Bondage," "Marriage and Morals," "Morals and Ethics," "Ethics and Sex," "Sex and Marriage," "Morals and Marriage and Sex and Ethics," "Ethics and Sex and Marriage and Morals," "Sane Marriage," "Sane Ethics," "Sane Love," "Sane Sex," "Sane Baloney," and "Goodbye, Mr. Chipso."

NOVEMBER 28th will be Vampire Day, in case you didn't



"There, but for the grace of God, goes yours truly."

• •

know. Vampire Day is widely observed among the Mittel Europa peasantry: it is on that day that vampires emerge, the bats of the dead, which suck the blood of the living. The peasants feel that it is wise on that day to rub garlic on the windows of one's home, to keep the nasty things away. Even here in New York, certain sections of the foreign population take this precaution. Please regard this paragraph as fair warning. We intend to spend the day in the subway, ourself.

Young Scientists

A Bronxville matron ran into sort of a contretemps the other day. Arriving home with some ladies she had asked for tea, she found the hallway cluttered with juvenile jackets, caps, and coats, and upon inquiry learned that her small son was upstairs entertaining the Astronomy Club from his school.

That sounded nice, and she was telling her guests about it, with some pride, when she was interrupted by terrific bumpings and thumpings overhead. She ran worriedly into the hallway. "Charles," she called up the stairs, "whatever is going on up there? I thought that was a meeting of your Astronomy Club."

"Sure," he called back. "Only we always wrestle first."

Gtde

Miss Stein was seven or eight minutes late for her autographing at Brentano's last week and about fifty people were waiting restlessly for her when she solidly arrived with Alice B. Toklas pertly in tow. On a table were arranged solid stacks of Miss Stein's books and next to the table was a big desk at which she sat solidly down. She was calm, quick, and smiling throughout the ordeal. Of course, it wasn't as exciting as the immortal Hugh Walpole-Gene Tunney autographing, but it had its moments. As soon as she sat down, Miss Stein looked up expectantly and people began pushing toward the desk, carrying books. Clerks fluttered about selling the pushers whatever book of Miss Stein's they might want: the books ran in price from ninety-five cents (the Modern Library edition of "Three Lives") to $3.50. At an autographing, you are supposed to write down on a card your name, or Aunt Lisbeth's name, or the name of whomever you are buying the book for, and hand the book and the card to the autographer. This speeds things up, because people standing in front of an author and meeting the author's eyes are likely to get timid and dry-throated and say "Zassfrank Dooselinch" or what sounds like "Zassfrank Dooselinch" to the author. Miss Stein doesn't like people to be incoherent about names.

She signed two hundred and seventy-five books in all, and her signing time was a little under an hour and a half. She wrote with a big pen, vigorously. We bought one of her books and got in line behind a man named Twifflefinks, Moited Twifflefinks (he hadn't written his name on a card). That was straightened out after a while—Miss Stein is always gracious and patient. We just handed our book to her, and she glanced at us with her keen, humorous eyes and, seeing that we didn't have a name, simply put her own name on the flyleaf, and the date. She signs herself always Gtde Stein. Now and again somebody (once it was a girl of twelve) would slip her an autograph book or a blank sheet of paper, but she would push these away and say "No," and these autograph-hunters would retreat in humiliation. There are ethics in autographing: you can't just walk into a bookstore out of the street and get an author to sign his name for you. You have to buy or bring one of the author's books.

One confused man somehow found himself standing in front of Miss Stein without a book, so he shouted at a clerk, " 'Three Saints'! 'Three Saints'!" he said. "Give me a 'Three Saints'!" The right title is "Four Saints." A clerk corrected the gentleman coldly. Miss Stein just laughed. She doesn't get peeved about things like that. Behind us was a lady named Mielziner. Miss Stein, hearing the name, looked up and asked about Leo Mielziner, Jr. "Leo Mielziner is Kenneth MacKenna," said the lady. Miss Stein took that in her stride. Now and again someone would ask the hovering Toklas to sign a book, and she always did. Somebody asked Miss Stein what had been her greatest thrill in America. She said her airplane trip to Chicago.

A friend of ours who heard the great lady lecture a few days after the autographing said it was very interesting and seemed to make sense. Our friend, however, copied down a few sentences that Miss Stein said and showed them to us. Our favorite was "When the inside had become so solidly inside that all the outside could be outside and the inside inside." The lady who listened said that when you hear Gtde talk that way, you can see what she means, or think you can. People who hear her always like her as a person. After her lectures she will answer any questions — if they are sensible. Once she waved her hand and said pooh at a woman who asked her what she thought of the effect of psychology on literature. She then said that psychology hasn't any effect on literature. She told some other questioner that she doesn't believe much in the subconscious. "It's subconscious because it's inarticulate," she said.

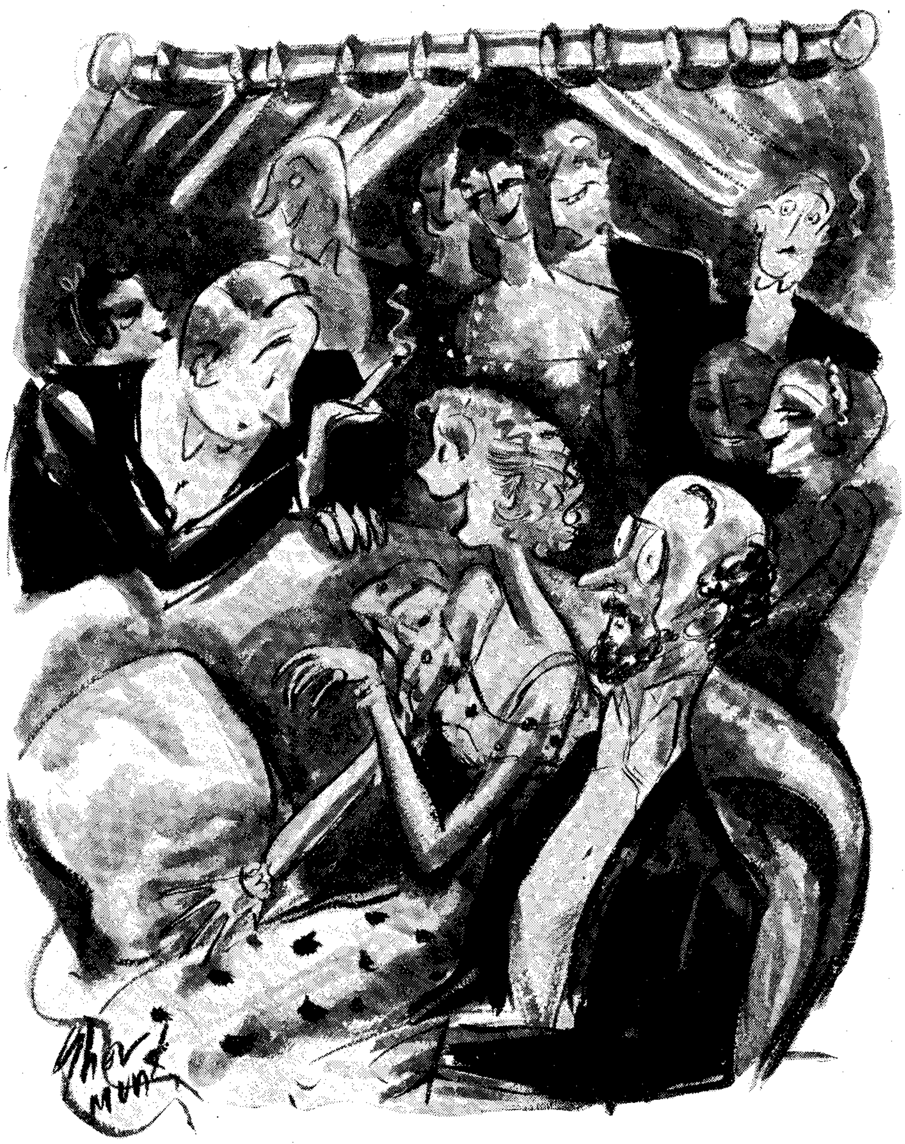
This is probably all we're going to tell you about Miss Stein.

Success

A CORRESPONDENT who subscribes herself merely "Working Girl" has sent in a wistful little personal-experience story. Seems she lives alone in a one-room apartment in the Gramercy neighborhood, and one night when she got home from work and had assembled a dinner for herself out of a thing or two from the delicatessen and a thing or two from the icebox, she had just sat down to her lorn dinner when she smelled gas. She called up the Consolidated Gas Company, and presently two Irishmen arrived, one short, one long, both good-natured—which was a wonder, considering they'd clumped up four flights of stairs. They inspected around, and soon announced that it was the stove and that it was fixed. The young lady said she didn't have much to offer, but would they have a bit of a sandwich and some coffee. They settled on a cup of coffee each and left, after a few social remarks designed to indicate that it was always a pleasure to fix a stove. A sequel to this happening came some weeks later. The young lady is secretary to an interior decorator, and the latter moved into a new and impressive apartment. On the evening of her boss's housewarming, the secretary was at work helping with the last touches before the guests began to arrive. Of a sudden she smelled gas. She called the Consolidated Gas Company again and the same two Irishmen arrived, in even better humor, if possible, this time, perhaps because they had ascended in an elevator. They smiled gaily and congratulated her, the short one exclaiming, "Girlie, you sure have come up in the world!"

Child Art

IF you're an internationalist, a psychologist, or a child between the ages of six and twelve, you might drop in on the exhibition of children's art on the mezzanine floor of the RCA Building — five hundred pictures, all by children between six and twelve, of forty-two countries, including Bali, Liberia, and Finland. We doubt if you'll be able to draw any valuable conclusions, though, except that international differences in kiddies' art are scarcely discernible, that children between six and twelve recognize only two dimensions, and that when a kiddie, or tot, is given a box of crayons, he likes to try all the colors in the box, and to hell with harmony. There are exceptions, of course. There are four pictures

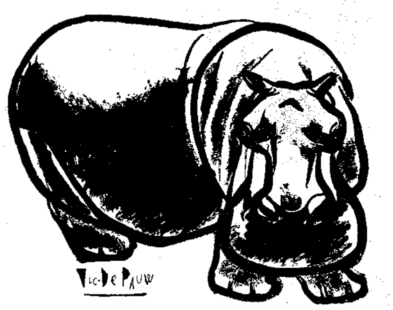


"Professor Furbush has been telling me about the N'gambi fertility rites—and guess what they turn out to be!"

by an eleven-year-old Mexican genius who must have spent his formative years peering over Rivera's shoulder, and there is some Indian art at least as good as any we ever saw by grownup Indians.

The Russian exhibit is the only one that shows any propagandist tendencies to speak of. Tractors, tractors, tractors—you'd think the Russian tots would go crazy. But the little Germans drew Christmas trees instead of swastikas, and the only hint of Italian Fascist influence in the show is a spirited rendering of de Pinedo's seaplane. We suspected the sponsors of the show of having weeded out Russian atheist propaganda, and put the question to them shrewdly; they said no, they hadn't, that there naturally wouldn't be any such propaganda, because Russian children of twelve have never heard of religion at all. The Chinese exhibit deals glumly with the recent Japanese invasion. You see, for example, a Chinese soldier on his knees before a Japanese soldier, pleading for his life with clasped hands; the Jap is about to let him have it with a broadsword. The Irish offering, too, is sombre. It features a corpse hanging from a gallows, and an obscure bit of religious symbolism: two tiny men in full beards walking on a bishop's mitre.

We got some statistics. There are only two abstracts in the show: an arrangement of squares and circles, with one straight line thrown in for excitement, by a German boy; and a swirling study in red and orange by a Hawaiian. A chaste drawing of a kitchen table by a young Finn is the only still-life. The only tot-artist to make use of little "men" (you know—figures with straight lines for arms, legs, and torso, and tiny circle for a head) is a little girl in Cape Town. The sole romantic note is sounded by a hot-blooded Nicaraguan of eleven, who gives us a serenade scene done in sentimental pinks. All forty-two countries are unanimous in skipping mother-love as a theme.



The committee had one tough time getting the show together. In Liberia, for instance, not even the grownups draw, let alone the children, and a lot of spadework was required. A Mrs. McFee patiently stood over the Balinese children and made them draw with their crayons instead of eating them; and a Mrs. Pratt provided the urchins of Tunis with artists' materials, achieving terrifying results. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen rounded up the Danish stuff. The committee is especially proud of how it got its South American exhibit together. The Pan-American Union tried first, but the only country it could line up was Colombia. Somebody thought of the Pan American Airways, and they said sure, they'd have their pilots leave letters with the ministers of education in each country and then pick up the resulting art. They got results from all over South America—some of the best stuff in the show. Nobody from the Airways has been in to see the show, though. General attendance, at twenty-five cents, has been pretty good, and the Little Red School House, the beneficiary, is profiting. From a rather wide experience with such undertakings, we predict there will be a larger exhibition of child art next year, and a larger one still the year after that.

Unfortunate Error

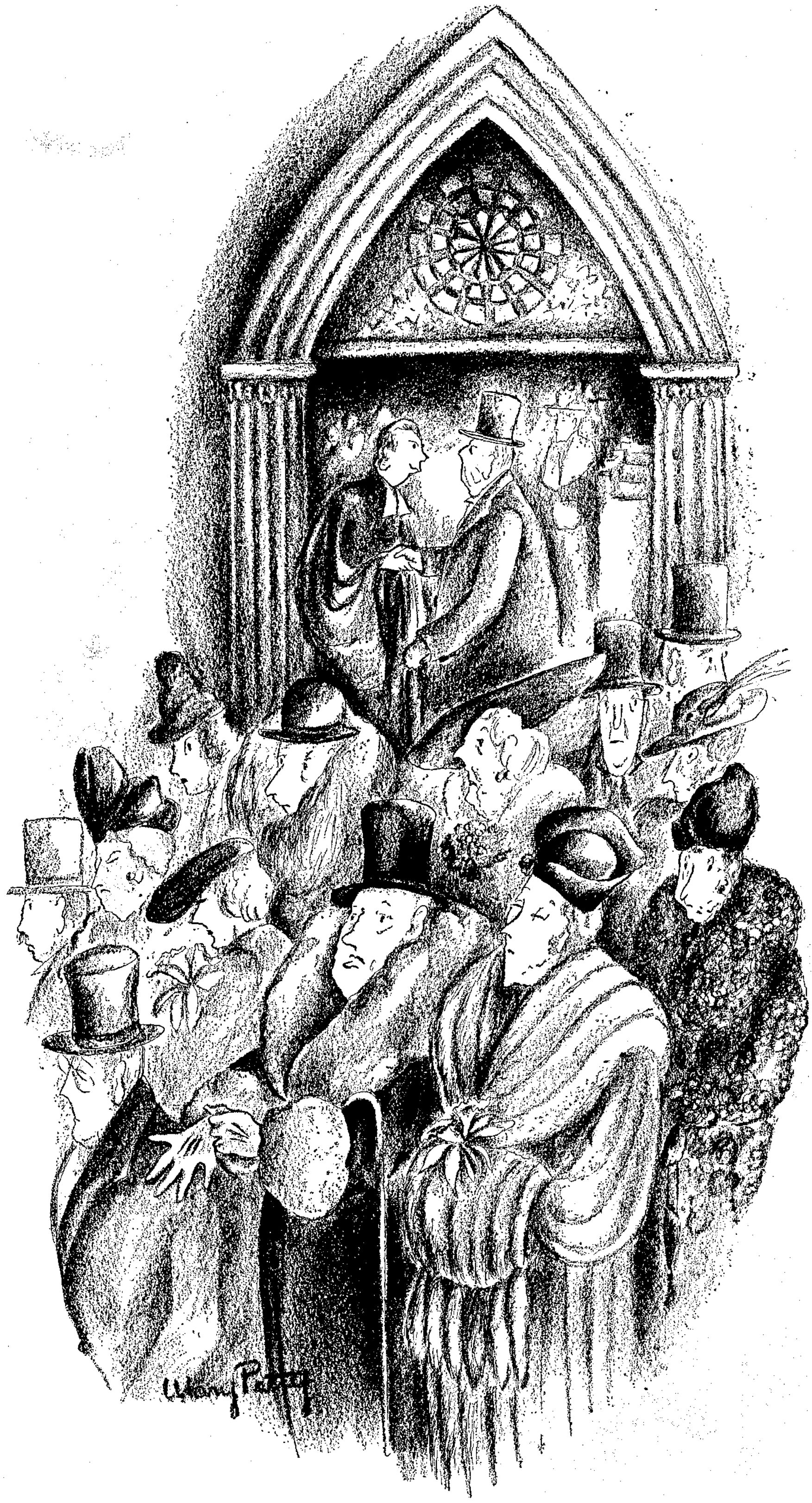
ANENT the Ridgefield County Hunt, of Connecticut, which we mentioned some time ago, we are informed that the official scent-layer for the organization's drag hunts is a man named Biffington, and that once last season he was walking along with his bag of anise, making a trail for a good stiff run, when he heard the baying of a pack of hounds in the distance. This astonished him, for hunts are not supposed to start until after the scent has been laid. He was still more astonished when a pack of hounds who were complete strangers to him burst into view about two minutes later, with a field of equally unfamiliar riders walloping along behind them. It was the Goldens Bridge Hounds, a neighboring organization, whose pack had followed Mr. Biffington when his trail crossed theirs somewhere. The hounds now ran at Mr. Biffington lickety-split, and he, either because he was rattled or because anise costs a lot of money, failed to chuck away the bag of scent. Instead he ran, and the Goldens Bridge hounds ran after him, or after the anise, and he climbed a tree just in time to save his life, probably, which reminded him that the Master of the Ridgefield Hunt had told him not to lay the scent on that particular Saturday anyway. The Goldens Bridge huntsman gave the call for "gone to ground," although actually Biffington and the anise were up in the tree, and hounds and men departed.

"Being a member of the Ridgefield Hunt," writes our informant, "I feel quite free to pass it on, for we have all chuckled over it in our quiet way. There is a kind of subdued humor in the incident."

Happy Birthday to You

A MAN in the Know in Washington informs us that President Roosevelt doesn't have to remember the birth dates and other anniversaries that he so frequently makes the occasion for congratulatory messages. He doesn't lie awake wondering whether Nicholas Murray Butler's anniversary as head of Columbia is the twenty-ninth or the thirtieth. All this is done by a system. The White House secretaries keep a future book of coming events considered as deserving of a word from the President. This has been built up by the secretaries themselves, with suggestions from cabinet members, senators, congressmen, etc., who are always thoughtful of the people back home. Also, newspapermen advance a good many names, for the purpose of working up little human-interest stories. A large file of eulogies has been kept at the White House for decades, ready for use on a moment's notice. Whether Hoover left his file of these for Roosevelt or not, our man didn't know, but he said that in any event the Roosevelt secretariat did a lot of work in its early days, checking through *Who's Who* and writing up obits of many prominent people over forty. The most important obituary message sent by Hoover, perhaps, was upon the death of Edison. Over quite a period Edison's condition was thought to be critical, and Mr. Hoover carried the message with him wherever he went. A good thing he did, for Edison died while Mr. Hoover was on a trip to Yorktown, and he was able to send the condolences by wireless from the battleship Arkansas in Hampton Roads.

Domestic messages are relatively unimportant compared to greetings, congratulations, etc., to the rulers of foreign nations. Here a slip might cause war. The foreign end of things is the responsibility of the Division of Protocol and Conferences of the State Department. This office keeps track of coming events and prepares a draft of all communications for the President. Sometimes Roosevelt changes them, adding a personal touch. Every nation that sends us a greeting on the Fourth of July gets greetings from us on its big anniversary—its Independence Day if it is a republic, its ruler's birthday if it's a monarchy. The Belgians always send us two messages, one on the Fourth of July and one on Memorial Day, and we send them two, one on their king's birthday and one sort of acknowledging the Memorial Day message, which doesn't go out on any particular date. Russia was quite a worry. The protocol people couldn't make up their minds for months what should be done: it would look odd to be sending congratulations on May 1st, when our cops were hustling Marxians around; likewise on November 7th, anniversary of the end of the Kerensky government, which was vaguely our ally in the World War. July 4th passed with no greetings from Russia, and the more timid protocolists thought this was a good thing; we didn't have to meet the problem at all. Some in the government councils were more daring, however, and advocated taking the initiative and sending Russia greetings on November 7th. They prevailed in the end, and the message was dispatched week before last. Nothing serious has happened to date.

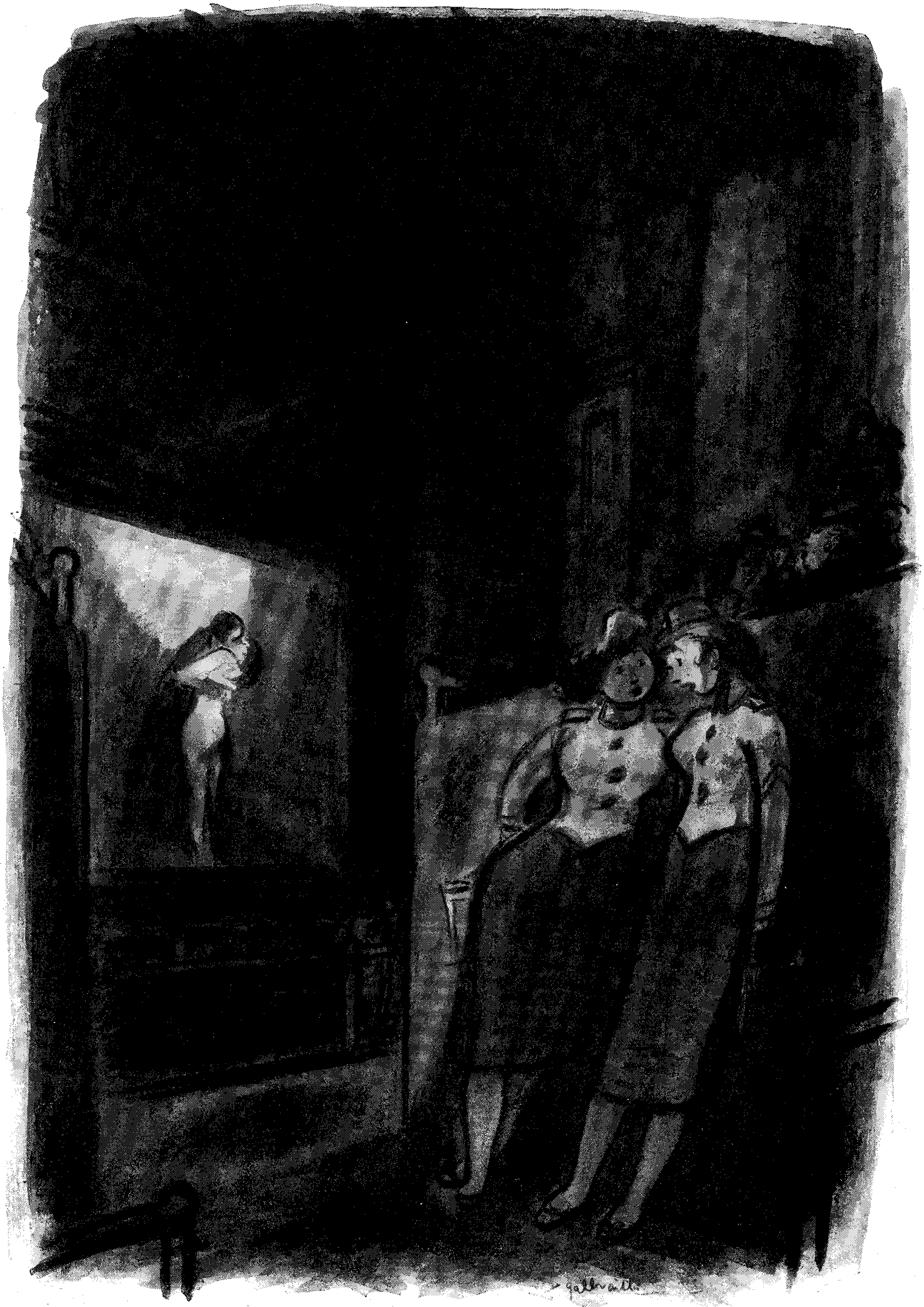


"Everything considered, he preaches a remarkably good sermon. It's so hard to avoid offending people like us."

All the letters to foreign governments are written in longhand, and for this one Barclay Tolley, a clerk in the Post Office Department, is called in. Woodrow Wilson, when President, got him to write his wedding announcements, and he's done all the formal White House longhand writing ever since. He's Indiana born, forty-one, and has the distinction of having written to almost every ruler in the world. Also to practically all high officials, domestic or foreign, who have been in Washington during the last few administrations, for he does the invitations to state dinners as well. They say he writes the best hand of anyone in the country.

•

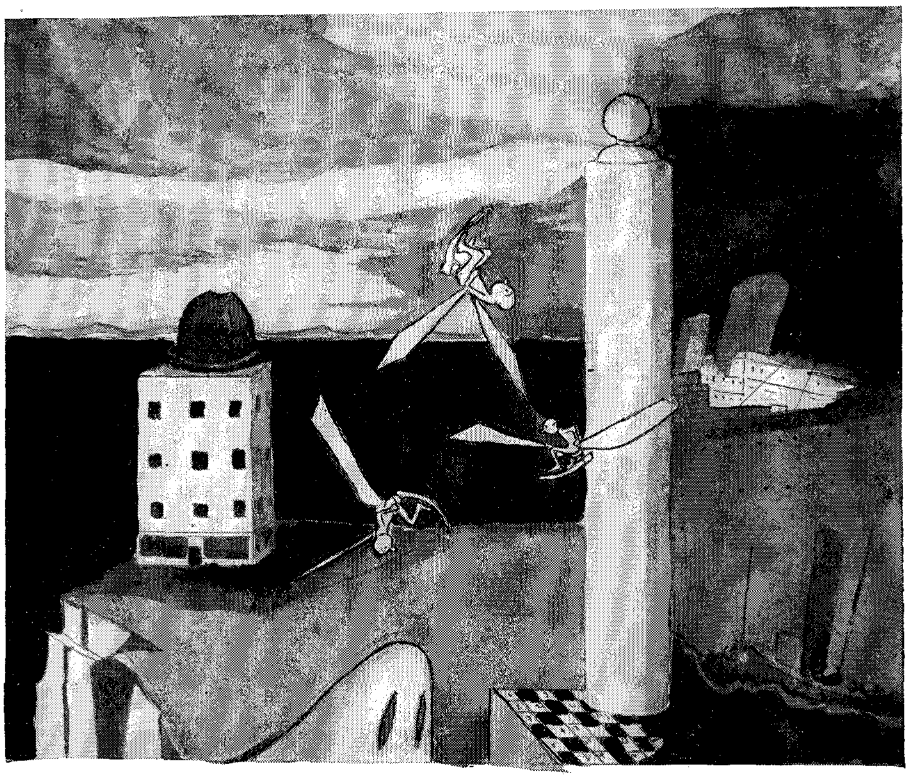
ONE of the President's secretaries answered the phone in the White House the other evening, and was informed by the operator that a Miss Somebody of Plymouth, Massachusetts, was trying to put through a person-to-person call to the President. When he replied that the President was pretty busy, and asked if he could be of service instead, the operator said she'd see, and in a moment connected him with the young lady. She was a student in the Plymouth High School, she announced, and as part of her homework for that evening she had to list the members of President Roosevelt's cabinet. She'd asked lots of people in Plymouth for the names, but nobody in town seemed to know all of them, and she'd decided that she'd better ask the President himself. The secretary said that *he* happened to know them, and making sure she had pencil and paper handy, he dictated them to her over the phone. She thanked him a good deal, of course, but he said not at all, and urged her to call up any time.



"Me and George was married right after 'Secrets,' or was it 'Hell's Holiday'?"

THE PRIZEWINNER AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

What the Recent "South of Scranton" Inspired One Boy to Paint



"THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF FEDERBER AND GALLOS STREETS, WORCESTER, MASS."

HAVING been awarded the first prize of the International Dormant Society for the best picture painted during a light sleep, I feel that the least that I can do is to explain it. I am almost sure that I can, although one or two of the points are just a bit hazy in my own mind.

I have called the picture "The Northeast Corner of Federber and Gallos Streets, Worcester, Mass." because I painted it after waiting around for the traffic lights to change at the corner of Federber and Gallos Streets, Worcester, Mass. That was what gave me the idea. I thought some of calling it "Jena," but there seemed no way of bringing Napoleon into it. I mean, I couldn't draw Napoleon.

What I saw at the corner of Federber and Gallos Streets made a deep impression on me, since I was at that impressionable age (fourteen). In the first place, I caught a bad head cold, which made me restless in my sleep and started me to painting. This head cold I have represented by the nose at the bottom of the picture toward the left. It more or less dominates the spirit of the scene, although the actual thematic quality of the composition comes from the building at the extreme left, which is a store at the corner of Federber and Upsala, one corner down from Gallos. (I had to wait for the lights there, too.)

BUT it was the Oxford Group which made the deepest impression on me. The Oxford Group were holding a "houseparty" in Worcester at the time, and as I sat waiting in the car, several of the delegates flew by on gliders on their way to the meeting. As they were the East Indian contingent, they wore their union suits and were without hats. I shall never forget it.

Seeing them without hats, I suppose, was what made me put the hat on the top of the building—a sort of compensatory gesture of my subconscious. This is one of the points I do not remember about the picture. It is such a bad hat.

Another compensatory item is the large steamship being towed out in a midnight sailing—at the extreme right. I remember thinking: "One of the disadvantages of being in Worcester is that there are no ocean liners sailing from here." (Worcester is so far inland that it is sometimes known as "The Heart of the Commonwealth" or "The Diastole of the Boston & Albany.") I am very fond of midnight sailings, and as I sat there, I wished that there could be one right at that very street corner. Naturally, when I got to sleep that night, I put a steamship into the picture to satisfy my subconscious, which was pretty grumpy by then.

The pole, which seems to be standing on a cross-word puzzle, is another feature of the composition which eludes me at the moment. There *was* a pole near the corner of these two streets, but it was a barber's pole, and this one lacks the essential characteristics of a barber's pole—need I say the stripes? It is barely possible that I have a subconscious aversion to the stripes on a barber's pole, owing to the fact that they originally stood for a bloody bandage at the time when barbers were also surgeons. The smoke coming out of the top of the pole frankly has me stumped, whatever the explanation.

We now come to the cross-word puzzle, the rather dreary sea in the background, and the cliff on which the building is situated. I may have wished that I had a cross-word puzzle to work on until the lights changed, which would account for that. But I certainly couldn't have wanted that particular cross-word puzzle, as it seems to be unworkable.

As for the sea and the cliff, they must belong in a picture of some other place. —Robert Benchley

•

THE NEWEST UTOPIA

There is a happy land
Where, so I hear,
Truth shines and lies are banned,
All is so clear.
Everyone's heard of this
Land and its fame.
"The Last Analysis"—
That is its name.

"In the Last Analysis,"
I hear men say,
"In the Last Analysis,
All work is play."
"In the Last Analysis,
Why should men fight?"
"In the Last Analysis,
You'll see I'm right."

My country, 'twas of thee
I used to sing.
But nowadays? Not me!
I'm on the wing,
Panting to get to this
Castle in Spain—
That Last Analysis
Where things are plain.

—Clarence Day

FINISHED BASEMENT

WE were the only ones at the bar, and after we had each had several, listening to the radio news report and a curious fragment of a radio serial drama, he came sidling up to me, eying me by way of the bar mirror into which we had both been staring, and began to tell me about his house on Long Island. He had a wide face, shaved and powdered; bewildered, thoughtful gray eyes; a new derby a bit to one side. His camel's-hair overcoat was cut in the grand manner, lapels very large, skirts like a field marshal's.

"I've got a finished basement, see?" he said. "I had it done over after we got the house and I did some of the work myself. It's on Long Island and, god almighty, I got a cement driveway and a two-car garage and a front and back yard with a hedge around it, see? Some guys might say I was sitting pretty, but you know what? If I could raise a second mortgage, I would turn a key in the door and go the hell away, for good.

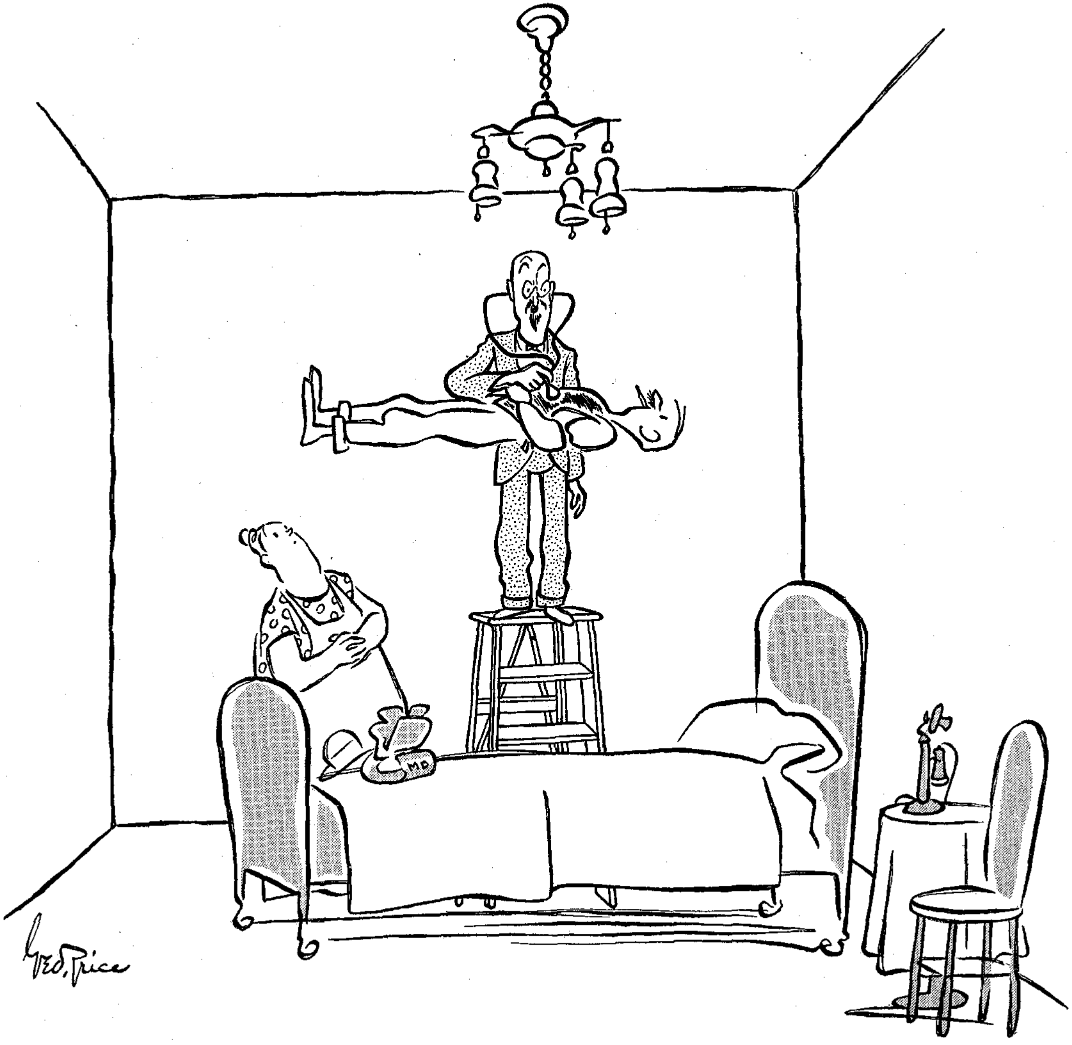
"On account of the kid, my wife couldn't go out nowheres. Oh, I got a dame to do the work and all that for twenty dollars a month, but after a week my wife, she couldn't stand the dame any more and I had to admit I had a feeling the dame was making to lift something anyway, so we let her go. So we decided we could bring people in to us instead of our going out, and I built—had it built, I mean—a bar down in the finished basement. It cost a little over forty dollars, but we made it attractive for people, see?

"Well, people come all right, but sometimes I wonder what I get out of it. 'What do I get out of it?' I say. Seventeen people come, for instance, and when they go, they say, 'Well, I certainly had a good time,' and that's all I get out of it—except when they go, I'm tired out and pretty plastered from keeping things going. And on Sunday after the party, you figure out how much it nicked you, and you see you could of hired a dame to do the work—I mean a good dame—cheaper than the party cost you, and go out yourselves. Last Wednesday, I figure out it nicked me twenty-one-fifty, and that isn't counting the two pints of rye that was in the house before they come. One fella last Wednesday—an attorney, by god, who talks plenty when he's sober, but when he's drinking he never says a word—sits in my joint for five hours and never opened his mug except when he had to get another highball. I knew there was something funny about that guy. About one o'clock, I come over to him and I said, 'How's it going?' You know what he said? He said, 'Never had a better time in my life.' That's what he said.

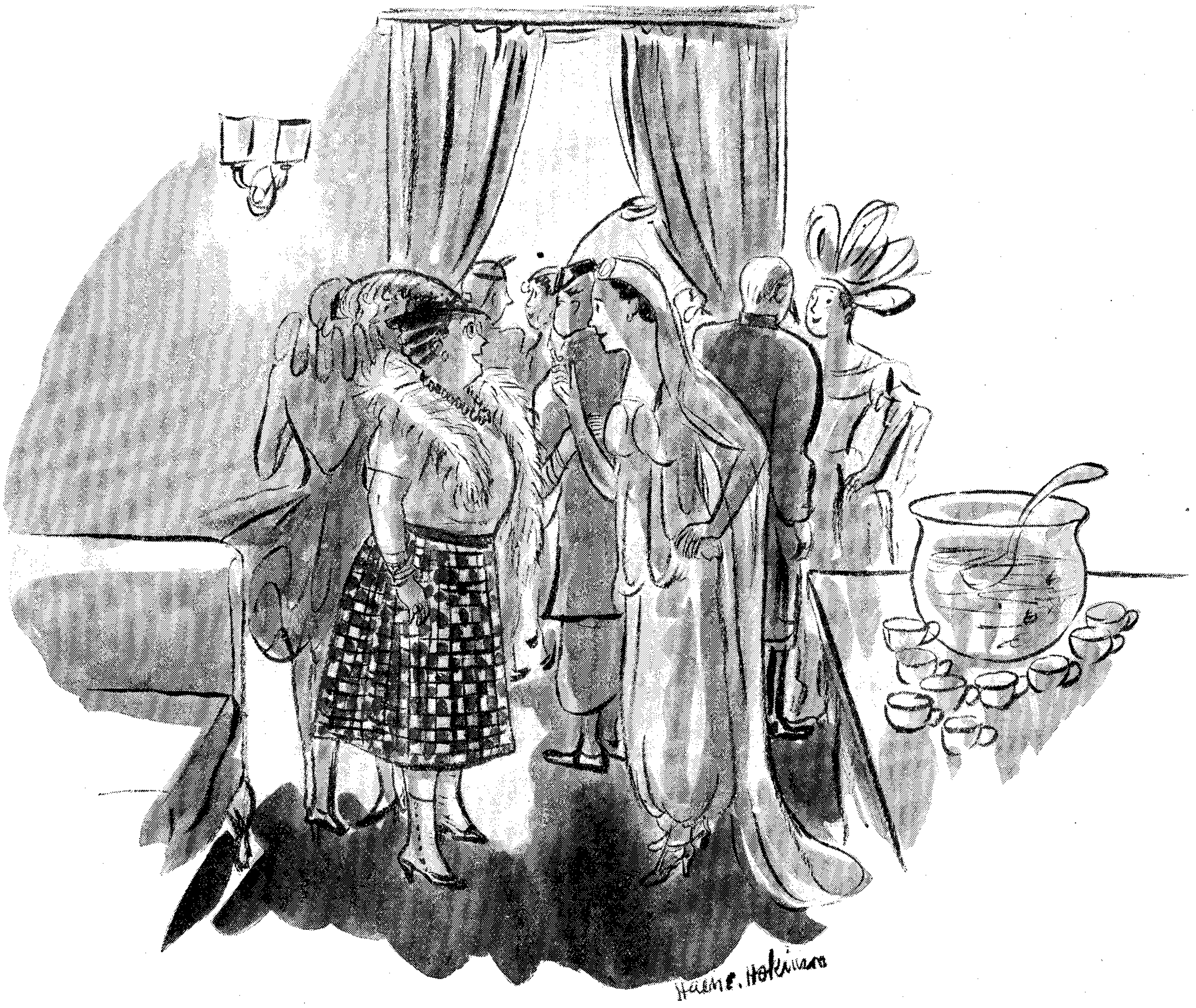
"Well, there it is, and there I am. I got more'n sixty-three hundred and fifty dollars tied up out there. That's a lot of dough. God almighty, that's plenty of dough.

"THERE'S a Hebrew gennelman, a dentist, trying to build up a practice been looking at the place I got. Yeah, it's for sale. First time, he comes out with his wife. They look around. They like it. Couple of days later, they come back with two others, and the next time, god almighty, nine of them comes out—cousins and all, like that. Hebrew people always got a lot of cousins. And the next Sunday, twelve of them come out with an old Hebrew lady with a shawl on her head. She had a paper bag with something in it. I couldn't see what it was in it—a couple of kosher hot dogs, maybe, I figured. I kept looking at the paper bag and wondering what the hell it was.

"This dentist and his wife and cousins and the old Hebrew lady—she must of been all their grandmother, I guess—they just about took the place apart seeing was it worth buying for the dentist and his wife. One of



"Don't worry. I'll have him on his feet again in a week."



"Why, I'm Sadie Thompson—you know, that girl in a play."

• •

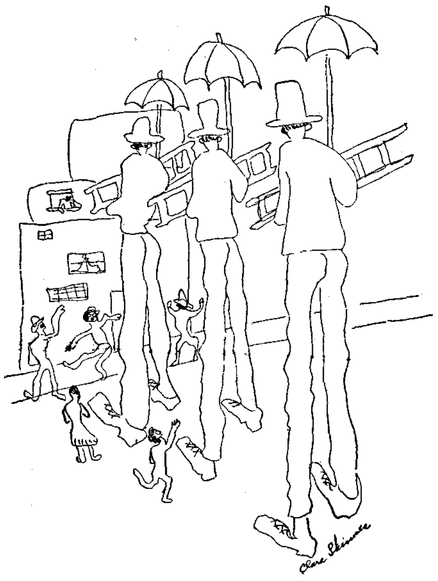
the young fellas counted all the houses in the street and another one measured the front yard with a tape measure, and another one went out back and as far as I could see smelled the paint on the garage. God almighty! So I told them everything was first class and I kept my eye on the old dame with the paper bag, but she just stood around, looking at everything with little, sharp, brown eyes. When she went down in the finished basement, I went down right after her. Well, she took out what she had in the bag down there, and what the hell do you think? It was a hammer, a regular claw hammer, and she starts tapping on the cement walls with the hammer to see is it good cement.

"GOD almighty, I'd like to get away for a month, just a month! I wouldn't care so much where, if I could just get away. You make highballs and shag them around for people and you keep them coming fast and some guy sits there and never opens his face except when he has to get another highball, and who cleans up the dirt after? I do. I went over to that lawyer guy last Wednesday—did I tell you this before?—and I says, 'How you doing?' You know what he says? He says, 'Never had a better time in my life.' Just like that. And listen, I didn't even know till yesterday how my wife felt about that lawyer guy. Even when she told me, I kept laughing, and then she told me straight out, crying and all, before I tumbled. She was on the level, yeah. But god almighty, what you going to do? I got a house, a swell house, as you might say, with the two-car garage and the cement driveway and the finished basement. My wife would go away if she had some place to go to—I know that—but she can't get away, and if I went away, who's going to keep up the house insurance and the mortgage fees and all? A guy says today, a friend of mine, too, he says I ought to hit that bird right on the head and leave him lay where he falls. Yeah? Well, that's a lot of noise, I know that. What do I get out of that? They put you in the can is all.

"THE Hebrew gennelman came back last night, but you know what I think? I think he hasn't even got any real dough; he wants to talk himself into owning a house like the one I got. If I could get fifteen hundred dollars out of the place, you could have it. Anybody could have it. But this Hebrew gennelman hasn't got any real dough. God almighty, when I was making the finished basement, I got masons in and they did most of the work, but I did a little myself. We put in the bar and all. It looked swell, too. Last night I went down late and fixed myself a ball, but I didn't get any kick out of it, see? Nah. No kick. I just stood there leaning against the bar like I'm doing now, see, and looking at the big hole where the cement fell off the side where the old Hebrew dame hit it with her claw hammer. That was where I put the cement on myself, fooling around while the regular masons were working, see? I guess I must have put it on a little thin.

"The funniest thing—this'll hand you a laugh—this morning. Wait. What is today—Monday? Yeah, sure, this morning it was—the old Hebrew dame come back in a car with six or seven cousins, but they all stayed in the car, and she came in and told me she had forgotten the hammer. The old claw hammer, you know. So I went down to the finished basement with her, and she came stumping along after me—she's fat, but she gets around, by god—and she had the paper bag folded up in her hand, so she could put the hammer in it. I found the hammer all right—it was behind the bar, where if it had of been a snake, it'd bitten me when I was shagging out highballs for that gang. I took a good grip on it and I felt like socking somebody—maybe the old dame, I don't know—because I'm so sick of that house and all. But I just said 'Here you are' and handed it to her, and she took it and put it in her paper bag and drove away.

"Oh, I'm not kidding myself, don't you worry. Those Hebrew people won't ever buy the place. Nah. You can see that." —NORMAN MATSON

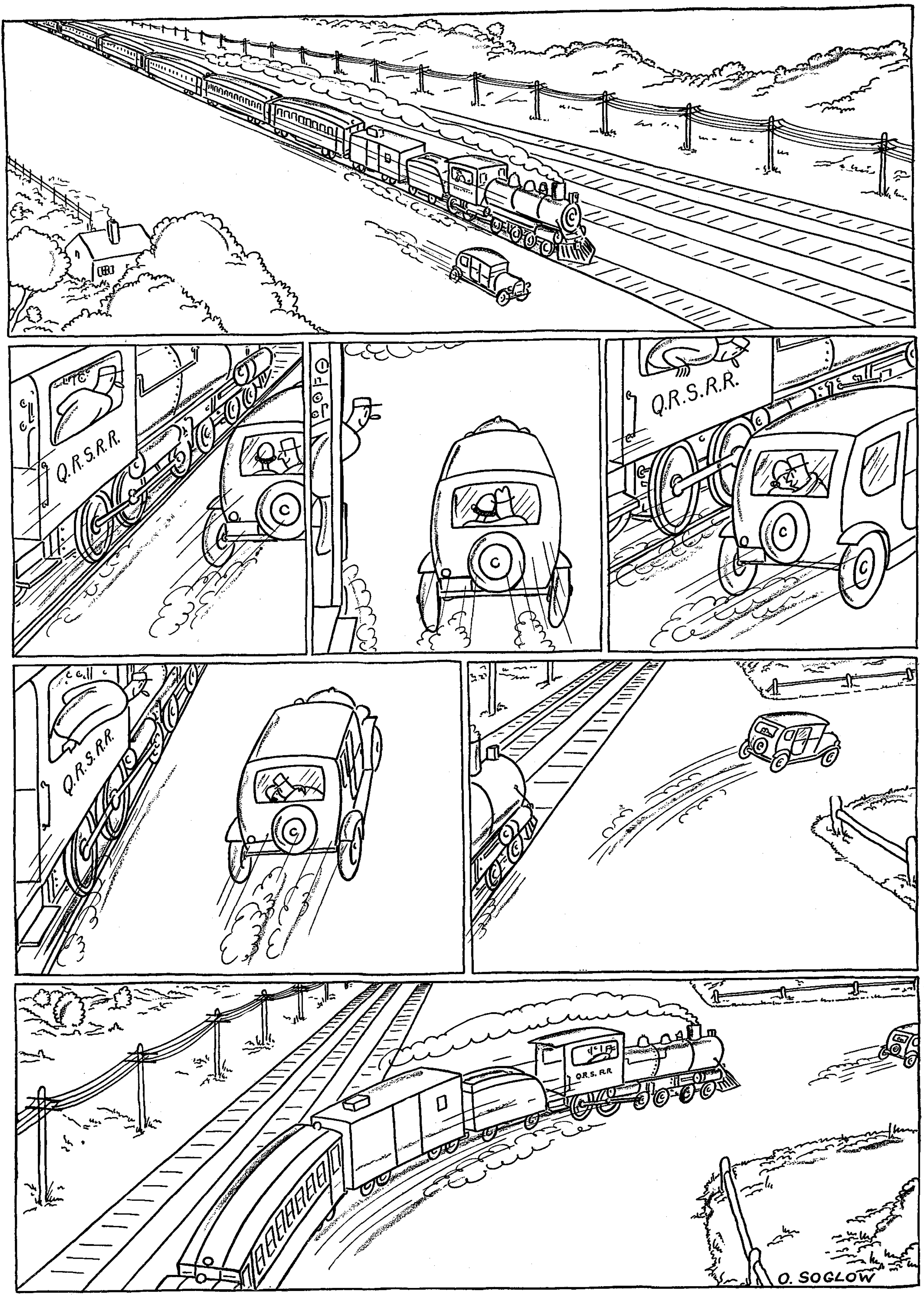


SURE, COME ON AND GIVE THANKS!

O come and be thankful all ye valleys and plains and rivers
and lakes and rills,
Come and be thankful all ye mighty rocks and boulders, whether
ye be as big as rocks and boulders or as little as pills,
And ye too, all ye mountains, come and skip like lambs,
And how about ye skipping too, all ye freight cars and trucks
and trolley cars which if ye were in England ye would be
goods vans and lorries and trams.
For now is the time for a word of gratitude from all the creatures
on and over and under the earth,
Which is a planet with a twenty-four-thousand mile girth,
Which leaves quite a lot of room for creatures,
Which makes why they all try to purchase fresh fruit lemonade and
smoke in the lobby of the same theatre at the same time one of
life's most curious features,
But if instead of all trying to get in the same lobby at the same
time all the creatures on and over and under the earth were
to be grateful at the same time it should make for a mighty
leap in Nature's pulse,
And might even get results,
Because if, as has been so aptly remarked elsewhere, gratitude is
a lively sense of anticipation of favors about to be received,
Why not be indecently effusive about it so that whoever
is expected to hand out the favors will be thoroughly
convinced on the same principle on which writers now
write about the South, which is that the picture has to
be obscene to be believed.
And not to be personal but what this creature who moves
upon the face of the earth thirsts for but probably won't
receive because a thirst is what you have when there's
no way to slake it,
Is the abolition of those other creatures who move upon the face
of the earth saying C'm up an' see me some time, and So you
can't take it,
And more than turkey with stuffing
Would I appreciate the cadavers of those who make a play on the
nautical and amorous connotations of luffing,
And parenthetically, hooray for international good will, but
I still think the last race with Mr. Sopwith
Is a good one to stop with.

So therefore to resume, I say, come and be thankful all ye leviathans, and
Loch Ness promotion gadgets, and gudgeons and mermaids and
all ye that swim in the sea or are exhibited stuffed in
tap-rooms or dens or foyers,
Come and be thankful all ye who move upon the face of the earth,
be ye bisons or Roosevelts or ladybugs or Lucienne Boyers,
Be ye Long Island ducklings or bantams,
Be ye Roosevelts or ibexes or Yvonne Printemps,
And also come all ye creatures who move in the air, and your kins
and your kiths,
Be ye Pegasuses or Roosevelts, or turkey buzzards or Kingsford-Smiths,
Be your bodies and minds puny or muscular,
Be your careers open and aboveboard or crepuscular,
Whether ye be Mongolian or Mamaronecktarine or Manx,
Come on and give thanks,
Because it's worse to be called before the grand jury
than the petit,
But it's better to give thanks for something before receiving
it than after because if you wait until after you may not
get a chance to give thanks for whatever it is because you
probably won't get it.

—OGDEN NASH


Q.R.S.R.R.
Q.R.S.R.R.
Q.R.S.R.R.
Q.R.S.R.R.
O. SOGLOW

PROFILES

KEWPIE DOLL

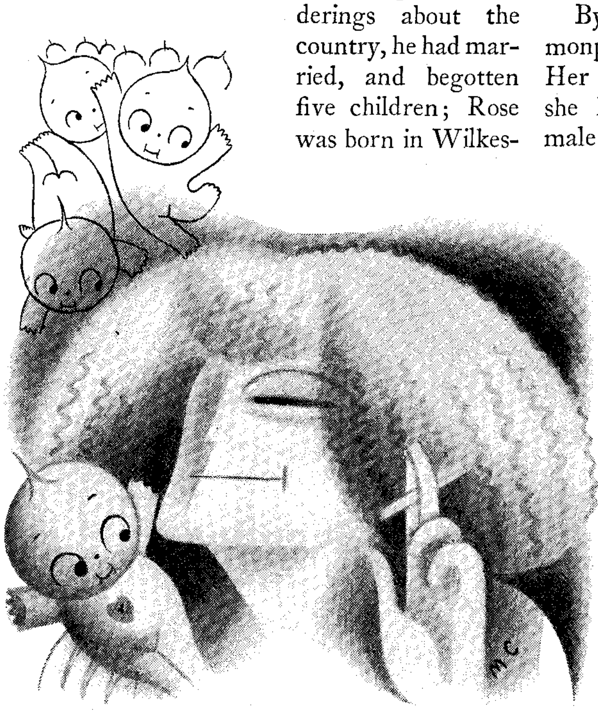
IN the early part of 1913, George Borgfeldt & Company, creators and importers of novelties, bestowed upon this country the first Kewpie. Almost immediately it became the national dream child, and for years it remained the most popular piece of American sculpture, making, it has been estimated, more than $1,400,000 for its designer, Miss Rose O'Neill. Miss O'Neill accepted her triumph without any particular surprise, since she was temperamentally disposed to consider her life a series of triumphs.

Miss O'Neill maintains that the model for her Kewpie came to her in a dream, and, in a voice that brooked no refusal, demanded to be drawn. This will forever banish the foolish legend that Mr. Pitts Sanborn, now a distinguished music critic, was the inspiration for her work. The Kewpies originally appeared as decorations for some of her own verses in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* It occurred to her that they might make an agreeable toy in porcelain or bisque, and she submitted some sketches to the Borgfeldts, who agreed to have the dolls made. She was to receive, as is usual under such circumstances, a royalty on their sale. Rose was thirty-nine years old at that time and had been a nationally famous artist for twenty years, having earned huge sums as an illustrator for newspapers and magazines long before the first Kewpie was born.

IN 1887, the Omaha *World-Herald* arranged an art competition for children below the age of fifteen. The prize-winning contribution, a drawing of a man on a hilltop, was so deftly contrived that the committee of judges were doubtful for a time whether the age claimed for the youthful contestant was authentic. After unimpeachable evidence had been furnished, they gladly awarded the ten-dollar gold piece to thirteen-year-old Rose O'Neill, a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

That glittering coin was the first trickle of a huge golden stream which ran through the hands of Rose during the next forty years. And, just as it is possible to be a successful composer without being able to read music, Rose O'Neill made this immense fortune as an artist without ever really learning how to draw. Today she knows so little about perspective that she is baffled by even so simple a feat as putting a table or chair into a picture for background.

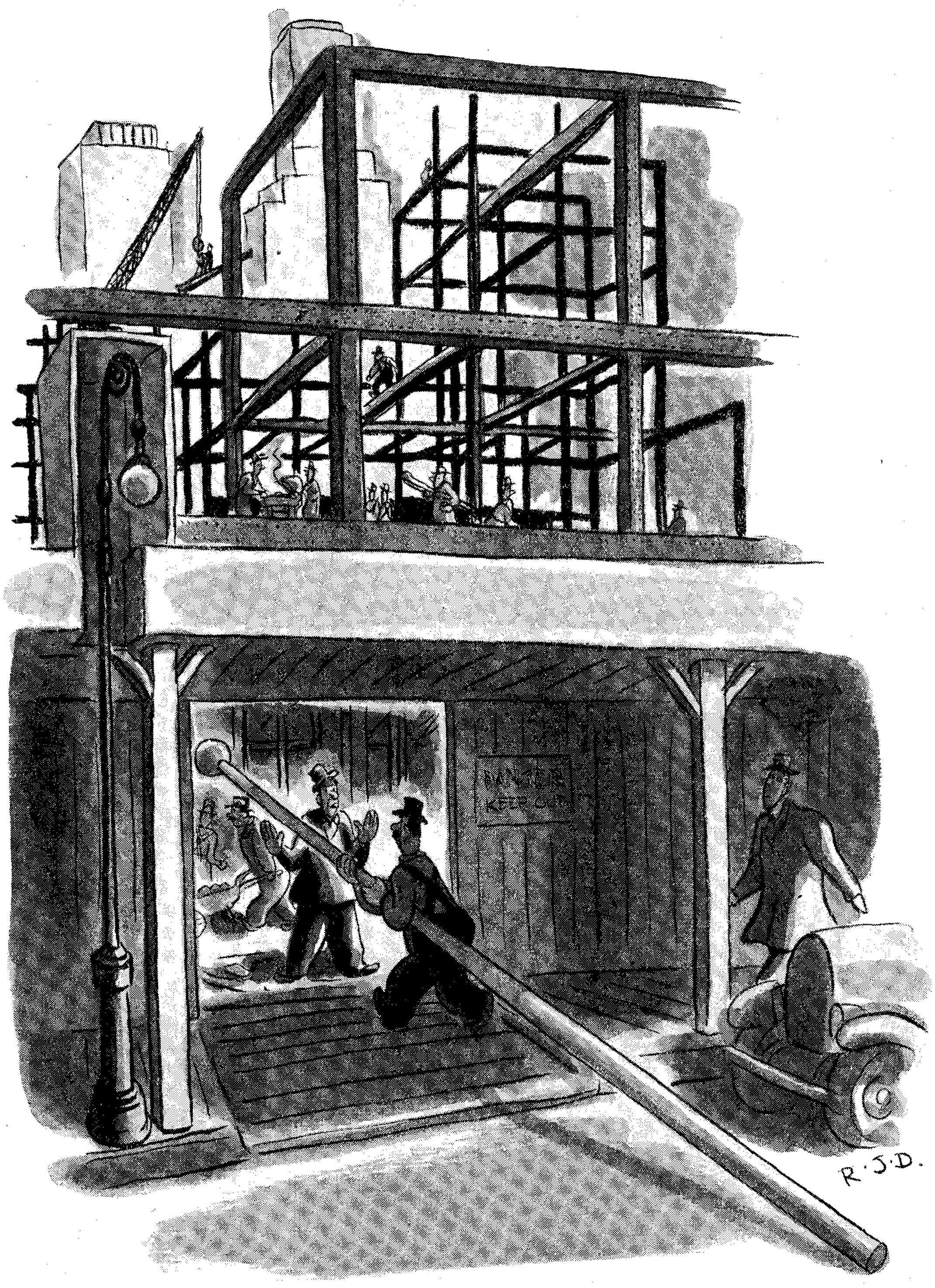
The editors of the Omaha paper, having recovered from their surprise, hired her to do a series of weekly cartoons. Little Rose brought these to the editorial offices, accompanied by a nun, and the money thus obtained gave the O'Neills the first financial tranquillity they had ever enjoyed. William Patrick O'Neill, her father, was and still is an attractive Irishman, with a bad case of wanderlust, who had come to Nebraska for reasons too vague to be recollected. He sold books there, but not many. It was long before the women's clubs had made book-selling a profitable enterprise. During his meanderings about the country, he had married, and begotten five children; Rose was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Of the four other O'Neill children, two have disappeared into prosaic respectability, and consequently have no bearing on the legendary life and development of Rose. Although every member of the tribe is still alive, she has for many years been exclusively concerned with her mother, Asenath; her brother, Clink; and her younger sister, Callista.



Rose O'Neill

After her first success in Omaha, it became obvious that Rose ought to be nearer a lucrative market, and William Patrick brought his family to New York. This, incidentally, ended whatever formal education Rose was to receive. Although she enrolled as a pupil at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Regis, on Riverside Drive, she was permitted to devote herself entirely to drawing, painting, and the writing of poetry. She became a familiar figure in the editorial offices of magazines, where she still appeared chaperoned by a nun. By 1889, when she was fifteen years old, her drawings were being printed in *Puck*, *Truth*, *Life*, and *Harper's Monthly*. Rose remained at the convent for four years. From photographs still extant, it can be discerned that she was a girl of exquisite beauty. She was eighteen when she quit the Sisters of St. Regis, and a few months afterward met and married a certain Gray Latham, by profession, she says, "a Virginia gentleman." This marriage lasted five years and was terminated by Latham's death.

By now it had become a commonplace that Rose oozed talent. Her works appeared everywhere and she had become the best-known female illustrator in the country. Harry Leon Wilson, one of the editors of *Puck*, whose stories she had frequently embellished over the signature of O'Neill Latham, thought her a woman of ability and charm. He married her in the early part of the year 1900. It was the beginning of an entirely new era for Rose. Wilson, a man of great talent, made their home a nucleus for the intellectual and artistic life of New York. Rose, who had always had to concern herself with the needs of others, now became, in turn, an object of affectionate consideration. She still looked after her family, of course, but her earnings had become so considerable that she found time to write her first novel, "The Loves of Edwy." The book was published by Harper's in 1904, and, taking into account the period and her aesthetic background, it is reasonably well writ-



"I don't think we're quite ready for that yet, Antonio."

• •

ten. But in it appear the first signs of her dangerous tendency toward exaltation, toward large romantic gestures; and there is in it, too, a slightly cloying touch of whimsy.

O'Neill, the father, had taken to travelling again, but the rest of her family saw Rose daily. She felt herself particularly drawn to her younger sister, Callista, who also attempted something in the painting line, but whose efforts were too esoteric for commercial success. Ever since she had been recognized as an infant prodigy, Rose had most indiscriminately given her praise to anyone who came within the radius of her affectionate nature. Her favorite sister was consequently buried beneath an avalanche of extravagant appreciation and lush metaphor.

It is easy to imagine the curious influences that molded the character of Rose O'Neill at the time when this novel was published. She was thirty years old, successful, beautiful, and surrounded on all sides by unceasing hosannas of adulation. She had always had strong Bohemian leanings; that is to say, she had no regard for money, was extremely unconventional, and desperately romantic. As time went on, her home was increasingly crowded with people whose interest in the arts seemed to Miss O'Neill to promise much. She poured on them a golden shower of gifts and entertainments and her guests talked enthusiastically of the things they were going to create later on. She collected jewelry, antiques, and works of art with a total disregard for their cost and merit. Her legendary generosity became the keynote of her life, and today, at sixty, it is still her greatest charm and most fatal indulgence.

IN spite of her constantly growing circle of friends and acquaintances, she still did enormous quantities of work, but her draughtsmanship became pudgy and rounded, a little like taffy exposed to the sun. Her husband shrewdly recognized this and urged her to wean herself from needlessly lavish gestures. This was toward the end of 1904, and they were planning to go abroad. Booth Tarkington and Wilson intended to collaborate on a play, and a friend had suggested the island of Capri as a suitable place in which to do their work in peace.

In Capri, Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson occupied themselves with their dramatic labors while Rose O'Neill wandered about the island picking up keepsakes and antiques with the concentrated frenzy of the born buyer. And then another momentous event took place in her life. She made the acquaintance of Charles Caryl Coleman, an American painter who had permanently exiled himself from his native country. Coleman was well along in years, and he was just sufficiently eccentric to capture the imagination of Rose O'Neill. He, too, was a collector of antiques, and he inhabited an enormous mansion, more than three hundred years old. There were Roman and Etruscan relics in every room, and some in the cellar. This building, an erstwhile convent, with three interior courts, and pathways laid with Roman mosaics, was called Villa Narcissus. Rose instantly fell in love with it. Coleman had earned a meagre living by the sale of local sunsets to visiting tourists, and shortly after their first encounter he borrowed some money from Miss O'Neill. This first loan was followed by many others, and since it seemed unlikely that any satisfactory settlement could ever be made during his lifetime, Coleman gave Rose the freedom of his villa and promised that she was to inherit the house and all its treasures when he died.

ELEVATOR
GRILL
CASHIER
Carl Rose

"You will have the wing to yourself, Your Highness, except for a Mr. Welmuth, a plumbing-supplies salesman."

• •

He was a genuine original, and really kept his word. He was the traditional artist of the old school—velvet waistcoat, beret, beard, and fingers covered with glittering jewels. He lies buried in a grave that he purchased one afternoon while walking with Rose. There seemed nothing else around that was worth buying, so he invested his slender funds in a burial plot—because a grave in Capri is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

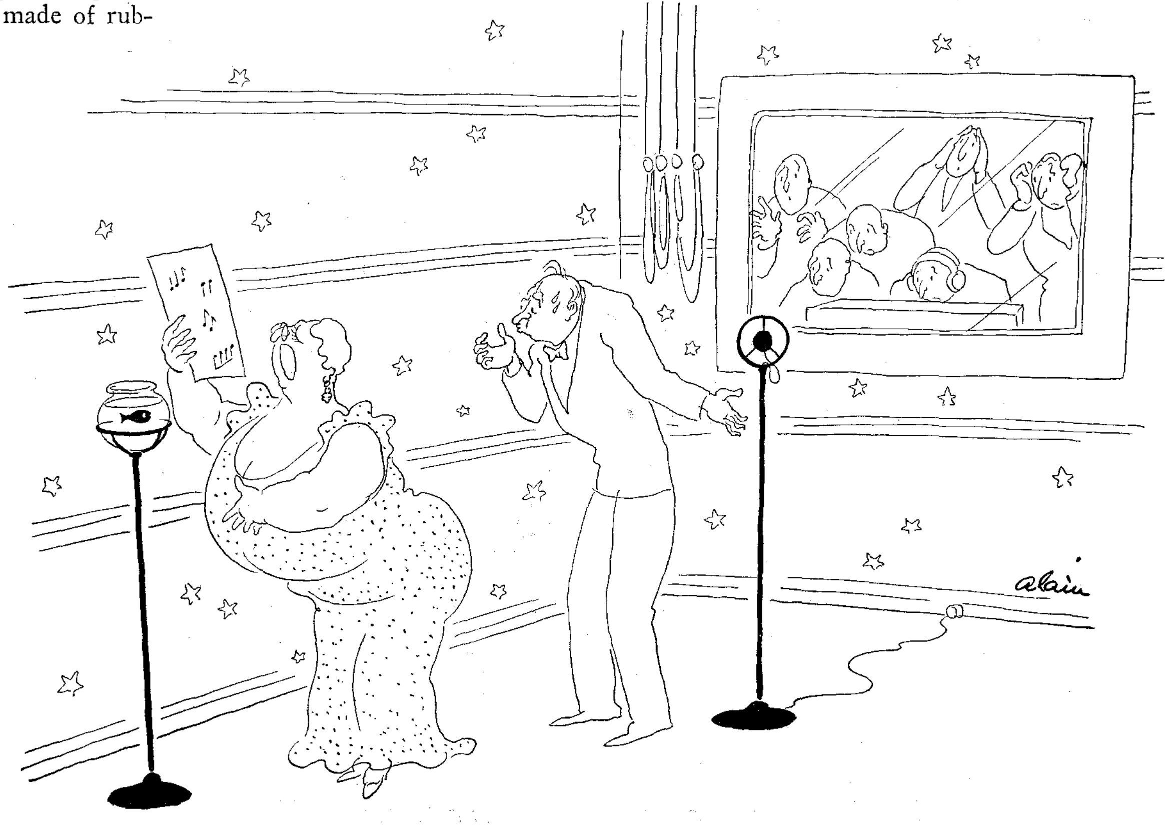
Let it not be supposed that even during her stay in Capri Miss O'Neill had been entirely unoccupied. All her contractual obligations were fulfilled, great quantities of poetry were written, and, influenced by Coleman, she painted some Pre-Raphaelite oils which still testify to her skill in an unfamiliar medium. She also devoted some of her time to sculpture, and, strangely enough, delighted in the creation of tortured devils and mythical monsters. These troubled creatures presented perhaps the dark side of her optimism, but their outlines were already rounded with the foreshadowing curves of the eventual Kewpie.

Meanwhile, the two dramatists had toiled bravely at their task, and one morning Mr. Tarkington and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson set sail for home. Soon after their return the Wilsons were divorced. Rose O'Neill has "withdrawn from marriage," as she phrases it, ever since.

On her return, Miss O'Neill found that her father had settled down at last in Missouri. He had always dreamed of living in a chasm and had finally discovered a suitable hole in the Ozarks. At the bottom of this pit he had built a little cabin, and frequently his admiring relatives came to visit him.

Rose rented a flat on Washington Square, which Asenath, Clink, and Callista shared with her. Her writings and drawings appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and despite her tremendous labors she kept perpetual open house at her apartment. Any friend preparing to go abroad received, as a matter of course, the key to Villa Narcissus in Capri. When Kewpie came into the world in 1913 and Miss O'Neill's income reached enormous proportions, she decided to purchase a country home where people of genius could come as her guests and remain indefinitely. Brother Clink was growing up to be a poet, and it was then that Rose had her great vision—that the O'Neills were really the American Brontë family. They would live like artists, heedless of all but beauty and fine talk, and neither insurance policies nor sordid ideas of thrift were ever to trouble their truly Parnassian consciousness.

For a while she contented herself with a mediocre little farm in Missouri located in the neighborhood of her father's chasm. She and her friends found this place inconveniently remote from New York, and they all searched for several years for a more suitable retreat. A few miles from Westport, on the Saugatuck River, they at last located the house of their dreams. In 1921 Miss O'Neill bought it from Hugo Ballin, an artist who had lived there for some time, and the moment she took possession, she set the stamp of her personality upon the place by calling her new home Carabas Castle (after the one in "Puss-in-Boots"), and by covering the interior of the huge, cathedral-like studio with a coat of gold radiator paint. There are eleven chambers in this building, and each is furnished as a studio living-room. An endless profusion of Napoleonic chairs, Greek statuary, dim tapestries, and collapsed upholstery in faded brocade clutters the castle and gives it the untidy, cozy air so dear to the heart of the true Bohemian. While the tide of prosperity was running high throughout the land, Kewpies were made of rubber, chocolate, Bakelite, wood, cloth, and ice cream. The royalties derived from their sale paid adequately for the upkeep of Villa Narcissus in Capri and Carabas Castle in Connecticut. Rose's boundless hospitality attracted new hosts of aesthetes. It is a well-established fact that guests invited for a weekend remained two years.



ALL the arts were represented at Carabas Castle. There were poets and novelists and sculptors and painters, most of them recruited from Greenwich Village, Woodstock, or Provincetown. Verses were read out loud; titles for novels were conceived and jotted down, revised, and sometimes perfected; a good deal of clay and even some granite and marble was utilized, and much paint, both water color and oil, was mixed. The guests graciously forgave the pseudo-commercial activities of their hostess and received rest and sustenance in the effulgence of Rose O'Neill's unquestioning hospitality. They were all geniuses to her, for it was by their intentions and not by their works that she judged them. And some of them have been grateful, have dedicated anemic volumes of poetry to her, have sent her an occasional picture or written postcards from some foreign land in recognition of her Olympian kindness.

The most important living creature in Carabas Castle is Chinko, the blonde cat, which has seven toes on each foot and brings a dead bird each morning as a gift offering to its mistress. Chinko "epitomizes the aloof power which all true artists ought to strive for," and Rose has had special little doors built for it, so that it is free to come and go without hindrance or supervision.

The walls of the castle on the Saugatuck are lined with thousands of books, many of them illustrated by the lady of the manor. Quite a few volumes are devoted exclusively to a handwritten recording of the witty sayings of the inhabitants and guests whom Carabas has sheltered. A special game is played here, called The Frolic of the Mind. It is conceded by Rose and her group that she "makes good conversation happen." After it has happened, she "Boswellizes" it. At the beginning of each entry, she writes the words, "I am a witness." The script is exquisite, and varies with the moods and meanings of the occasion. Poetry and mere whimsy are printed in a frail, small hand, while aphorisms and rich metaphors leap from the page in bold capitals. It creates a pleasant variety for the eye and helps recapture the glamorous moment when "it happened." A sample from one of the volumes, fairly typical of the general contents:

George O'Neill (Young poet): There sits Rose, with her wits about her.

Rose: They find me in the pickle of being splendid and thought I liked it.

Clink (Young poet): Would you call Rose compound instead of complex?

Tommy Boggs (Young poet): Seaworthy.

Rose: I'm so simple. It's revolting. I think I give people a chance to speak. I go towards them softly.

Jean Rivers (Young poet): The panther stalks softly.

Tommy Boggs: Nevertheless, you should have existed in all ages for all artists. Just a wise, witty, perfect genius, deathless friend. You are all things, wench and world. You are the greatest woman since Bach.

Rose intends to make a collection of some of these rich utterances and have them published for the benefit of the general public. She has never had any difficulty in getting her work printed. In 1909, Harper's published her second novel, "The Lady in the White Veil;" in 1922, Knopf brought out a volume of her poems, "The Master-Mistress;" and in 1930, two of her latest works of fiction came off the press almost simultaneously: "Garda" and "The Goblin Woman."

Her book of poems contains some meritorious things, and there is even about her novels a curious, unworldly quality which lifts them above the commonplace. She is mystically concerned with romance and has a natural aptitude for story-telling. If none of her books have been in the best-seller class, they sold well enough to make publishers venture another try whenever a manuscript of hers was available. Wholly self-taught, she has triumphed where many a better-disciplined, scholarly mind has gone astray.

As a preface to some of her early poems, she wrote:

And few there are who live, alas,
And they are far from here,
Who know how young and dear I was
When I was young and dear.

During the late war, she was something of a pacifist. Her feelings on the subject are most suitably rendered in the "Soft Song":

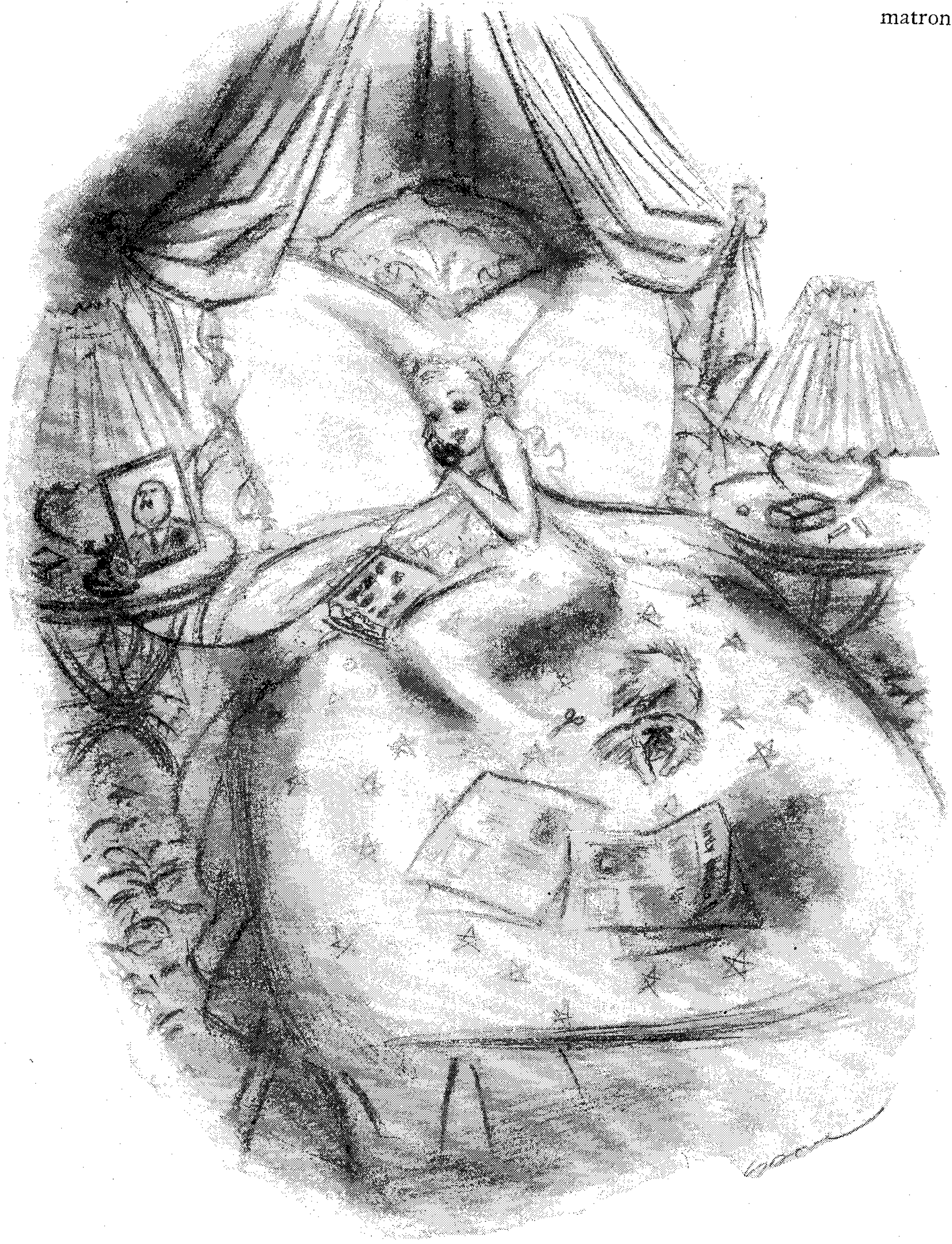
Let us be soft,
Let us not be brave;
Nor put more iron ships upon the wave,
Nor put more iron questions to the Dumb.
And if one calls, let us no longer come.
Let us forbear,
Leave and loose us there,
Lean and lie like this,
Let us kiss,
But let us be soft.
[etc.]

IN the garden of Carabas Castle there stands a gigantic sandstone figure, ten feet high and probably masculine, designed by Rose O'Neill. This statue enfolds in a passionate embrace a rather matronly tree. To prevent possible disaster, the statue is anchored deep in the ground, and Miss O'Neill estimates the cost of having it carved and set up as somewhere over seven thousand dollars. It is an impressive affair, but not half as impressive as the fact that the hot-water boiler is called Kewpie or that her eighty-four-year-old mother still writes articles for magazines on the subject of child welfare.

Kewpies are no longer the great rage. Miss O'Neill believes that this is due to the inferior material now employed in their production. In any event, she is still beautiful, still working, and still youthful in her attitude toward life. Recently she created a companion for the Kewpie, and thousands of them are being manufactured now. It is called Scootles, the Baby Tourist.

As Perkins Harnly (young painter) has observed, "No matter what happens, Rose is certainly determined to live the life beautiful."

—ALEXANDER KING

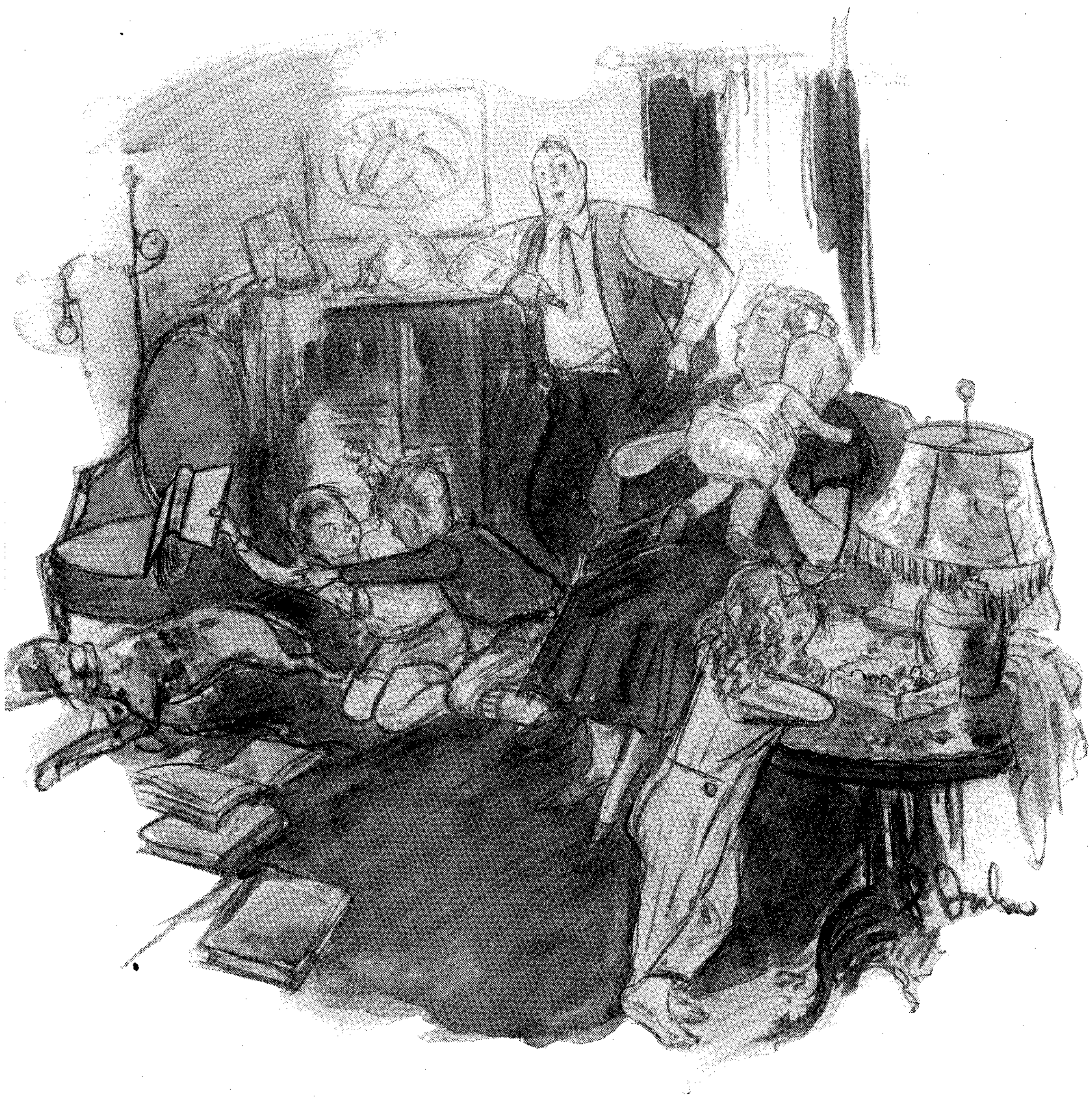


"Mr. Jacobs, please. . . . Yeh, this is a personal call."

•

The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company have opened The Home of Tomorrow at Mansfield, Ohio, and have dedicated it to the women of America. It is really a miracle home in which the weather is created to suit the occupants. Electricity takes the place of 847 servants.—*Toledo (O.) Edison Progress.*

It must be sort of quiet since they're gone.



"*I like these early winter evenings with their hint of snow.*"

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE exact position of the Democrats since the election has been estimated as a little to the left of centre. We shall not know where the G. O. P. is until we get a report from Dr. Beebe.

•

Probably the Republican Party will not regain public favor until it gets a set of constructive policies. As Quarterback Roosevelt would put it, a team that does nothing but kick never scores.

•

The most cheerful news of the week comes from England. Jimmy Walker has a new job, and Queen Mary has a new hat.

•

The Utopian Society of America has established headquarters in Greenwich Village. It is not quite sporting of it to attack the profit system at such a weak spot.

•

Joseph B. Eastman believes that the railroads will recover the long-haul traffic if treated properly. Let's set aside a week to be kind to the iron horse.

•

Abe Mickal of Louisiana State University does not want to be one of Huey Long's senators. He will study and play football, but lower than that he refuses to sink.

•

It is the contention of Irving Caesar, songwriter, that the radio retards prosperity; the folks stay at home evenings instead of going out and spending money. Still, we have to consider the people who cannot get out of the front door on account of the wolf.

•

The threatened war between Arizona and the United States has been called off. Hope now arises that peace may yet be declared between the students and president of C. C. N. Y.

•

They are making a determined effort to recover sunken treasure in Hell Gate. But not in Wall Street, we hasten to add.

•

Pirandello wins the Nobel prize for literature. We admirers now expect him to write a play that wonders whether $41,318 is real money or a psychological error.

•

Nazis are warned to be on the lookout for peroxide Aryans. You are not necessarily a good Hitlerite, it seems, just because you appear lightheaded.

•

A deep, brooding silence hangs over the headquarters of the NRA. It was louder and funnier in the old days.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS

Kings
Should blaze with gems in chains and rings;
Czars
Should always ride in golden cars;
Dukes
Should walk in ruby-crowned perukes;
Counts
Should lavish coin in vast amounts;
Earls
Should button all their clothes with pearls,
Or there is no excuse for them
And I've no use for them!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE THEATRE

LIKE OLD TIMES

IT might be a bit excessive to hum "Happy Days Are Here Again" as a prelude to this review of "Say When," but it is perfectly safe to remark guardedly that Old Time Days are here again. The new show at the Imperial has brought back to Forty-fifth Street the atmosphere of a happier era, when musical comedies were just musical comedies, and the resulting nostalgia is very pleasant. Consider one tear started and quickly brushed away.

There is practically nothing in "Say When" which hampers a complete recall of memories. The book is by Jack McGowan, who, ever since he himself walked up and down the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre, blond and juvenile, singing "Just a Love Nest" with Janet Velie, has been associated with musical-comedy tradition. The music is by Ray Henderson, who, in various combinations of Brown and De Sylva and back to Henderson again, has enriched the memories of all who are over fifteen years old. (And, without venom, may we say that one or two memories are further enriched in the present score?) The numbers are staged by Russell Markert, who is already firm in history as the man who first taught chorus girls to use their hands in drill formation, no mean contribution to the national delight. And the settings and costumes are by Clark Robinson and Charles Le Maire, respectively, both of whom have made the past ten years on Broadway lovelier to look upon. (Mr. Robinson's sofas and white books in the second act come close to being his top so far, which is no faint praise.)

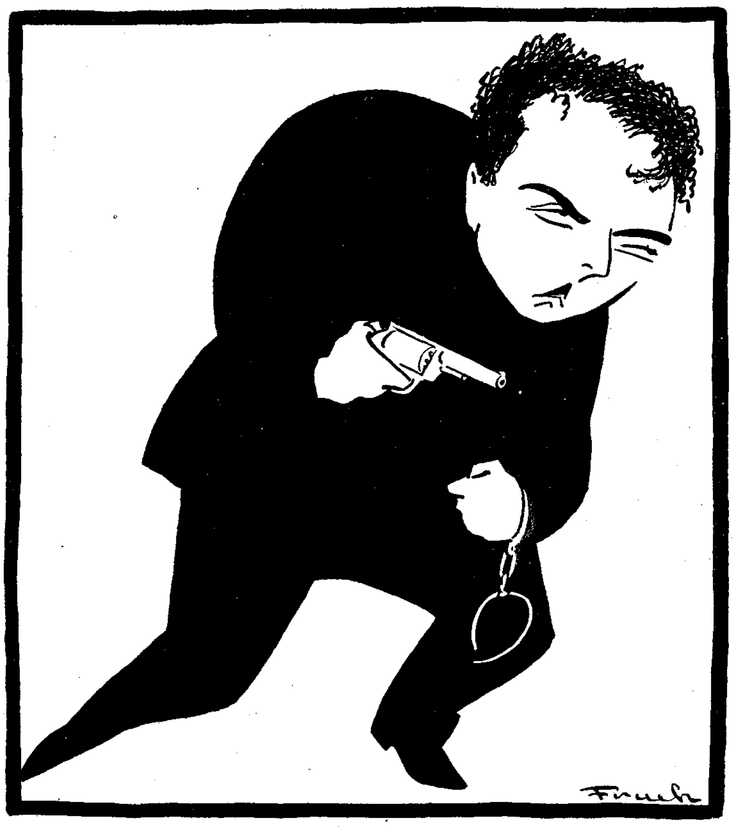
To old-timers also there will be no wrench in some of the jokes, although many new ones have crept in, and the evening can easily be given over to laughter. But, also without venom, I would like to put it on the record that "Say When" has the first bona-fide example of a gag which actually was used by my own mother in my youth. In fact, it is one of my earliest recollections and was already so well established as a part of the language that it must date from a time shortly after the Civil War. For the benefit of collectors, I will cite it: "I would like to buy him at my price, and sell him at his." I might also add that it gets a big laugh.

This is noted merely as an historical jotting. There are plenty of fresh gags in "Say When" and Mr. Bob Hope is the boy who can get them off. When he first appeared (in these parts) in "Roberta," I threw off an *obiter dictum* that with better material he would be one of our best comedians. He is.

There is also Harry Richman, who plays pretty fairly straight, except in a hilarious broadcasting scene from the vaults of a bank. I used to like Mr. Richman better when he was kidding himself, in the old days at the Wigwam, but as his popularity with the public has increased with his popularity with himself, there seems to be no reason for him to go back. Linda Watkins, Lillian Emerson, and Cora Witherspoon are here out of the legitimate theatre, and are highly valuable additions. Nick Long, Jr., leaps with his accustomed grace, and it is good to see Taylor Holmes again in what seems to be an unaltered condition of health and ability. Miss Dennie Moore takes care of the clowning on the distaff side, and imagine everybody's surprise to see Prince Michael Romanoff, that sterling representative of an otherwise obliterated dynasty, in shorts! It would seem, from his reception, that Mike has found his milieu at last. Leningrad must be seething with chagrin today.

So let us say that members of the Old Brigade will love "Say When" for its cozy warmth, and that newcomers on Broadway will be seeing a real musical comedy for the first time.

POSSIBLY it is because I do not go (and am not asked) to literary teas, or mingle with the more serious-minded writing groups, but it seems to me that novelists on the stage and in the movies are excessively book-conscious. Their conversation makes that at a hunt breakfast sound like a symposium on the Arts and Sciences.

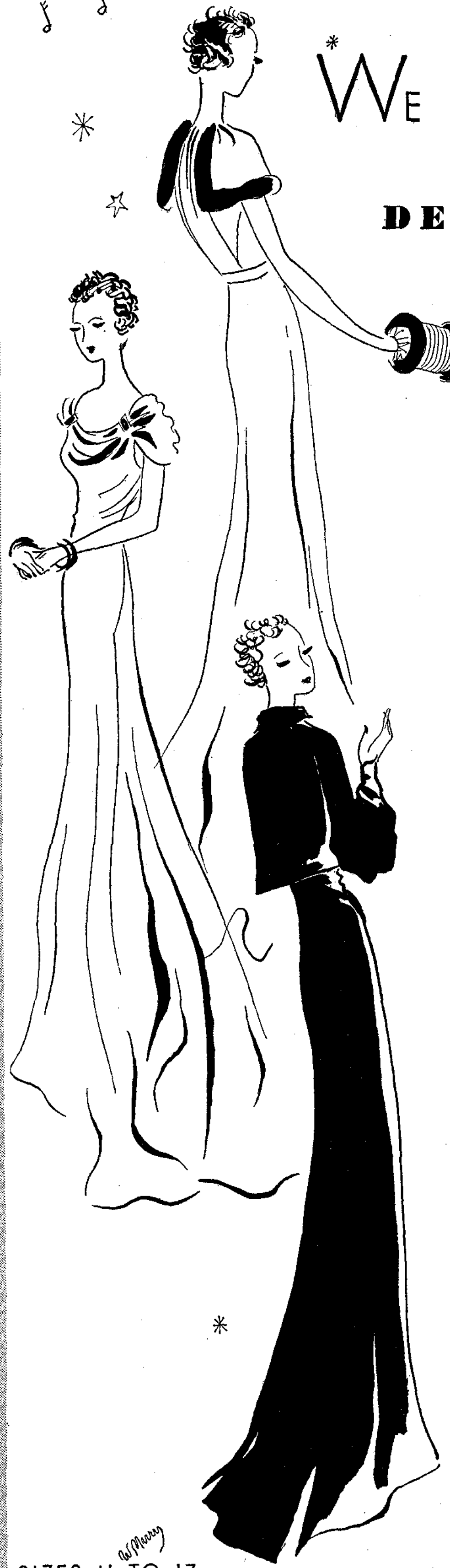


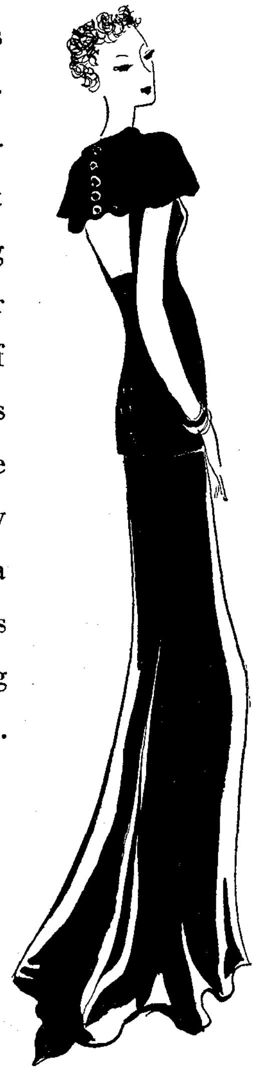
"SMALL MIRACLE"

Mr. Joseph Spurin-Calleia about to rub out a rat in the highly satisfactory melodrama at the Forty-eighth Street.

In "All Rights Reserved," the hero, who is an essay-writer, is in constant touch with his publisher by telephone and carrier pigeon. He talks of "my next book" and claps his hand to his forehead and says, "That's an idea for my last chapter!" Not only that, but he insists on sitting right down and writing it. I do not believe that even Mr. Christopher Morley (whose essays are mentioned as comparable to those of our hero) is so constantly preoccupied with his craft. At least, Mr. Morley takes time out to eat, and to eat well.

Irving Kaye Davis, the author of "All Rights Reserved," is a prolific writer himself, so probably he knows what he is doing. But I have an idea that the novel of his heroine and the essays of





WE HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT—

DEBUTANTES PREFER BLACK

● They've told us so themselves—dozens and dozens of them. And the Rendezvous Shop (sizes 11 to 17), wise in the unpredictable ways of youth, gives it to them—but so balanced with youth and verve that worldliness tones down to a charming sophistication. We've found out other things about them, too—that a hint of lamé is "too divine"... that white is "glamorous"... and red a favorite of the stag line. We know just how much they want to pay for all this sorcery and, as a result, our collection of party fashions especially designed to fit the exacting in-between sizes, is practically perfect.

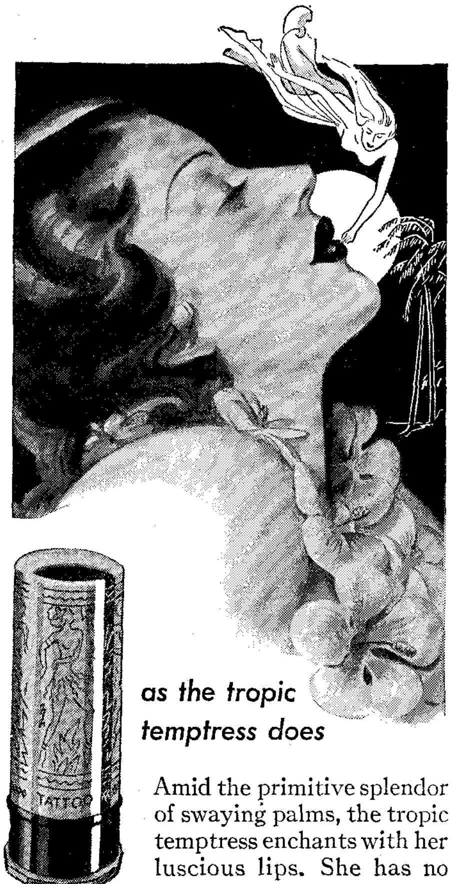
Rendezvous Shop
Evening Fashions
19.75 to 69.75

SIZES 11 TO 17

SECOND FLOOR

BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



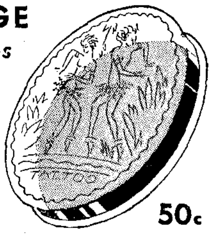
as the tropic temptress does

Amid the primitive splendor of swaying palms, the tropic temptress enchants with her luscious lips. She has no allure more stirring than you can have with TATTOO . . . for TATTOO stains *your* lips to tempting rich redness—her color idea—more exotic on you!

It's so much more exciting to *stain* your lips with pure, transparent, ravishing color than to coat them with charm destroying paste. Apply TATTOO . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . the color remains pastelessly clear and inviting. Don't worry at all about tell-tale marks, TATTOO won't rub off though the evening is thrillingly long!

More than one shade of TATTOO will become you. Try at least two for differing costume harmonies. There is Coral, which is orangish; Exotic, bizarre brilliance; Natural, the darkest; Pastel, which changes its hue on the lips. Try all four shades on your skin at the Tattoo Color Selector found on all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO for lips $1.

TATTOO ROUGE
For Cheeks and Lips
Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. (For Cheeks and Lips).



50c

TATTOO, CHICAGO
TATTOO
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

his hero would, on perusal, turn out to be something in a class with "All Rights Reserved" as literature.

When the talk is not directly centred on publication dates and last chapters and next books, the characters are sitting around in a circle discussing the Double Standard and Sex in the Open (as literary material) with all the glibness and argumentative facility of a group of college juniors hacking at each other on the question of "Is There a Personal God?" or "Should Women Have the Vote?" To the listener who has been around a little, there comes, now and then, a suspicion that he has heard it all before, and possibly a little better done.

Occasionally Mr. Davis's characters strike each other and throw books (first editions), but it never rings true. The real business of the play is intellectual and dialectic, and neither the subject nor Mr. Davis's handling of it is quite fresh enough to be impressive. George Bernard Shaw has been criticized for being only half as discursive and out-of-date.

Several good people have been chosen to argue their way through the crystal-clear mazes of Mr. Davis's philosophy. Violet Heming, besides being very ornamental, takes the matter with something of a twinkle in her eye. Mr. William Harrigan, although not suggesting Christopher Morley as an essayist, goes after Miss Heming and her suspected suitors with force and conviction. The rest are all good, and I am told that this is by far the best play that Mr. Davis has yet written, which is something.

I WAS so interested (and I use "interested" in its best sense) by the first part of "Jayhawker" that I didn't realize that it was running downhill toward the end. I had a vague feeling that something was wrong, but it didn't bother me much. Now that I look back on it, I guess that it did run downhill. I still had a good time at it.

In the first place, it is a fresh subject. Kansas, as that battleground for Slavery and Abolition which was later shifted to Virginia, presents a clear field for the creator of types. Which brings us to the second point in favor of "Jayhawker"—the characterization of "Ace" Burdette, as colorful an old son-of-a-gun as we have seen on the stage for many moons. A fire-eating faker, who hornswoggles his way to Washington as wartime senator on the "Soak-the-South" issue, he gradually finds himself unable to listen to the fife-and-drum corps as they quickstep the Boys in

MÉRITO
SHERRY
THE WHOLE WORLD PRIZES MERITO
SOLERA MERITO
VERY OLD BROWN SHERRY
MARQUÉS DEL MÉRITO
Jerez de la Frontera
MÉRITO

THE WORLD'S MOST *famous* SHERRY

Eight world expositions have awarded first prize to the famous Sherry bottled in the cellars of the Marques del Merito

RETAIL DISTRIBUTORS IN NEW YORK
REESE BROTHERS
23 East 49th St. PLaza 3-1061
MAISON E. H. GLASS, Inc.
15 East 47th St. WIc. 2-3317
PROSPERITY PRODUCTS
701 Seventh Ave. MEd. 3-0398

Sole U. S. Agents
CHAMPION IMPORTATION CO., Inc.
545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Lombardo-Ltd

WE CHOOSE WITH CARE
that's why our new COLLECTION
Is so outstanding and the prices, so astounding!
From $29.75
HATS GOWNS SUITS

six-east-53rd

Seven Years Apart—

Yet Both have Skin equally Young

Beautiful Vanderbilts *examined by Dermatologist for Skin Age* . . . both get 20-Year-Old Rating

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

famed for her brunette beauty. Her skin was rated by the dermatologist as being practically the same as it was eight years ago. Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "The thorough cleansing Pond's Cold Cream gives keeps my skin clear—fine-pored—seems to wipe away tired lines."

Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb

is an enchanting young blonde with a skin exquisitely fair. The dermatologist declares it to be "a perfect skin of twenty." She says: "I've never had a coarse pore, blackhead, or blemish. I'm sure this is due to Pond's Cold Cream."

YOUNG skin is firm and fine of texture—its color clear—glowing—radiant.

OLD skin is loose, lined, crêpy—its texture is thick and coarse—its color dull—sallow—dark.

These conditions, dermatologists report, are due to loss of tone—impaired vasomotor circulation—failure of glands to produce youth-sustaining oils.

When the two charming Vanderbilts, pictured above, were examined by a dermatologist, their rating was the same. In actual age, they are seven years apart.

Both of these two noted society beauties are faithful users of Pond's Cold Cream. Could there be more convincing proof that this cream actually keeps the skin young—the young skin at the height of its loveliness?

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream every night. Pat it in briskly. It will sink into the pores—float away impurities that linger there. And every morning freshen your skin with this fragrant luxurious cream.

Then your skin will look alluringly young—clear—silken. Powder and make-up will smooth on evenly and lastingly.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Preferred by 1 out of 5 women who use cream. _Pond's Liquefying Cream_ also answers these vital needs. It is a quicker melting cream.

New quick-melting cream

Pond's now makes a liquefying cream. It melts instantly on the skin. It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous.

Send coupon for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream, 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids and powder.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 58 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 3 other Pond's beauty aids. I prefer three different *Light* shades of powder ☐ I prefer three different *Dark* shades ☐

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________State________

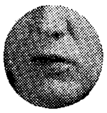
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

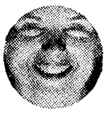
Test your skin for these age signs. Your mirror will tell its true age. *Specially Processed Oils in this cream correct Skin Faults*

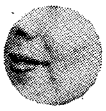
CORRECTS SKIN FAULTS USUAL *in the 20's*

Roughness

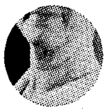

Blackheads and large pores

Dryness

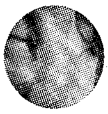

Laughter lines

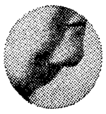

Little defects

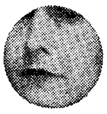
FIGHTS OFF AGE SIGNS USUAL *after 30*


Crêpy skin

Worry lines


Sallowness


Sagging tissues


Discolorations

Mimi's Moments

Darling Baba:

Afraid I'm just a stepper-outer. Last Saturday at the Badgerwells, when the usual "SHALL WE DANCE?? . . . or shall we play bridge . . ." came up, a grim guy from Georgiah held out for cyards. My organization was shattered. There I was in divine black net, very stand-out because of the taffeta slip, very low backed, simply made for a tango, and *bridge!* . . . You can imagine the rest. I kept murmuring things like . . . "the longest and strongest of my fourth best suit . . ." and by 11:00, had gone down so often the enemy were practically up in the glue at the top of the scorepad.

"Let's get out of here," said a New Man, when they'd added the terrific figgers, "that dress deserves dancing . . . You owe it to your public . . ." So flinging on my delicious new velvet wrap, we exit-ed.

The Place Pigalle has a floor that makes you go on and on. My lovely icicle bracelets gleamed in the dusk. (I also have a new, poochy little black velvet bag, quite round and unique.) The N. M. danced an elegant tango, and we saw *everyone* we knew, or wanted to. Or *shouldn't* . . . which is of course *much* the most interesting.

Yours, Mimi

Bohemian glass bracelet in clear crystal or jewel colors, $2.95.

Stiff black lace net over taffeta, $29.75 Wrap of velvet in sapphire blue, bottle green or black, $29.75.

Black velvet bag piped with gold kid, $7.50.

It's easy to find the fashions that MIMI chooses, for they're exclusively in the New York and Philadelphia stores of

JOHN WANAMAKER
New York Philadelphia

Blue under his window to slaughter. He makes an abortive and typically fantastic effort to stop the tragedy he has helped bring about, and ends beaten in the only decent thing he ever tried to do. A fine, original idea, and worthy of the intelligent and literate writing which Sinclair Lewis and Lloyd Lewis have put into it. (Yes, it is *that* Sinclair Lewis, and Lloyd Lewis is an esteemed Chicagoan and no relation.) They may not have fashioned a completely satisfactory play, but they have fashioned a completely satisfactory story.

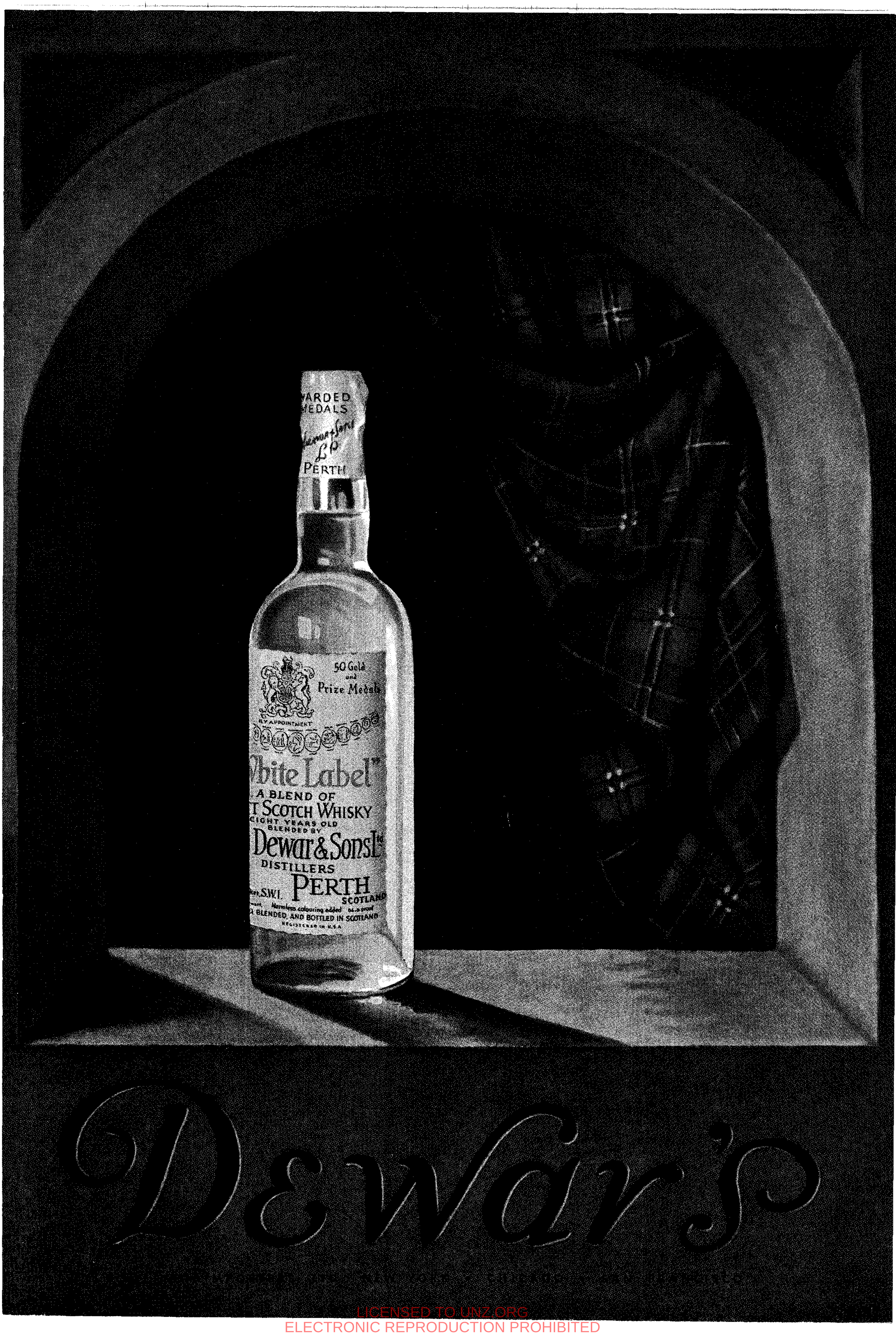
Having been one of the few dissenters in the days when Fred Stone was convulsing the pure-in-heart on the musical-comedy stage, I take great pleasure in lifting my hat to him as an actor in "legit." He not only looks the part, but he seems to *be* the part, and I thought he did a grand job from start to finish.

Mr. Henry Hammond, the producer, has assembled a worthy cast for his support. Mr. Stone's daughter, Miss Carol, stands alone without need of the family name for support. Our old friend, Walter C. Kelly ("The Virginia Judge" of vaudeville, and brother of George Kelly, the playwright who unfortunately has kept his word about retirement), plays the Confederate general just as his admirers would expect him to. Paul Guilfoyle is excellent in the rôle of a somewhat insufferable zealot, and Edward McNamara watches over the entire proceedings with the benign humor of the sublimated cop that he is.

"Jayhawker" may go to pieces toward the end, but to my mind they are good pieces.

WHEN Eva Le Gallienne and Ethel Barrymore get together uptown under the aegis of the Civic Repertory in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," something happens in the Theatre (with a capital "T") which transcends all questions of routine criticism. Things like that don't happen to us very often these days, and when they do, we enter the theatre with a lump in our throats. It might be the dullest thing in the world, which I don't think it is, but it would still be an event which old greasepaint-lovers can thrill to. I can't tell exactly what it was that I thrilled to. It might well have been Miss Le Gallienne's performance, or Miss Barrymore's presence, or Rostand's poetry in Clemence Dane's adaptation. It may have been that they were all there together, working for the Theatre. Whatever it was, it was thrilling.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY


AWARDED MEDALS
Dewar & Sons Ld
PERTH
50 Gold and Prize Medals
BY APPOINTMENT
White Label
A BLEND OF
SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
Dewar & Sons Ld
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND
S.W.1.
Harmless colouring added
BLENDED, AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED IN U.S.A.
Dewar's
[illegible]

A shirt to blossom out in

WHEN you feel like dressing up without being formal—when you feel like adding color without being too conspicuous—

—we recommend Arrow Sudbury.

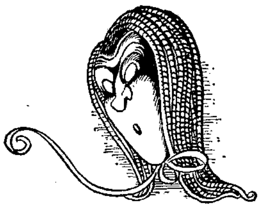
Sudbury is a collar-attached shirt. It is Arrow tailored throughout—which is praise indeed. And, to add still further smartness, its smart collar has a special under lining that helps prevent creasing and wrinkling.

Like all Arrow Shirts, *Sudbury* is Sanforized-Shrunk—which guarantees to remove the curse of shrinking. It is designed in the new Mitoga model—*shaped* to follow the natural lines of your body. And comes in a plentiful choice of colors and patterns. See it at your Arrow dealer's now. $3.50 and $5.00. © Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk — a new shirt if one ever shrinks

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



EXEUNT MURDERERS, HASTILY

Rebecca West has been loitering of late in Rouen, where once upon a time the Maid of Domremy was burned in the market place and where, some years later, the equally nationalistic *Boule de Suif* tried to empty her *pot de chambre* on the Prussians passing beneath her window. In that still crusty Norman town, Miss West came upon a murderess who relieved her long-standing discontent with murderers. To her, they had always seemed a mealy-mouthed gang, either saying that they hadn't done it, or that they hadn't meant to do it and were sorry, or that they had an abstract approval of violence, that they were, in fact, tough. "They never," Miss West complains to me, who am, after all, in no way responsible, "they never present their crime as what it must seem to them—a brisk adjustment of their environment, not to be justified as a general rule, but as a way of coping with a draft, or a squeaking chimney-cowl. There was, however, a lady in Rouen who seemed on the right lines. She was sixty-eight and she did in her husband with a pitchfork and when they came to tell her he had died from his injuries and they must arrest her for murder, her sole remark was '*Ah, le vieux chameau, j'en suis débarrassée.*' "

Of that vigorous lady's history I would fain have further data for inclusion in my files, yet perhaps such a requisition is senseless gluttony on my part, for really the cream of the case may well have been skimmed by the sentence hereinbefore set forth. Indeed, in my gory dossier I find a number of cases adequately represented by reports as condensed. Thus am I now cherishing one brought me only the other day by a passing compatriot of Miss West's. It concerns a homicide that enlivened the tedious lull at Eton shortly before the war—the horrid knifing by a jealous lover of a servant girl employed in the house of a master of the school, one R. L. P. Booker, who, as a disciplinarian, vainly cultivated a ferocious scowl in his efforts to overcome the disadvantage of cherubic lineaments. When Mr. Booker was led to where the poor wench lay, slaughtered in a passageway, he turned on the household, assembling agape at his heels, and inquired severely—bless him!—"What dangerous clown has done this?"

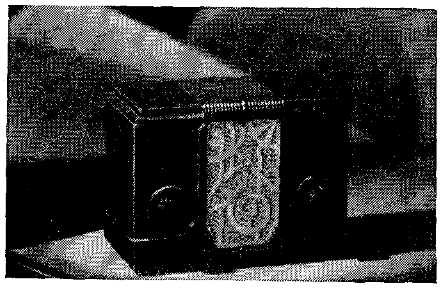
Such jovial swapping of blood-stained tidbits must make a meeting between neighbors with a pretty taste in murder lore seem to a mere onlooker like a convergence of weird sisters on a blasted heath at midnight. Certainly when, at a dinner in New York only the other evening, it was my happy lot to find myself seated opposite F. Tennyson Jesse, the table between us became a steaming caldron around which, from the viewpoint of the more squeamish guests present, we two may well have seemed to be dancing a monstrous rigadoon. To Miss Jesse, whose first name, by the way, is Fryn (a bit of old Cornwall, that) and whose last name, as I have but recently learned, is pronounced in one syllable, I have long been indebted for one of the most cherished items in my collection. That is an episode in a murder trial of fifty years ago when she who had been Aimée Quérangal, daughter of an ancient and monstrous Breton family, was finally brought to book for the slaying of her small and inconvenient husband.

One night, in the hour before dawn, Aimée had rushed out into the road, her shift all spattered with his blood, proclaiming to high heaven that she had been awakened from a dreamless sleep by the sound of his blowing his brains out. Whereupon she had buried him, laundered his last nightshirt at the village *lavoir* before thriftily making it into two chemises for their little daughter, and then taken unto herself a new husband. It was three years later before the unkind suspicions of the neighborhood crystallized in a trial at which the exhumed skull of the dead man was mounted on a little pedestal as a pensive exhibit. One session was held on the very scene of the killing. The judges wished to have the final act of the drama made visual for them, so an obliging gendarme stretched out as a lay figure on the moldering bed in what had been the presumptive posture of the unhappy husband, while the accused woman affably agreed to complete the picture. Indeed, her only qualm arose from the fear of ruffling the prim coif of lace and starched muslin which, as a true daughter of Brittany, she wore to the trial. After a moment of perplexity, however, she found a tasteful way out of that difficulty. Tenderly lifting the coif from her head, she merely employed her late husband's skull as a milliner's dummy, and, much relieved, plumped herself down on the bed beside the gendarme.

To Miss Jesse, I was able to report that "The Chianti Flask," the new bit of skullduggery by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, was in that fascinating lady's best vein and that, in "Enter Murderers," our own Edward Hale Bierstadt would lead her beguilingly down untrodden ways. I also recommended to her attention the latest volume of the Notable British Trials, this one devoted to the ordeal of Sidney Harry Fox, who, at Margate in 1929, indubitably committed, for a few pounds of insurance, the rare—or, at any rate, the rarely discovered—crime of matricide. This recommendation was received with mixed emotion, since I had too obviously overlooked the fact that Miss Jesse herself edited this volume and wrote its brisk and acrid introduction.

But if I eventually squared the account between us, it was by presenting her with a fresh detail in a classic case—a detail which, I think, is unique in murder lore and of which there is no mention in any of the standard accounts I have seen, not in any of the Notable British Trials reports, or in Miss Jesse's own, or in Edmund Pearson's, or in any other. The case is the ever absorbing one of Doctor Neill Cream, the sadistic malpractitioner produced by McGill University in Montreal who, after poisoning five women in London, was hanged in 1892. The Cream case is celebrated first because he enjoyed his victims' last torments *in absentia*

. . . today's most powerful compact Radio



KADETTE *Jewel*

encased in Glimmering Bakelite and Plaskson Cabinets

● The gleaming beauty of the KADETTE Jewel cabinet is surpassed only by the exquisite jewel-like grilles of synthetic jade, agate, coral, tortoise, alabaster and moonstone which produce color harmony and exclusive appearance.

with Exquisite Grille Settings Suggesting the rarest Jewels

in colors that blend harmoniously into any room setting

Ivory, orchid or tortoise for boudoir or music room ... walnut, onyx or mahogany for a gentleman's study or den ... and for the children a bright colorful Chinese red. Most compact, lightest weight ... with sublime tone quality and performance. Size 5½"x7½"x3¾". Weighs only 3¾ lbs. Priced from $13.50 to $17.50.

International Radio Corp., Ann Arbor, Mich.

See them at

Abercrombie & Fitch, 45th St. & Madison Ave., N. Y. City ● Bloomingdales, 59th St., & Lexington Ave., N. Y. City ● Davega—City Radio—(All Stores) or Phone Algonquin 4-2200

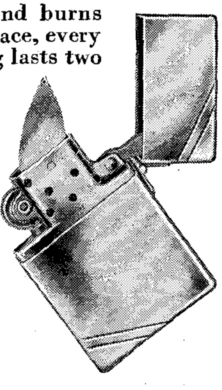
PERFECT FOR PIPES, CIGARETTES, CIGARS . . . One-Hand Control!

ZIPPO Lighter

HERE'S the *faultless* lighter. Its healthy, wind-proof flame lights instantly and burns steadily . . . any place, every time . . . one filling lasts two weeks. Automatic flint control eliminates fussing . . . perfect for outdoor use in any wind. Women like its smart simplicity . . . for Xmas? ZIPPO, certainly!

$2.00 at the better shops.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Bradford, Pa.



"A WEEK'S TRIAL . . . THEN ALL THE WHILE"

and also because it was his own abnormal itch for publicity which, by leading him to call the attention of the police to the fact that these women had not died a natural death, at last brought him to the gallows. The contemporary accounts described the women as "unfortunates," thereby blandly implying that all women who were *not* prostitutes were lucky little dears. All the English reports put some of the blame on the Illinois governor who had previously turned Cream loose on society after he had served only ten years for a murder in Chicago. In our own country he had poisoned Daniel Stott of Garden Prairie, the elderly husband of his mistress, a flighty matron who then turned state's evidence against him. What I was able to give Miss Jesse for her memory book was a cherished photograph of the grave, as it now looks, in Garden Prairie—the only one of its kind, I suppose, in the world—where the inscription on the tombstone of the late Mr. Stott winds up with the simple declarative: "Poisoned by His Wife & Dr. Cream."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

●

INNER FURY

(TOWARD THE GIRL IN THE HAT SHOP)

I have a mild New England face,
Agreeable but commonplace;

My eyes have looked at field and wood,
And gray stone walls, and found them good;

My ears have heard the silver flight
Of sleighbells on a winter's night,

The homely, well-belovèd sound
Of neighbors' footsteps on the ground;

Could *I*—of plain New England folk—
Look aught but homesick in a toque

Of *Cossack* model, fiercely furred,
Or wear what might become a *Kurd*,

With anything but wholesome fright?
A Massachusetts *Muscovite*—

No, no! Let those who have a flair
For foreign clothes, and brave, bright hair,

Assume the Slavic. Give me grace
To keep my mild New England face!

—PATIENCE EDEN

. . . and for the crowning glory

DRAMBUIE

So exhilarating it was passed only once to crown the feast . . . so rare it was literally the liqueur of Kings . . . DRAMBUIE is made today by the same Scots family who received its secret recipe from Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745. Its base is 15-year-old Scotch: its pungent magic will make *all* your occasions memorable!

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS:

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
QUALITY SINCE 1833

of thee I sing
de toi je chante
CHARBERT
CHARBERT
PARIS

FOR THIS FACE what coiffure? A question answered to perfection at the salon of G. Jean

permanents, rinses, treatments, waves, etc.

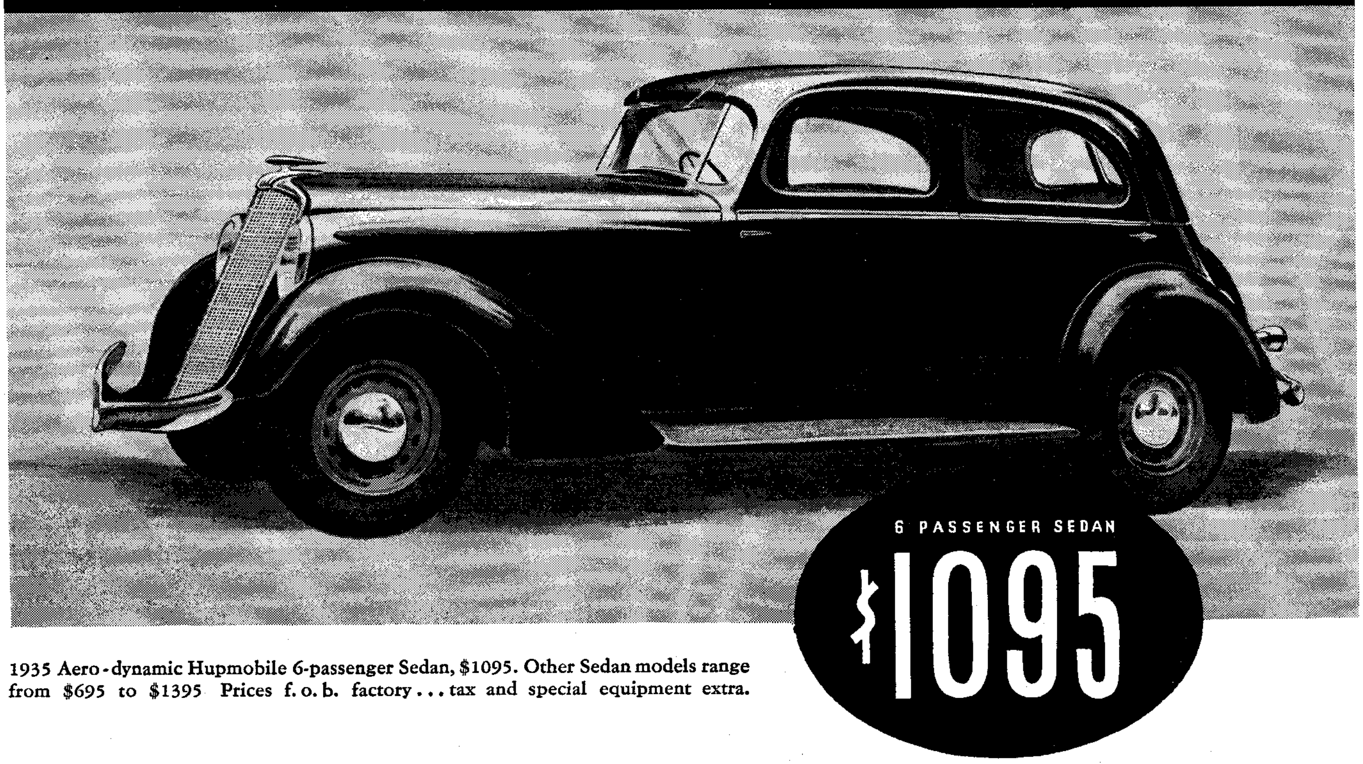
G. Jean

32 West 58th Street
PLAZA 3-1470

THIS NEW

1935 Hupmobile upsets the price “apple cart”!

MATCH *THIS* HUPP WITH THE *MOST* EXPENSIVE CARS MADE



1935 Aero-dynamic Hupmobile 6-passenger Sedan, $1095. Other Sedan models range from $695 to $1395 Prices f. o. b. factory . . . tax and special equipment extra.

IN SPITE of its comparatively modest price ($1095), this new Aero-dynamic Hupmobile . . . in beauty, comfort and performance . . . surpasses many cars at twice its price! For this car is more than a new model . . . It is the pace-setter for an entirely new *trend* in automobile design.

The sheer smooth air-line beauty of today’s Hupp will be copied by other cars . . . tomorrow. The extra comfort, the wider vision, the greater roominess of today’s Hupp will be featured by other cars . . . tomorrow. The new principles of suspension and weight-distribution, that give today’s Hupp its flight-like riding ease, will be the boast of other cars . . . tomorrow.

But why wait until tomorrow for others to match what Hupmobile offers you today?

POWER BRAKES PLUS MANY OTHER EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

“OUTDOOR VISION”—Over-sized windows and “pilot-house” windshield, give driver and passengers maximum visibility.

EXTRA ROOMINESS—No other American car approaches Hupmobile in width of doors or front seat. The whole body is engineered so that you can stretch out in solid comfort.

“COÖRDINATED SUSPENSION”—A combination of construction features which gives you flight-like riding comfort when you put this beautiful Aero-dynamic car through its paces . . . turns bad roads into boulevards.

NEW ACCESSIBILITY—Streamlining is achieved with no sacrifice of convenience or accessibility for all routine service operations. In fact, this car makes everything *easier* to get at . . . not harder.

DRIVE THIS CAR TODAY! . . . DEMONSTRATORS AT ALL HUPMOBILE SHOWROOMS

THE GRAND FINALE BY

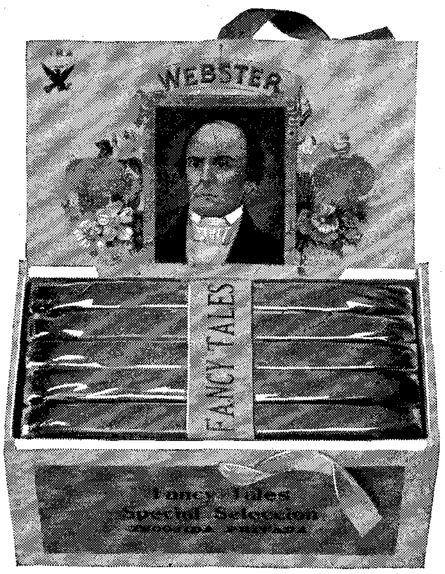
WEBSTER

THE PLAY—Thanksgiving. Time—November 29. Scene—the Dinner. Family and friends are gathered around the table. Mr. Turkey has been joyfully demolished. Sir Pumpkin Pie has been surrounded. The Websters are being lighted—which, to the men folks, is the climax *par excellence.*

There's nothing under the sun that can top off a good dinner like a Webster cigar. Men accustomed to fine imported Cuban cigars will tell you that Webster has a flavor that is positively inimitable—clear, rich, yet unbelievably mellow and mild. Women will tell you they thoroughly enjoy its delightful fragrance.

Expert cedarwood packaging, in the imported manner, contributes to Webster's unusual quality and preserves its delicate aroma for smoking. Fancy Tales (after-dinner size), Petit Bouquet and other popular shapes. At Dunhill's, Park and Tilford, your club and other of the better counters in New York and elsewhere.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.



WEBSTER CIGAR COMPANY
187 Madison Avenue, New York

MUSICAL EVENTS

Local Boy Makes Music

WERNER JANSSEN, the Philharmonic-Symphony's first New York-born conductor, was engaged to direct the society's concerts for a medley of reasons, one of which was that he was a logical man to present American music. Although I'm an old chauvinist about giving the native composer a break, I fear that Mr. Janssen's assignment had two lamentable results: (1) it provided the other Philharmonic-Symphony *maestri* with an excuse for neglecting American music on the ground that Mr. Janssen had taken care of the matter, and (2) it may have prevented Mr. Janssen from exhibiting his complete equipment as a conductor. On all Mr. Janssen's programs, the only composition which was reasonably familiar to all of his listeners was "The Star-Spangled Banner."

ONE can't tell the whole story about a conductor until one has heard his dealings with established music, and when—and if—Mr. Janssen directs Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, or Strauss, we'll know him better. Nevertheless, his Carnegie Hall adventures gave a fairly accurate line on his abilities.

From what I had read of Mr. Janssen, I expected him to be something like the early Klemperer, a *Sturm-und-Drang* specialist. European critics described him as an almost ferocious leader who shook symphonies out of his men, but there was no muscular extravagance about Mr. Janssen's direction in Carnegie Hall. His musical approach is sensitive, his gestures are restrained, and he works for finesse rather than for movie-house climaxes. His baton technique has no eccentricities, and his beat is for the benefit of the orchestra rather than for the bedazzlement of the boxholders. He pays every composition which he directs the compliment of knowing it so thoroughly that he can conduct it from memory, and one of my reporters in the band tells me that the tales of his mnemonic gifts are not exaggerated.

Mr. Janssen obviously is a valuable

Facts ABOUT IRISH WHISKY

NO OTHER WATER BUT IRELAND'S CAN MAKE GOOD IRISH WHISKY. IT DRAWS VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM IRISH MOORS • • • • GIVES THE DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR TO "IRISH"

PADDY

PADDY
DISTILLERIES CO.
OLD IRISH WHISKY

over 10 YEARS OLD

Ireland's IRISH IS IRISH WHISKY AT ITS BEST • • • MELLOW AND FRAGRANT

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.
Austin, Nichols & Co. (INCORPORATED)
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

The most Amazing Vacation ever conceived

Ask any one of the thousands of last year's Biltmore guests whether this is an exaggerated statement . . . or clip the coupon for particulars and be your own judge!

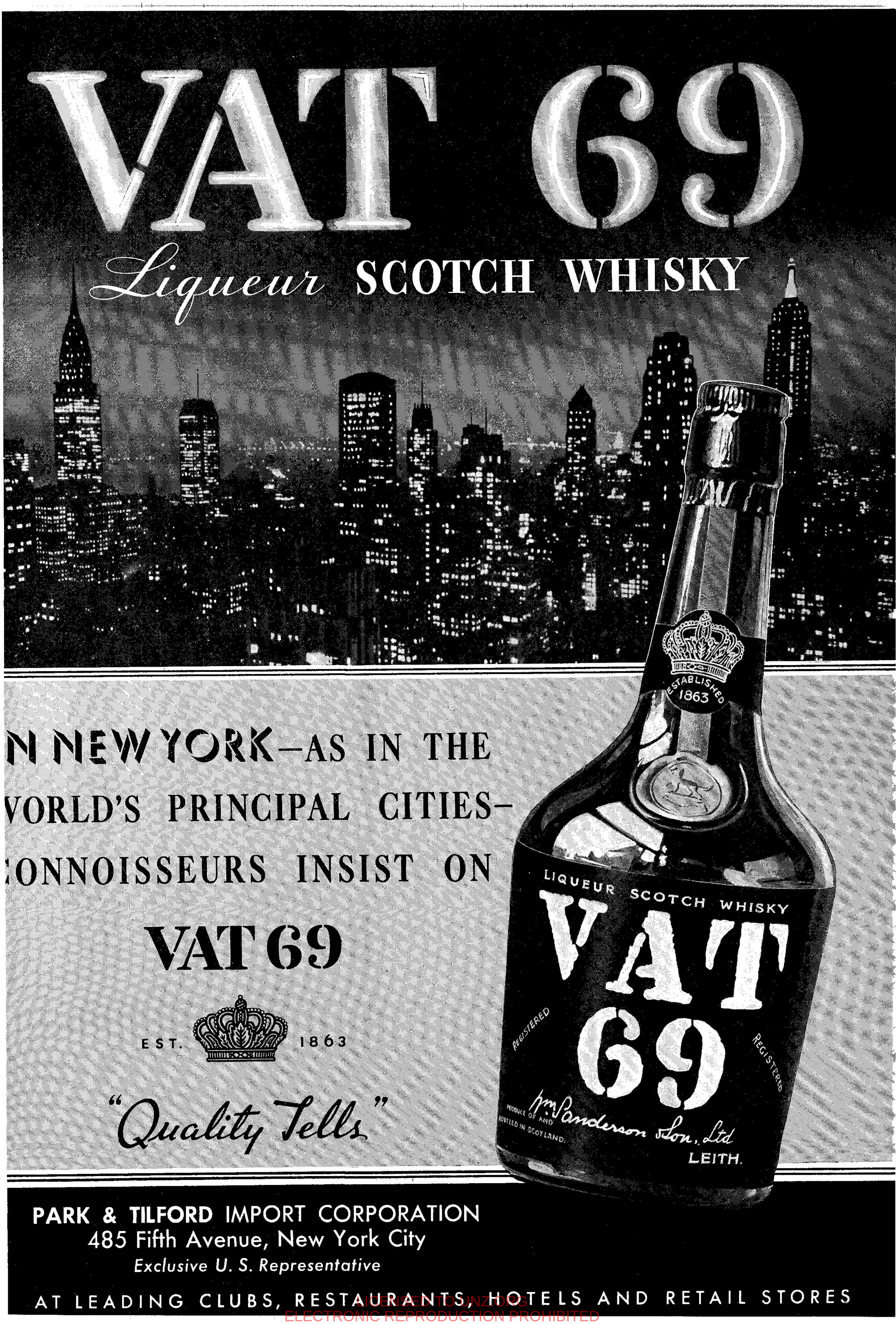
MIAMI BILTMORE
CORAL GABLES. MIAMI FLORIDA
CENTER OF THE WINTERTIME WORLD

Send full particulars, rates, etc. of "The Most Amazing Vacation Ever Conceived."

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY & STATE ____________________ NNOV



VAT 69

Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY

N NEW YORK—AS IN THE
VORLD'S PRINCIPAL CITIES—
ONNOISSEURS INSIST ON
VAT 69

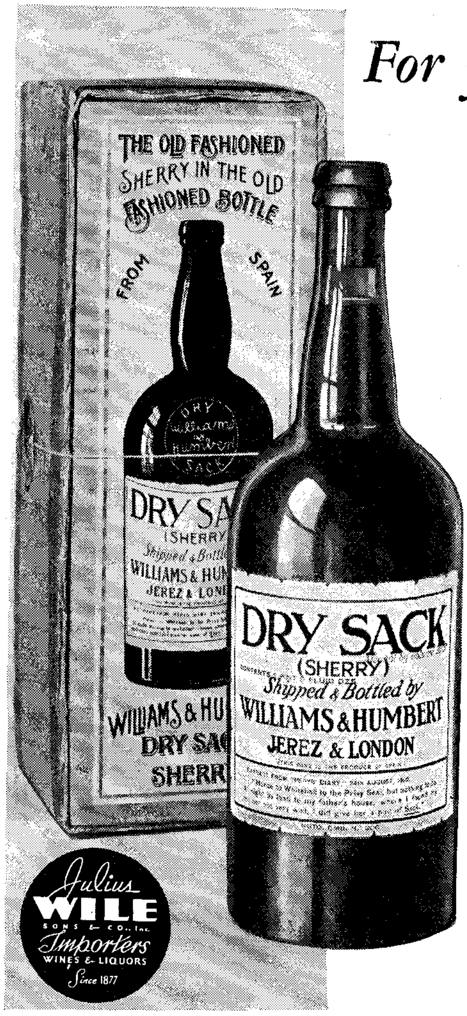
EST. 1863

"Quality Tells"

ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
PRODUCE OF AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
LEITH.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION
485 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Exclusive U. S. Representative

AT LEADING CLUBS, RESTAURANTS, HOTELS AND RETAIL STORES


THE OLD FASHIONED SHERRY IN THE OLD FASHIONED BOTTLE
FROM SPAIN
DRY SACK (SHERRY) Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT JEREZ & LONDON
Julius WILE SONS & CO. Inc. Importers WINES & LIQUORS Since 1877

For your Sherry Party serve the finest—

DRY SACK

"Sherry, Sir?"

● A *what* party? A *sherry* party! Serve fine old mellow Dry Sack either slightly chilled or at room temperature.

Five o'clock is a popular hour to start, but sherry is a wine you can enjoy straight 'round the clock, so have your party when you feel like it.

Since there's no mixing involved, the host's judgment is appraised by the sherry itself. Mellow and "nutty", Dry Sack is acknowledged to be *the* superior sherry. It is bottled in Spain by Williams and Humbert, one of the world's largest sherry producers.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York
Sole U. S. Agents—Established 1877

LATEST PARKER GAME

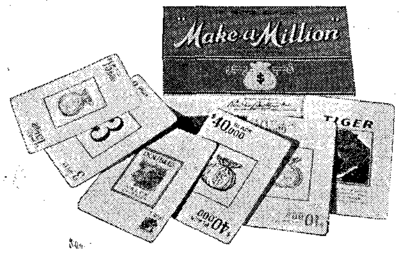
"Make-a-Million"

"Make-a-Million"

Quickly and Easily Learned,
Smartest and Newest of Games.

THE DASHING NEW GAME of the WINTER!

Make-a-Million delights both bridge and non-bridge players. Its liveliness, exciting play, and quick climaxes have made it the new popular vogue in games!



Plain Edition, 75c *Newport Gilt Edge Pack,* $1.00

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

asset for the Philharmonic-Symphony. Although we haven't heard all of him, we certainly haven't heard the last of him.

IT isn't any rhapsody in red, white, and blue to say that the five American compositions which Mr. Janssen presented didn't suffer from comparison with most of the imported novelties which his colleagues have introduced in the past few seasons. John Alden Carpenter's "Sea-Drift" is Bigger than most of Mr. Carpenter's output, and I like Mr. Carpenter best when he isn't so Significant; but it is fine writing without much Fine Writing. Leo Sowerby's "Comes Autumn Time" is a useful short piece, although it doesn't prove anything about its accomplished creator except that he knows how to score effectively. MacDowell's D-minor piano concerto was revised to introduce a pianist of exceptional abilities: Beveridge Webster, who played the solo part so brilliantly that it forecast his first recital in Carnegie Hall next Friday evening, November 30th, as one of the events of the season. The concerto is typical display material of the eighties, but it still comes off for a pianist of the skill and assurance of Mr. Webster.

Roy Harris's chorale for string orchestra is Mr. Harris in his best vein. He has developed his own way of saying things, and although this rather introspective reflection on a hymn tune didn't arouse the Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers to much more than a respectful patter of hands, it probably will remain in the active repertoire longer than such showy novelties as Egk's "Georgica," in which a clever Continental composer laughs in his beer as he gets waggish with Bavarian folk music.

Conductors seem to have made it a point to avoid the music of the late Henry F. Gilbert, but Mr. Janssen took a chance on Gilbert's symphonic prologue to "Riders to the Sea." This music has a simple dignity which Mr. Janssen permitted to express itself. He could have got himself half a dozen bows by touching up the prologue and adding a little platform hysteria. He didn't. You might have suspected the composer of "New Year's Eve in New York" of being tempted to make a big show out of everything he touched, but Mr. Janssen doesn't run to formula. He's original—and he's a good conductor, even if he was born right here in town. —Robert A. Simon

K ♣
King of Clubs
Hiram Walker's
Queen of Clubs
Hiram Walker's
Jack of Clubs

K ♣

"Bid us to your Feast for a Royal Thanksgiving!"

King, *Queen* and *Jack of Clubs* are always trumps at any bridge, cocktail or dinner party. But they'll redouble the pleasure of your first Thanksgiving A. R. (*After Repeal!*)

Each mellow sip of these royal blends sparkles with glowing memories of old-fashioned Thanksgiving hospitality. And you can thank the *Ace of Clubs*, "Canadian Club", for their appetizing bouquet and satisfying savor. For each contains a rich proportion of 5½-year-old-whiskey from the same deck as the *Ace!*

Q ♣

King, *Queen* and *Jack* are perfectly blended (the way four-fifths of America's whiskey was blended before Prohibition) to bring out the genial character of their fragrant, flavorful, time-mellowed base. Each bears a name that has stood for quality and purity for more than 75 Thanksgivings—the name Hiram Walker!

Hiram Walker
& Sons
PEORIA, ILLINOIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

J ♣

Hiram Walker's

BLENDED WHISKIES

Trumps in the Same Suit as

THE ACE OF CLUBS

"Canadian Club"

Viva Cuba!
But please, please Señor, mix that wonderful BACARDI Cocktail just like this:
CARTA DE ORO
FILADELFIA 1876
Ron Bacardi Superior
DE BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLECIDOS EN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

1 jigger of Bacardi
Juice of half green lime
1 bar-spoonful granulated sugar
Shake well in cracked ice

Schenley Import Corp., Sole Agent in the United States for Compañia Ron Bacardi, S. A.

FOR THIS IS THE CUBAN WAY, the way that will give you the greatest delight. So please, PLEASE Señor, do as we do in Cuba, and follow closely this recipe that has made the Bacardi Cocktail the smartest cocktail in the world. Viva!

In all the world there is nothing else like Bacardi—a flavor, a delightful mellowness that no one has ever been able to copy, for the secrets of distilling Bacardi have been the property of a single family for over 70 years. Remember, every drop of genuine Bacardi has been fully aged in the wood—the youngest drop is always 4 years old at least!

BACARDI
A Schenley IMPORTATION
Avoid Substitutes—See the Bottle

Copr., 1934. Schenley Import Corp.

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, Nov. 14

PARIS is on a small spending spree in restaurants, cafés, night clubs, old and new, in all cinemas, and exactly four theatres—Ambassadeurs, Madeleine, Bouffes, and Atelier, for Wimpole Street, Guitry, an operetta, and Copeau's and Shakespeare's "As You Like It," the last behaving like a new best-seller. General commerce is selling in one week what it used to sell in one day, but for merchants of eye, ear, and mouth entertainment, Paris is busier than it has been since the three years' *crise* began. For cocktails and lunch, the Crillon Bar is now crammed as the Ritz used to be, isn't any more, and will soon be again if the Crillon's food and service don't go back to the high standard which made the bar a quiet joy for selecter souls in the pre-popular period. However, the cocktails mixed by Émile—his bar is the longest and rarest in town, a regular beauty—are still Grade A. If you're interested in vital statistics, what he makes most are Martinis; then, in a descending scale, champagnes, Side Cars, Manhattans, White Ladies, and Bronxes, ending up at the bottom with Bacardis. He also reports two apéritifs as snobbishly going up in American favor: Pernod and Americanos (the latter two parts Campari, one-fourth Cinzano, and one-fourth Noilly Prat; very nice, too). Tennis stars who frequent the bar are Borotra, Brugnon, and Lacoste; diplomats include the entire American chancellery staff from next door, Paul Claudel, now French Ambassador to Belgium, and Lothar Egger von Möllwald, the Austrian Minister; among the princes are numbered Wales (he took no cocktail the last time he lunched there), Andréas of Greece, and René of Bourbon-Parme. Berry Wall's chow dog comes in each noon for his saucer of water, neat.

Other worldly news includes the departure for your town of our Moyses of everybody's Bœuf sur le Toit. He went to New York only for fun. The farewell drinking party given for him at his Bœuf was a pretty serious affair. Another departure from our midst is the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*, which is disappearing into an amalgamation with the local New

THE HOHNER NAME ON A PIANO ACCORDION IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY—"THE WORLD'S BEST"

No. 270/41/120 Hohner "L'Organola" Artists Model. The latest development of Hohner perfection and workmanship. Casing, gallery and keys of mother of pearl. 41 treble keys, 120 bass keys. Four sets of hand made steel reeds. *Three automatic octave coupler* shifts on melody side and one on the bass side, provide a wide range of tonal effects. A truly magnificent instrument that will appeal to every lover of the Piano Accordion.

● Hohner Piano Accordions are offered in a wide range of sizes and prices, from the magnificent instrument pictured above to the simple eight and twelve bass models.

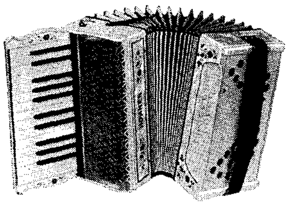
Regardless of size or price, all have the same uniform richness of tone, perfect construction and simplicity of playing that have won outstanding recognition for Hohner Piano Accordions as *"the world's best"*.

The de luxe "Artists" Model shown above and the superb Hohner "Console" Model at the left are the latest achievements demonstrating Hohner leadership and supremacy in the field of Piano Accordions. Behind these marvelous instruments lies three quarters of a century of experience and development, as succeeding generations of craftsmen have steadily advanced the Hohner standard of quality and perfection.

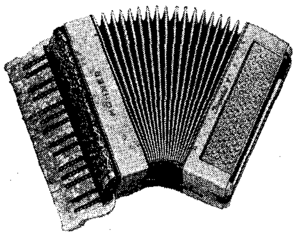
As the Christmas Season approaches, the desirability of these popular and beautiful instruments for gift purposes is emphasized. For musical training—for the hours of joy and pleasure they bring—for pride of possession—few gifts equal a Hohner Piano Accordion.

Booklet describing complete line of Hohner Piano Accordions will be sent upon request.

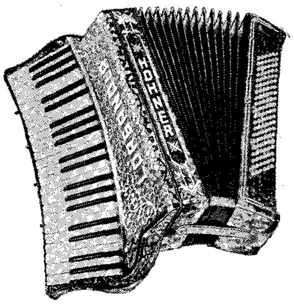
HOHNER PIANO ACCORDIONS
M. Hohner, Inc., 351 Fourth Avenue, New York



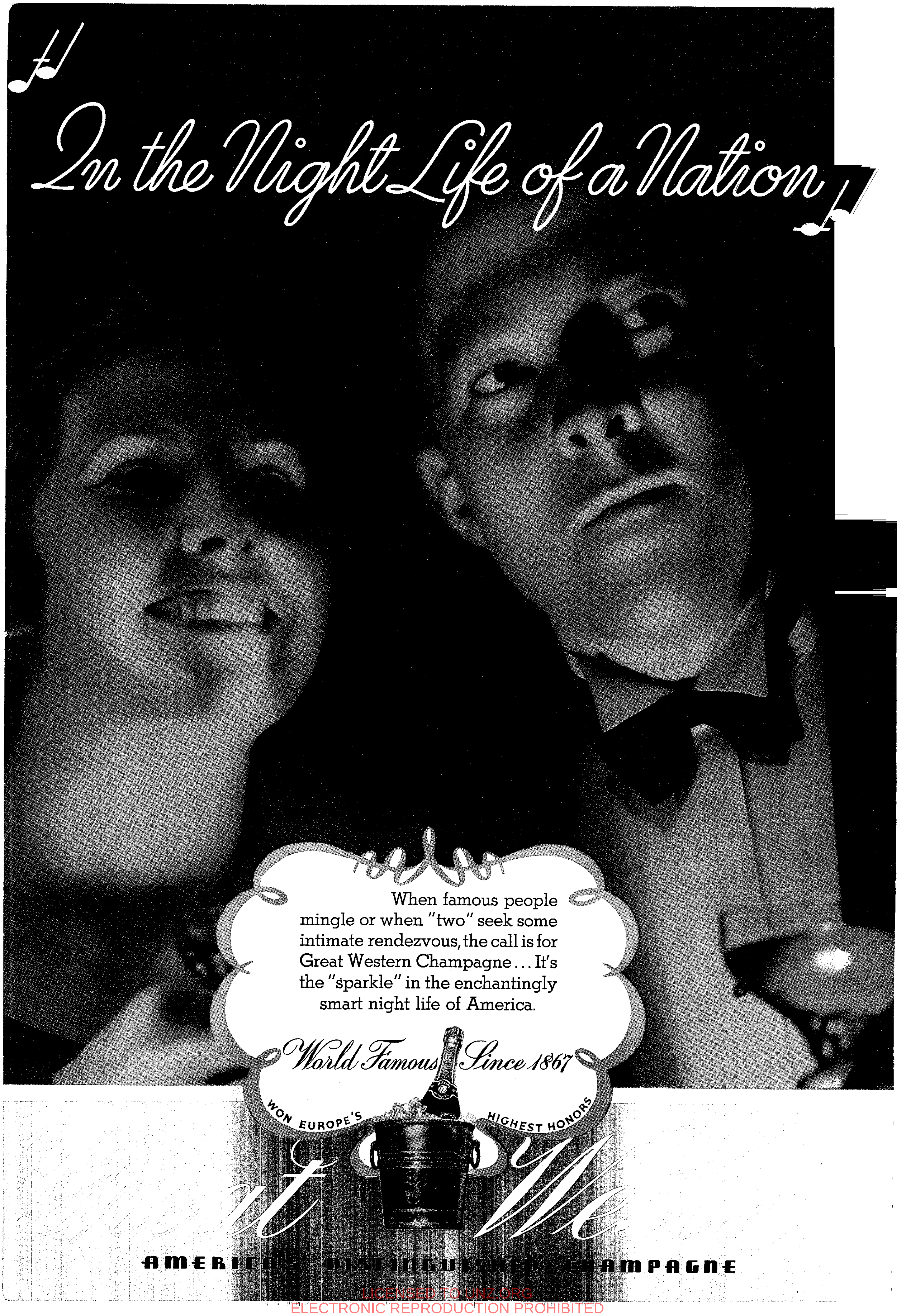
● No. 200/25/12 Junior Model De Luxe. A favorite instrument for beginners. Choice of pearl white or pearl black finish.



● No. 3053/34/80 Hohner "Imperial". An exquisite model, light and compact, finished throughout in white or black mother of pearl. An outstanding Hohner instrument.



● No. 8555/41/120 Hohner "L'Organola" Console Model, a superb instrument featuring the curved keyboard, finished in white or black mother of pearl.



In the Night Life of a Nation

When famous people mingle or when "two" seek some intimate rendezvous, the call is for Great Western Champagne ... It's the "sparkle" in the enchantingly smart night life of America.

World Famous Since 1867

WON EUROPE'S HIGHEST HONORS

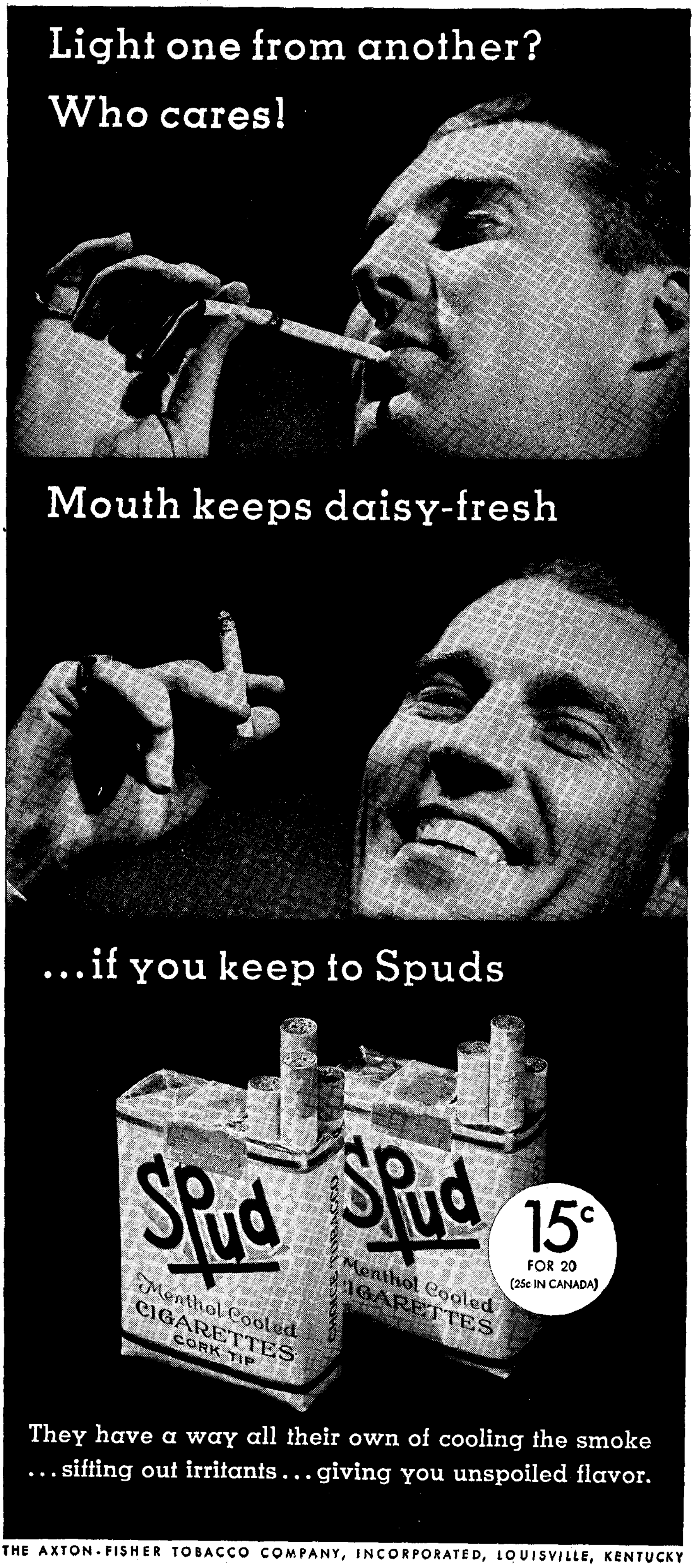
Great Western

AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED CHAMPAGNE

York *Herald*. If the sudden announcement was a morning surprise to its readers, it was a matinal shock to its writers. Rarely for the front-pagers does the front page contain so much and such bad new news.

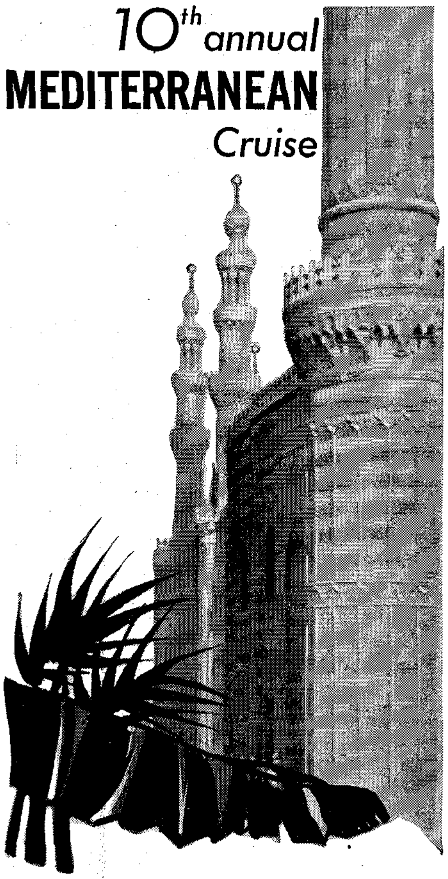
AMONG morbid mundane matters should also be mentioned, perhaps, the change in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Not only would its original patroness, the Empress Eugénie, not recognize it but neither would you. Once the avenue of elegance, it is now lined with 150-franc snappy frock shops, bargains in artificial pearls, racks of raincoats (Sacrifice Phenomenal, 49 francs, Today Uniquely), and Uniprix, France's 5-and-10-franc version of our 5-and-10-cent store, which is different by 600 per cent. As a competitor of the recent giant modernist cafés with snack bars, a glorified *bistro* with hot dogs has more recently set up shop under the ironic misnomer of Deauville. On the side streets, new cinemas are popping open, the latest being a huge basement hall, the Marbeuf, with the largest, loveliest pink velvet seats in town. At night, what with movie palaces, cathedral-window-colored electric cigarette-and-slogan ads, cheap-John merchandise, and —except for flourishing Fouquet's— people of a sort never seen on that avenue before, the Champs-Élysées seems to have turned into Paris's Broadway. It isn't the improvement Broadway might suppose.

SOME exceptionally good French books are coming your way in translation. Among memoirs, the most important will be the volume by Vollard, cranky old art merchant who discovered Picasso and the Modernists, and knew everybody already discovered, from Cézanne back to the Impressionists. It has taken Vollard years to write his book, a lifetime to live its rich, fantastic material. The volume will be a necessity for contemporary art-collectors and a pleasure for almost anybody else. The highbrow literary item will be the souvenirs of Madame Marie Sienkiewicz, granddaughter-in-law to "Quo Vadis?" and Proust's Egeria, the only friend he faithfully never wrote about, and who has now faithfully written about him. For Napoleon fiends, an extremely important work will be the "St. Helena" of Octave Aubry, who has inherited Masson's shoes as Bonapartist expert; the new work is colossal, and will probably rank as the final authority on the Little Corporal's



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

JAMES BORING'S
10th annual
MEDITERRANEAN
Cruise



From New York February 2nd
on the luxurious Cunard liner
S. S. SAMARIA
$525 up 60 Days
Side Trips Optional All First Class

A glorious new travel adventure under the personal direction of Mr. Boring, visiting 30 ports in 22 countries and islands, 3 continents with one of the finest ships afloat as your home.

You enjoy a week in Egypt at the height of the season with plenty of time in other high spots; 4 ports in North Africa, including Philippville, the gateway to the Sahara; 3 ports in Spain with optional side trip to Madrid; 3 Crusaders' Islands; 2 Greek islands never before included in a cruise from America. In all, 53 world-renowned cities and scenes. Stop over privilege with first class return on de luxe express liners.

In cooperation with
CUNARD
WHITE STAR, LTD.

Also SMALL PARTY CRUISES
Around the World, both Eastbound and Westbound. *Around the Pacific* via the South Sea Islands. *Around South America* via the Lakes of the Andes.

JAMES BORING
COMPANY, INC.
New York; 642 Fifth Ave. Chicago; 333 N. Michigan Ave.
OR YOUR LOCAL AGENT

last exiled years. On the Maid of Orleans there will be "Jeanne d'Arc and Her Companions," by Jehanne d'Orliac, most historical-minded of French women writers. Among the fiction, there will be "The Dead Woman's Shoes," the fine first novel by M. Braibant, middle-aged government functionary never guilty of fiction before; the book was turned down for the Goncourt and got the Journalists' Prize, unlike "La Condition Humaine" of Malraux, whose earlier, less Bolshevik (also less good), Indo-Chinese "The Royal Way" you'll also have in English. (Malraux and André Gide have just made the literary front pages here by singing the "Internationale" together at a Soviet meeting.) A third novel will be Montherlant's "The Celibates," a brandy-like concoction about two old noble bums. And, finally, there will be Nezeloff's *vie romanciée* entitled "The Merry Queen," who turns out to be (she'd be surprised) Marie-Antoinette.

The strangest French book of the year—of all years, for that matter—will come to you in its distinctly original form. It is Marcel Duchamp's "La Mariée Mise à Nu par Ces Célibataires Même," a collection of 1911-1915 loose-leaf notes, scrawled in multicolored pencil on paper scraps—both scribbling and scraps now facsimiled in color and shape in what is likely the most fantastic *tour de force* of modern printing. The collection is not bound, but laid at random in a beautiful box. It is obviously a bibliophile's item. Duchamp has painted and written less than any of his French contemporaries and has had one of the larger influences.

THE approaching Saar Plebiscite is making everyone in Europe nervous except the Germans, who are calm in their confidence of winning, as usual.

—GENÊT

•

Willa Green, clerk in the second district water department and Willa Smith, attached to the tax department, left Saturday on the Monica Bermuda for a vacation to Bermuda.—*South Norwalk (Conn.) Sentinel.*

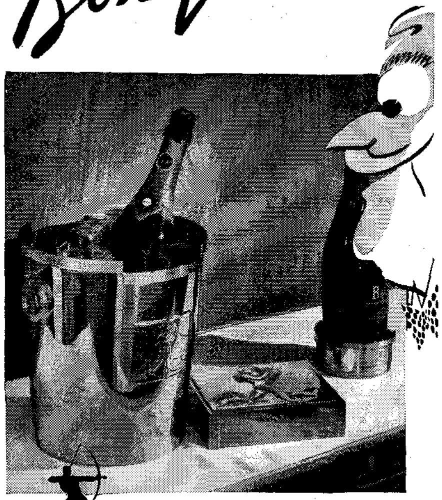
Pardon us, we didn't catch the Monica.

•

The letter was handed to Miss Keislich for identification. Her lips quivered and she began to weep. Justice Carew looked at her and said: "What are you boiling so much over for?"—*The Herald Tribune.*

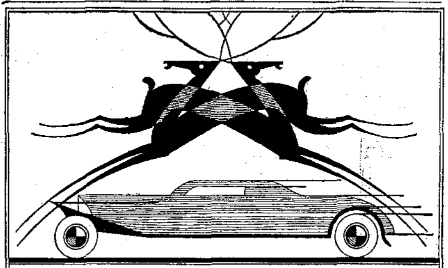
Better put it into German, Judge.

GIFTS TO THRILL A
Bon Vivant



CHASE
Created by Chase—Decorated by Rockwell Kent—famous artist. If you want to make some hard-to-give sophisticate happy this Christmas, send him (or her) this exquisite and useful trio. The Bronze Cigarette Box is cedar lined and holds 100 cigarettes, $7.50. The non-tarnishing chromium Wine Cooler is $12.00. The Wine Bottle Stand, to save your fine linen from stains, $1.25. At leading stores, or write Dept. N-1, Chase, 10 E. 40th Street, New York.

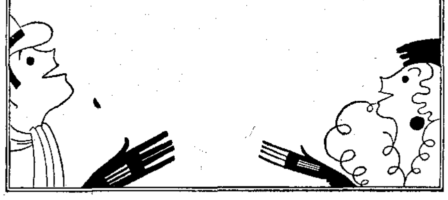
CHASE
BRASS · COPPER · CHROMIUM
★ ★ ★ ★ SPECIALTIES ★ ★ ★ ★



SPEED
GREATER THAN THE ANTELOPE

We offer a variety of sport cars ranging from the snappy little Ford V8 to the 265 horsepower Duesenberg • The more formal body types of the foremost American makes and Rolls Royce are also available • All at savings that will amaze you . . . and, of course, we buy fine cars, too.

•HILTON•
USED CARS OF DISTINCTION
GRAND CONCOURSE AT 151ST ST.
MOtt Haven 9-2150



Luncheon at the Continental. Hedda Hopper and Margalo Gillmore in the feature roles. White Rock plays a supporting part . . . on the alkaline side.

EAST SIDE . . .WEST SIDE

. . . . *alkaline side*

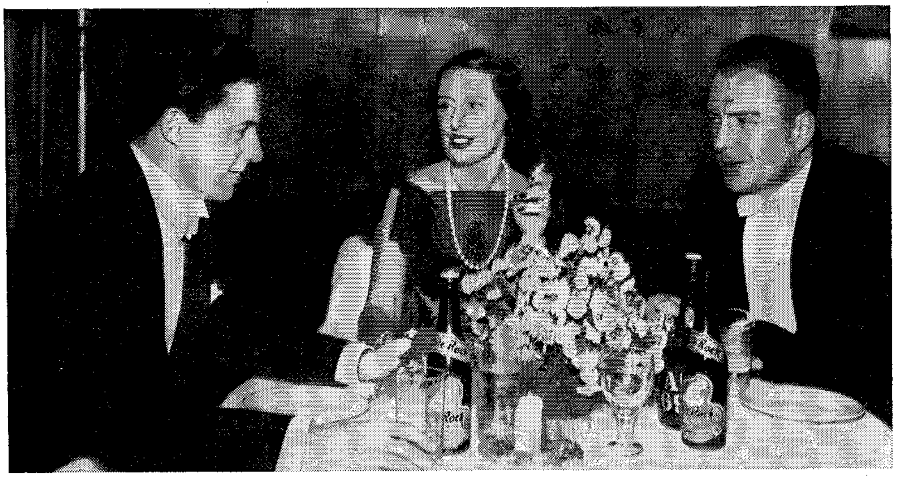
PHOTOS BY JEROME ZERBE

Manuel de Moya chats with Antoinette Johnson. That's James Donahue in the mirror. White Rock in the foreground.

At the Central Park Casino. Princess Ketto Mikeladze and Malcolm Whitaker, listening. Ona Munson, talking. White Rock—waiting.

• • •

All around the town, you see the familiar amber White Rock bottle wherever people get together socially. Lively and sparkling in disposition, White Rock has a natural affinity for good things to drink. It brings out flavor and bouquet. Doesn't bury them . . . White Rock is slightly alkaline and tends to counteract acidity.



Another good story. Owen Davis, Jr., is telling it. Interested listeners, Mrs. Tiffany Saportas and Lucius Beebe. Scene—Empire Room at the Waldorf.

Advertisement

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHITE-COLLAR NEIGHBORS

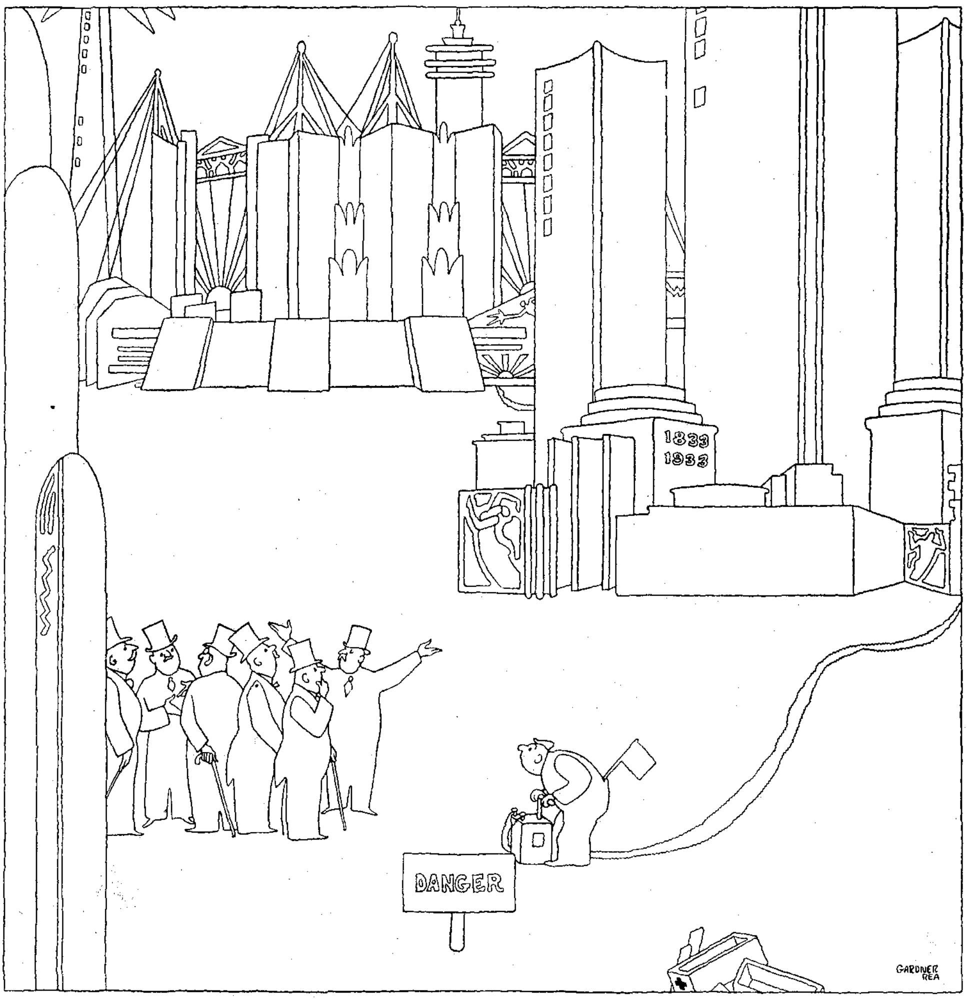
Knickerbocker Village is the big new housing project for what its founders call the white-collar class. It is located in New York's lower East Side slums and covers the area bounded by Market, Monroe, Catharine, and Cherry Streets. You can see very well from the Brooklyn Bridge the two rectangular, twelve-story, red-brick buildings with neat little penthouses on top. The east building is now completed and about ninety-seven per cent occupied. This means that seven hundred and sixty apartments have been occupied and that about 2,800 people are living there. The west building will be ready for occupancy on December 1st. It's about sixty per cent rented right now. When Knickerbocker Village is completed, it will have 1,593 apartments and a population of approximately 6,000.

Knickerbocker Village is built by Fred F. French on part of the fifteen acres of land he acquired back in 1929, when, through dummy corporations, he was frantically and secretly buying up East Side slum properties with a view to erecting a whole community of apartment buildings designed to house Wall Street's junior executives. In 1931, Mr. French announced his plans for a fifty-million-dollar development. But Fred F. French Operators, Inc., was passing its dividend on preferred stock that year and Mr. French couldn't get credit, so the slum properties remained slums. Then last year Congress authorized the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans on slum-clearance projects and Mr. French immediately applied for funds to enable him to build on one of his properties—the Lung Block, so called because of its terrifically high tuberculosis mortality rate. He got the loan and a year ago started to build Knickerbocker Village. The total cost, land and buildings, is approximately $9,500,000. The RFC loan is $8,075,000. When and how the RFC will get its money back, the French company officials are unwilling to say. With ideal renting and operating conditions, they say the loan might be repaid in from fifty to sixty years; but they do not know, any more than other real-estate men do, whether these conditions can ever be ideal.

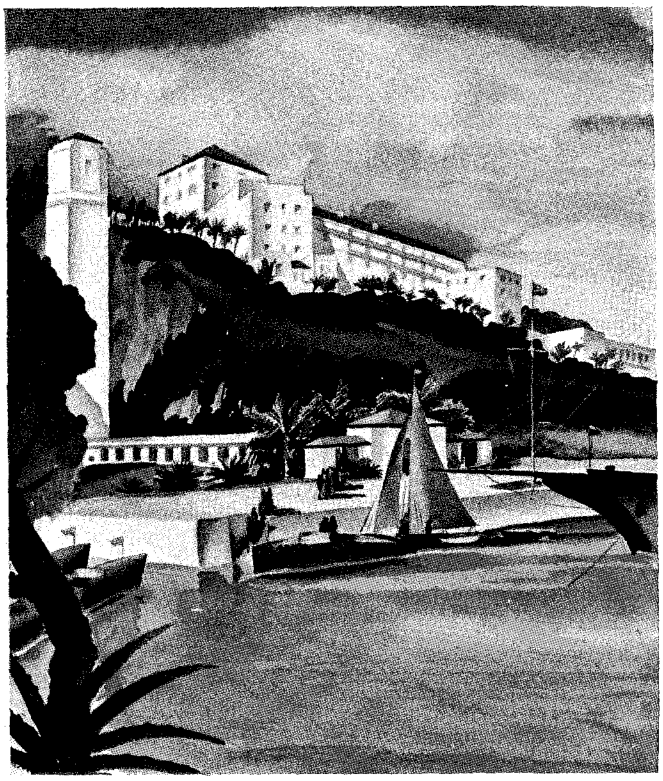
Because the buildings are part of the slum-clearance project, they are tax-exempt. The land, which constitutes about one-third of the total value of the development, is taxed. In return for the tax exemption on the buildings, the restrictions of the State Housing Board which limit monthly rentals to an average of $12.50 per room and corporate earnings to six per cent of the equity have been complied with. You can get a thoroughly modern and comfortable two-and-a-half-room apartment in Knickerbocker Village for $22.50 a month, or you can pay the top rental, $87.50, for a five-room penthouse. People living in the neighborhood pay from four to five dollars per room in monthly rent, so the Knickerbocker Village prices seem high to them.

A century and a half ago, the site of Knickerbocker Village was in the most aristocratic district of New York. In 1789, George Washington established the country's first Presidential mansion only a few blocks distant. Catharine Street became the fashionable shopping street at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lord & Taylor's started in business in 1826 on this street, hardly one block south of the present site of Knickerbocker Village. About twenty years later the neighborhood started going tough. By 1890 it was an integral part of the underworld. Sailors' boarding houses and brothels stood where Knickerbocker Village now is. But during the past thirty years, this section became a law-abiding, vermin-ridden slum neighborhood, populated by Italians, Greeks, and Spaniards. You are in no more danger of violence on Cherry Street today than you are on Park Avenue.

When the buildings on Lung Block were torn down to make way for Knickerbocker Village, six hundred and fifty families and hordes of rats were living there. The toilets of some of the houses were in the back



"Now we're absolutely certain, are we, that we don't want to have it again next year?"



AT SMART HOTELS ON *Bermuda's* CORAL SANDS THEY ARE SAYING SEAGRAM'S

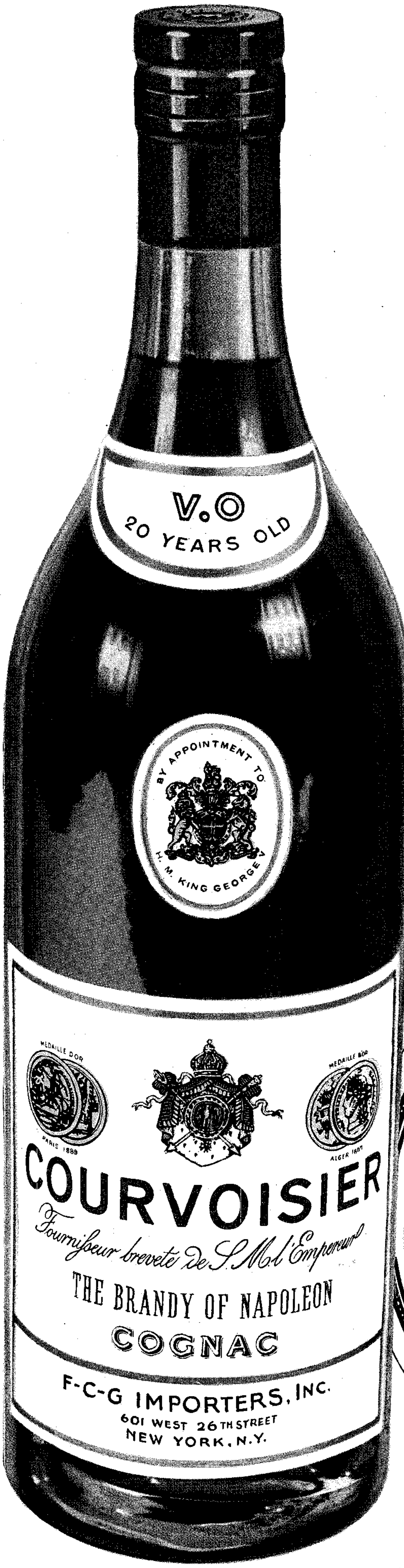
Above soft music at The Castle Harbour, you hear the swishing of tall palms, the roar of surf, and the murmur of gay conversation. Two New York millionaires compare notes on today's golf scores and yesterday's deep-sea fishing. A handsome scion of a famous English family, made brave by the Bermuda moon, says things to his lovely companion that will make news for New York and London society columns. And on all sides, white-gloved waiters take orders for Seagram's ~ ~ For here, where men have a taste for good living and means to enjoy it, the fact that Seagram's makes two types of fine bottled-in-bond whiskey is well known. Of their American whiskies, Seagram's "Ancient Bottle" Rye and Seagram's Bourbon are the orders of the day. They are distilled in Canada by American experts—full-bodied, full strength, 100 proof. Mellow as Time, every drop has aged at least five years ~ ~ For those who prefer Canadian whiskey, Seagram's offers V. O. and "83"—bottled-in-bond whiskies of superb flavor and character ~ ~ All come to you from the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies.

90 PROOF
4/5 QUART
Seagram's
V.O.
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
6 YEARS OLD
"Time Works Wonders"
Seagram's Ancient Bottle
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond

YOU WILL ENJOY—
SEAGRAM'S CELEBRATED LONDON DRY GIN
SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR LONDON DRY GIN
AND SEAGRAM'S MODERATELY
PRICED WHISKIES
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN • SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Say **Seagram's** *and be sure*


V.O
20 YEARS OLD
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE V
MEDAILLE D'OR PARIS 1889
MEDAILLE D'OR ALGER 1881
COURVOISIER
Fourniſseur breveté de S. M. l'Empereur
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
COGNAC
F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC.
601 WEST 26TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

By Special Appointment
to Their Majesties:
King George V of England
King Gustav V of Sweden

COURVOISIER

The Brandy of
NAPOLEON

SPONSORED BY F-C-G IMPORTERS INC.

SOLE AGENTS FOR:
Louis Roederer Champagne
Courvoisier Cognac
Highland Queen Scotch
Wynand Fockink Cordials
Hudson's Bay Company's
Whisky and Gin

yards. The six hundred and fifty families moved out and found other lodgings, most of them in other slum buildings. The rats have not been so easy to handle. They scuttled back and forth in the east building while it was under construction. Weeks before the tenants moved in, however, an exterminator was on the job and only one rat has been found in the building since it opened. A few rats still run about the west building, and one or two have been seen in the children's playground, the concrete-paved open space between the two buildings. But before people move into the west building, the exterminator will come.

Because Knickerbocker Village is financed by government funds as a place for white-collar people of small incomes, the applications for leases are designed to gather extensive information about the prospective tenant—what his income is, where he's worked lately, what sort of house he's accustomed to living in, and so on. When these applications have been filled out and investigated, they are turned over to the State Housing Board. Nobody can get a lease unless the Housing Board approves his application. The main concern of the Housing Board is the income of the applicant and the number of people per room per apartment. They want no crowding, as in the old tenements, but neither do they want people living in Knickerbocker Village who could afford a higher-class apartment. In general, Mr. George Gove, Secretary of the Housing Board, tries to see to it that monthly rentals consume not less than fifteen to twenty-five per cent of monthly income. This means the combined incomes of every working occupant of the apartment in question. In "split families"—lessees who don't constitute a blood family—the ratio of rent to income can be somewhat smaller. Mr. Gove says he's tried to see that nobody who makes more than four thousand dollars a year lives in Knickerbocker Village. But he's been pretty liberal about it all; if applicants for leases have dependent relatives to support, debts to pay, or unusually heavy and unavoidable expenses of their own, Mr. Gove is sympathetic and approves a lease for a rental lower than fifteen per cent of the applicant's income. Mr. Gove isn't interested in the number of Packards and Steinway grands and diamonds the applicants may own. Relics of past affluence and even present-day savings accounts do not concern him. He bases everything on what you make now.

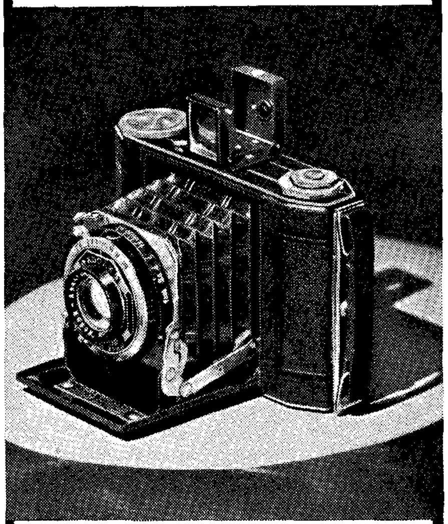
He has nothing to do with the personality and social status of occupants of Knickerbocker Village, but the company hasn't leased any apartments to Negroes or Orientals. It is a private limited-dividend corporation, even though it operates under public supervision, so it doesn't have to take everybody who can meet the approval of the state board.

Not many people from the surrounding slum neighborhood moved into Knickerbocker Village, but some did. The company estimates that something under ten per cent of its tenants come from the community. About forty per cent of the tenants moved in from north of Fourteenth Street. Some of the applications from people living in the neighborhood tenements had to be refused because the combined incomes of, say, a teamster father, two daughters working in factories, and a taxi-driver son made such a family ineligible as Knickerbocker Village residents in the lower-priced apartments they wanted. Whether such a family is white-collar or not may be a question, but it is clear that the head of the house was too well off to suit the Housing Board. Dave Mahoney, the local alderman, wanted to live in Knickerbocker Village, but he declined to answer all the questions about his finances and his application was refused. Judge David Morris, of the Municipal Court of the First District, lives there. His application was refused at first, but he got a reinvestigation and now has a five-room penthouse apartment.

The company began leasing apartments last May. Two-and-a-half-room units—that is, one large room, kitchen, and bathroom—were snapped up right away, and so were the penthouse apartments. Most of the tenants seem to be exactly the kind of people for whom the project was planned. A great many are employed downtown—junior attorneys, clerks, and secretaries in law firms, city employees, and newspaper workers. Then there are young doctors, with professional offices in the building; stenographers, college instructors, school teachers, social workers, hairdressers, and a prison matron. Two naval lieutenant-commanders live there. A few artists and writers moved down from Greenwich Village. The place has no great celebrity. It's bourgeois, with a leaning toward a little-man-what-now flavor.

About a hundred brides and grooms

NEW
KODAK DUO
Six-20



A larger edition of the miniature Kodaks

Direct from the Continent comes this latest Kodak. A true miniature camera . . . small . . . convenient—yet it takes a larger picture . . . makes sixteen 1⅝ x 2¼ inch pictures on a roll of 620 film.

The ultra-fast, sharp-cutting Kodak Anastigmat lens (*f*.3.5) lets you make excellent pictures even under adverse light conditions—in the rain . . . indoors.

The Compur shutter gives you speeds up to 1/300 second . . . fast enough to "stop" an express train. The eye-level finder frames the action . . . makes it easy to follow.

Kodak Duo Six-20 uses all latest roll films . . . Eastman's new fine-grained Panatomic which yields splendid enlargements, and "SS" Pan, for indoor snapshots *at night.*

Complete with built-in depth-of-focus scale, Duo Six-20 costs $52.50. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

KODAK

Columbus

Cruise of Contrasts . . from New York Jan. 26

Mediterranean

India Africa

Madeira
Malaga
Algiers
Riviera
Naples
Egypt
India
Ceylon
Seychelles
Madagascar
Zanzibar
Djibouti
Holy Land
Athens
Corsica
Portugal

The swift Columbus of North German Lloyd offers for 86 days a diversity of scene that is the spice of travel. Glamorous living on ship. 30 ports, 20,750 miles. Extensive excursions by Thos. Cook & Son included in:

Tourist Class, $775 up . . . First Class, $1340 up

Return from Europe by Bremen . . Europa . . Illustrated booklets and reservations from your own Travel Agent, Cook's offices or

Hamburg-American Line North German Lloyd

57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; and in all principal cities

Thos. Cook & Son, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

After the Dinner-party Is Over . . .

BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING IN VICHY, FRANCE

VICHY FRANCE
CONTENTS 1 PINT 13 FLUID OU
THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT
VICHY
CÉLESTINS
BOTTLED AT THE SPRING AT VICHY FRANCE

Unfortunately, many epicurean dishes create a mild and unpleasant systemic acidity. But fortunately, as gourmets the world over know, there is Vichy Célestins — the famous French mineral water that quickly and safely restores the alkaline balance. Try it—during the holiday season. Obtainable everywhere.

AMERICAN AGENCY OF FRENCH VICHY, INC.
485 Fifth Avenue, New York

VICHY CÉLESTINS

The World's Most Famous Natural Alkaline Water

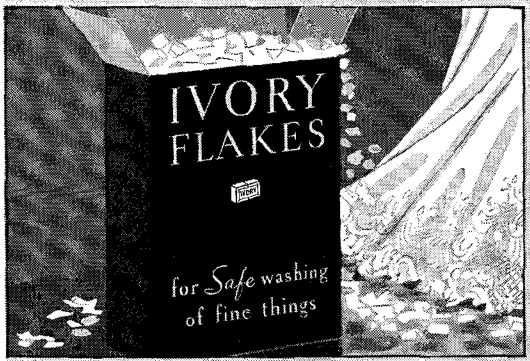
are listed among the tenants. A number of engaged couples came to the renting office and leased apartments and then didn't get married after all. In such cases their leases were promptly cancelled. A good many young married couples who did move in were taking a place of their own for the first time; they had lived with their parents until they heard of the cheap rents at Knickerbocker Village. Most of the tenants are married couples and most of the children are pre-school age. There aren't very many "split" families.

THE tenants began moving into the east building on September 25th. That was when the management had told them to come. They found things were in pretty bad shape. Elevators worked only spasmodically and in many apartments the electricity hadn't been turned on, refrigerators hadn't been installed, some of the painting hadn't been done, and in a few cases the floors hadn't been laid. Some bathrooms lacked fixtures, and those that had them were cluttered up with plaster and wrappings. No good system had been put in operation for moving tenants and their belongings into their apartments, and moving vans stayed parked for five and six hours, sometimes longer, waiting to get unloaded. All this moving time the tenants had to pay for, and the white-collar class was disturbed as it saw its savings in rent being eaten up by moving expenses. The building simply hadn't been finished on scheduled time. The company blames strike trouble.

Finishing up the apartments went very slowly. A clearing house for complaints was established in the courtyard, and for three weeks long queues of outraged tenants stood in line and then stated their individual needs, one by one. But not all the complaints were cleared up this way. Some of the aggrieved tenants got together and appointed a Temporary Grievance Committee. They drew up a petition demanding immediate installation of all the conveniences they had been promised when Knickerbocker Village was only a set of blueprints and a few stories of bricks. Into the petition they put a resolution demanding one month's free rent to cover the inconveniences they had suffered. Copies of the petition were placed under the door of every tenant, along with an invitation to attend a mass meeting at the public school on the corner of Market and Monroe Streets.

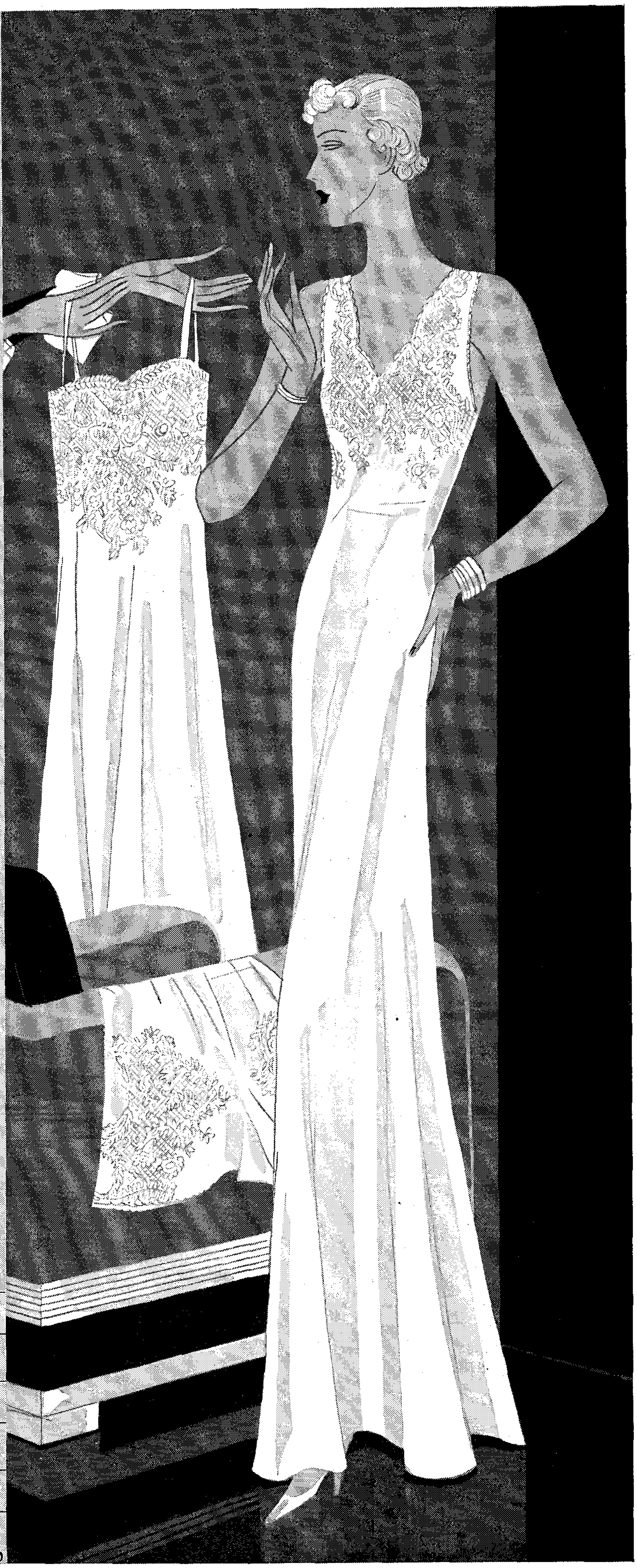
Between five and six hundred tenants attended the mass meeting, and

"CHRISTMAS CAROL." Yolande created this trio of sinful satin and lace. Note the nuances—the new "ballroom" shoulders of the sleek gown—hand-run Alençon—midget scallops—pin-point stitches, all hand-sewn. Tea rose or white—Slip, $13.75. Gown, $16.75. Pantie, $13.75. Treasures! Keep them *that* way with lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes. We and Yolande find that clear tints and shimmering textures are protected by "the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin . . . $99\,^{44}/_{100}\,\%$ Pure."


IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK ✕ CHICAGO



Makes a grand Hot Toddy—and a wonderful Old Fashioned.
JOHN JAMESON & SON
JJ&S
DUBLIN WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD
RFH

If you don't like John Jameson, you're no judge of whiskey

Its Taste May Surprise You — It's the Way Real Whiskey Tastes

You may not even like John Jameson the first time — a few people don't. But if you don't like it the fifth time, then—although we don't mean to be rude about it—you must blame yourself. Because John Jameson is whiskey reduced to its honest fundamentals. Here's why: it is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is made well because we have been at it 150 years. It is made by the pot still method because that is traditional and, we feel, best. (Although it is more expensive—to us, not to you). Then it is aged seven years in the wood before bottling. If this method doesn't produce *real* whiskey, then there isn't such a thing. If you know whiskey you will like John Jameson.

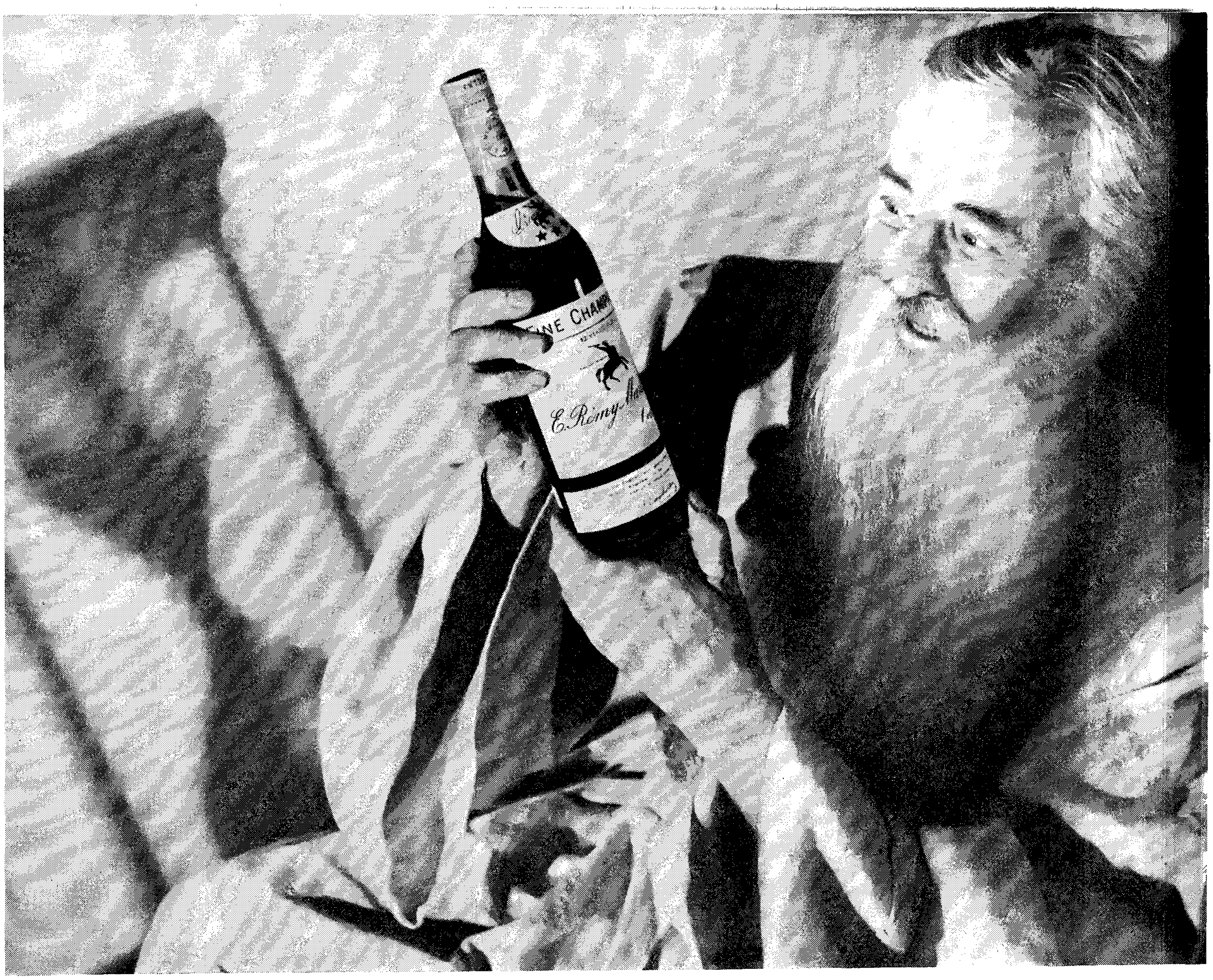
JOHN JAMESON
Pure Old Pot Still
IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND
Established A.D. 1780
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.

four hundred and sixty-eight of them signed the petition. It was a spirited meeting. Tenants complained effectively, if often ungrammatically, that they had not been shown the same courtesy by the building-management personnel that tenants further uptown would receive from their building managers. They said they were being treated like charity cases. Boos and hisses greeted the mention of the manager's name. By a bare majority they voted not to include in their petition a demand for his removal. They formed a permanent committee, and this body was instructed to present the signed petitions to the Fred F. French Company, Mayor LaGuardia, and the State Housing Board.

Mayor LaGuardia didn't do much about it. Mr. Gove, at the Housing Board, listened sympathetically enough but couldn't do anything. Then the French officials became conciliatory and sent Mr. Irving Broun, brother of Heywood Broun, to meet with the tenants' committee and discuss grievances. Mr. Broun was very diplomatic and very active. Overnight the promised conveniences began to appear in the apartments.

IN the end the tenants got everything they asked for in their petition except the one month's free rent. The management said they had always intended to do the other things anyway, and of course they did do them. And they've installed Mr. P. Paine Edson, vice-president of the Fred F. French Management Company, Inc., in an office in Knickerbocker Village to meet tenants and "discuss any matters pertaining to their apartments or any general matters of interest in regard to Knickerbocker Village." Mr. Edson came from the uptown French office; Knickerbocker Village tenants had never seen him before; he isn't one of the people at whom they got mad. Feelings have been soothed and all is now fairly smooth and amicable—all except the one rent-free month. That still is unsettled.

But the management feels somewhat grim about the whole business of the mass meeting. Their explanation for it is "Communists." Without ever meaning to, it would seem, they got quite a few tenants who really are Communists at heart, and the management is sure these people got together to show that a building belongs to its tenants rather than its owners, and used one month's free rent as bait for the hundreds of ordinarily complaisant people who joined the organizers. Be-



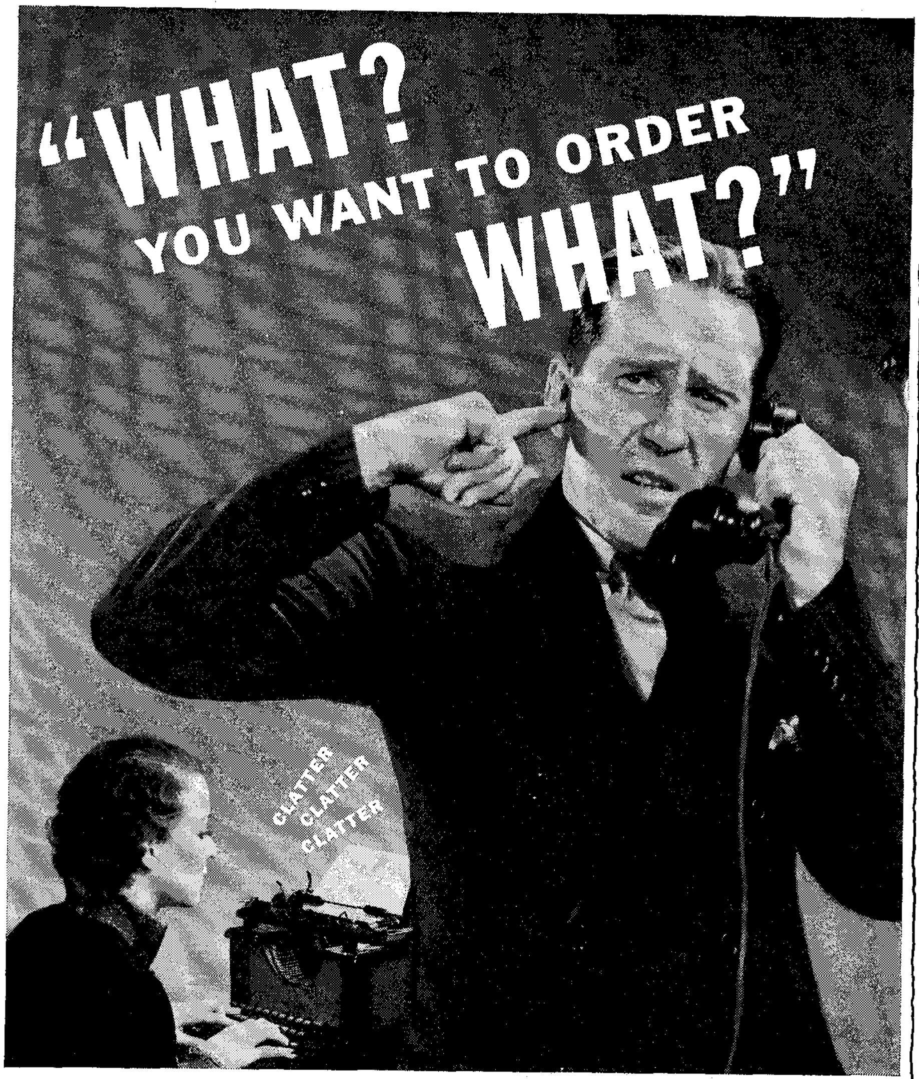
Father Time's Masterpiece!

The years roll by . . . in the great cellars of Rémy Martin, where stocks of marvelous Cognac brandies lie aging in Limoges Oak casks under the watchful eye of Father Time. No ordinary brandies are these, but Fine Champagne and Grande Champagne Cognacs . . . distilled only from the wines produced in the world-famed Champagne district of Cognac, France. Aging . . . aging . . . 12 years, 40 years, 100 years and even longer, age unknown . . . small wonder, then, that Rémy Martin is COGNAC AT ITS BEST. Small wonder, too, that Rémy Martin is enjoying the most rapidly mounting preference of all cognacs.

RÉMY MARTIN COGNAC

Brandy of Great Age

SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC. NEW YORK—SAN FRANCISCO


"WHAT? YOU WANT TO ORDER WHAT?"
CLATTER
CLATTER
CLATTER

THE man at the phone, whether he's an executive or a clerk, *should* be using the "voice with a smile." Instead, it's the voice with a rasp. He can scarcely hear, so he's unconsciously shouting. The trouble is an old-fashioned noisy typewriter clattering away at his elbow.

You know how it is. You can't concentrate, you can't even think clearly. Before the day is over, you're tense, irritable, inefficient.

Executives recognize the advantages of quiet offices. They spend thousands of dollars on partitions and sound-proofing. Yet the most nerve-racking of all office sounds—the old-fashioned, noisy typewriter—goes clacking on, and on, and on . . .

Why not have Remington Noiseless Typewriters installed for a free trial? Their amazingly quiet operation replaces din and clatter by peace and quiet. You'll appreciate, too, their writing perfection and their twenty-three important mechanical improvements that have taken the business world by storm.

See the new Remington Noiseless before you buy *any* typewriter. Phone Remington Rand in your city (in New York City, telephone our 374 Broadway office, WOrth 2-7500) or write Buffalo, N. Y.

Remington
Noiseless

New
Remington *Noiseless*

cause of the mass meeting, Knickerbocker Village received plenty of undesirable publicity. The management is making a re-investigation of the tenants it suspects of being agitators and hopes it may be able to clear out what it considers its undesirable element. The financial and character references of these tenants are being scrupulously checked. But the company officials say they're ready to start more apartment buildings for the white-collar class any day they can get buildings financed. They'd like to build the next one on Cherry Street, opposite Knickerbocker Village.

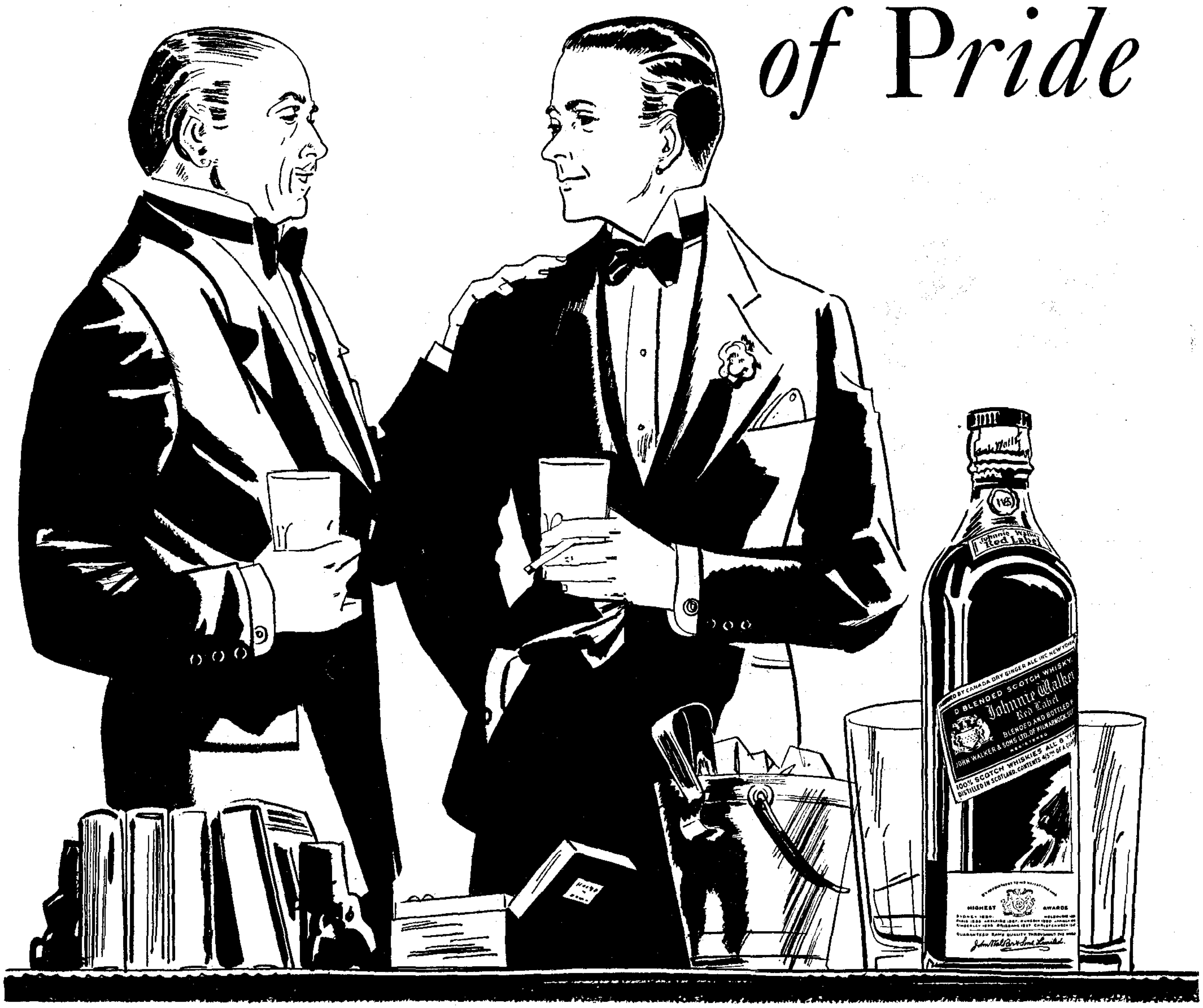
AT the mass meeting, some of the tenants complained that neighborhood children had heaved bricks and rocks at them. There really wasn't much the management could do about that. A special Knickerbocker Village police force guards at all times the entrances to the courtyards and the children's playground, and since all entrances to the apartment buildings are through the courtyards, this prevents neighborhood children from molesting the white-collar neighbors once the latter get within their own domain. The cops have had a hard job trying to keep the slum kids out of the place and prevent them from roller-skating on the sidewalks alongside the buildings and from climbing on the fences and peering into the first-floor apartments.

When the place first opened, the local youngsters used to swarm up to any automobile that parked in front of Knickerbocker Village. They'd open the door and try to get the driver to give them coins. If he did, he was safe enough. If he refused, the kids would carry out a program of extortion.

Despite the watchfulness of the police, the tires of five cars were slashed and the windshields cracked one evening. But that was the first week after the place opened. By now the local youngsters are taking their white-collar neighbors pretty much for granted.

So are the adults, even though they have been a bit disappointed in Knickerbocker Village. A year ago, when they first heard of the plans for the slum-clearance project, they interpreted the announcement as meaning that it would be a place for them to live in, but they found out that the rents would be about three times what most of them were paying. Then, philosophically, they turned to the idea that Knickerbocker Village would be a place where they could find jobs. Many people in

Where choice is a matter of Pride



By Appointment to H. M. THE KING

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820
Still Going Strong

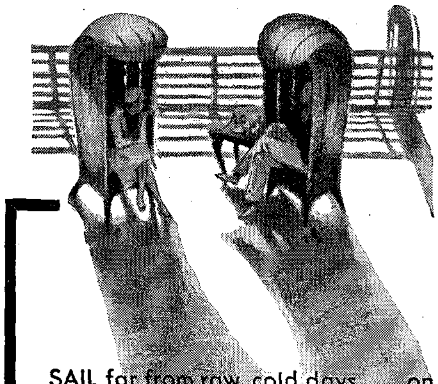
SCOTCH WHISKY

Hosts are only human, and as susceptible to flattery as all the rest of us. Perhaps that is why (for more than a century) so many hosts in all corners of the civilized world "take pride" in serving Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky.

Red Label or Black Label — both are genuine Johnnie Walker, famous for flavor and bouquet. The Black Label is slightly more expensive and is *guaranteed more than twelve years old* . . . John Walker & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INCORPORATED, SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Cruise on famous Italian
SUN-SHIPS



SAIL far from raw, cold days . . . on ships *built for sunshine, rest and sport!* Ships with Lido Decks and sweeping play spaces . . . operated with finesse and courtesy, in the manner of the modern Italian Marine! Choose from these six brilliant cruise sailings.

4 Cruises to the
MEDITERRANEAN
HOLY LAND....EGYPT

JAN. 26 . . ROMA . . The Mediterranean *plus* the Adriatic on "Italy's. palace-ship"! 40 Days, 16 Calls. $485 up First Class, $275 up Tourist.

FEB. 13 . . Conte di SAVOIA . . (only gyro-stabilized liner), and
FEB. 27 . . REX . . . (Fastest liner afloat) IDENTICAL CRUISES on Italy's premier liners! The whole Mediterranean in less than a month! 29 Days, 12 Calls. $560 up First Class, $330 up Special Class, $285 up Tourist.

MAR. 27 . . SATURNIA . . Famous Cosulich liner offering a six weeks itinerary! 42 Days, 19 Calls. $485 up First Class, $275 up Tourist.

2 Cruises to the
WEST INDIES

DEC. 22 . . VULCANIA . . Christmas Cruise. To KINGSTON, Jamaica, CRISTOBAL, Panama Canal, HAVANA and Nassau. 13 Days, $155 up.

FEB. 9 . . SATURNIA . . To KINGSTON, Jamaica, HAVANA and NASSAU. 10 Days, $122.50 up.

A whole deck of Private Verandah Suites on these Cosulich Vessels.

Regular Sailings to ALL EUROPE

For illustrated literature and information apply local agent or, ***New York:*** *1 State St.;* ***Philadelphia:*** *1601 Walnut St.;* ***Boston:*** *86 Arlington St.;* ***Cleveland:*** *944 Arcade, Union Trust Bldg.;* ***Chicago:*** *333 N. Michigan Ave.;* ***San Francisco:*** *386 Post St.;* ***New Orleans:*** *1806 American Bank Building;* ***Montreal:*** *Architects Bldg., 1133 Beaver Hall Hill;* ***Toronto:*** *159 Bay St.*

ITALIAN LINE

the neighborhood are having a hard time and are on relief, although you wouldn't know it to see them. They all look well fed and reasonably happy. It is so much like a small town in this section that when word gets out that a family is to be evicted for failing to pay rent, the district leader or some other outstanding citizen goes around and takes up a collection to save the family. Or when a person can't buy food, he goes to the pushcarts and markets and is given some fresh fish and left-over vegetables. There is a sort of community pride in not letting people go hungry or be evicted.

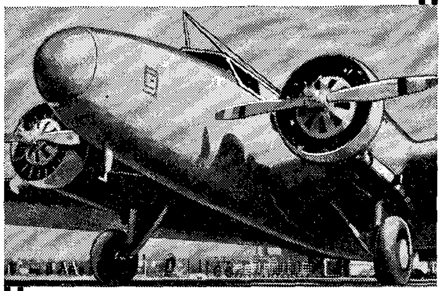
The people soon found that Knickerbocker Village didn't have very many jobs for them. One man, who had lived in the neighborhood over thirty-five years, did get a job as watchman on the work under construction, and a few of the tenants have employed people of the district for part-time housework. On the whole, however, Knickerbocker Village is to the local residents just a curiosity to stare at. But not to the merchants. A number of the neighborhood's men of business are still jogging along unambitiously, content to serve only their old customers, but several of them have gone into catering to the white-collar class.

GEORGE GOGEL'S delicatessen and grocery was the pioneer in the move to please the Knickerbocker Village tenants. Gogel has been in business on the same spot for thirty years. He has the store next to the original site of Lord & Taylor's. Now he has had his store completely remodelled and modernized, and has put in a line of delicacies unfamiliar to his old customers. He was all ready for the white-collar trade the day the new tenants moved in. His business has increased so much that he has had to hire four more clerks.

He has not lost his old customers, he says. His biggest rush from the natives is from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when they all come to get their rolls for breakfast. "They've been coming for years at the same identical moment every day," one of the old clerks said. "Why, positively, you could set your watch by what time our old customers get here in the morning. Of course none of the folks from Knickerbocker Village come that early."

Down Catharine Street is a fruit-and-vegetable store that is being renovated. There are California oranges, Idaho potatoes, any number of things the store never had any demand for before. An Italian and his wife have

CUT YOUR TRAVEL TIME



LET those two powerful motors of UNITED's big Boeings shorten your travel time by hours—even days. And with this time-saving, money-saving speed goes travel-comfort that has set a new standard for transportation.

UNITED offers the same high standard of service on all routes—always a multi-motored Boeing—always two pilots. Only UNITED offers stewardess service on every plane.

CHICAGO—CLEVELAND—NEW YORK
9 planes daily

NEW YORK—CHICAGO—CALIFORNIA
3 planes daily

For reservations and schedules call UNITED AIR LINES ticket offices, hotel porters, travel bureaus, or telegraph offices.

UNITED AIR LINES
70,000,000 MILES EXPERIENCE

THE
ONE BOTTLE
BAR
RHUM SARTHE
HASCO
HAITI

HAITI, Island of romance and treasure, gives us RHUM SARTHE, distilled from pure cane syrups --- not black strap molasses. Makes better Cocktails---Highballs and straight drinks.

Send for FREE Recipe Booklet

RHUM SARTHE

Haytian American Sugar Company, Haiti, W.I.
DISTILLERS
HASCO TRADING CORP.
IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
140 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY

Hawaii via Matson Line

STEICHEN

Leis of gorgeous blossoms . . . ancient custom symbolizing affectionate greeting . . . welcome the visitor to Hawaii. Photographed aboard the S. S. LURLINE *at Honolulu.*

En route to Hawaii. South Sea days and nights furnish an ideal setting for perfect living and your giant, NEW Matson-Oceanic liners, *equipped with every device for your comfort and pleasure,* do the rest. A delightful way of learning at sea the pleasures in store for you in those Islands of perpetual summer. SAILINGS EVERY FEW DAYS *...only 5 days from California...*LOW FARES.

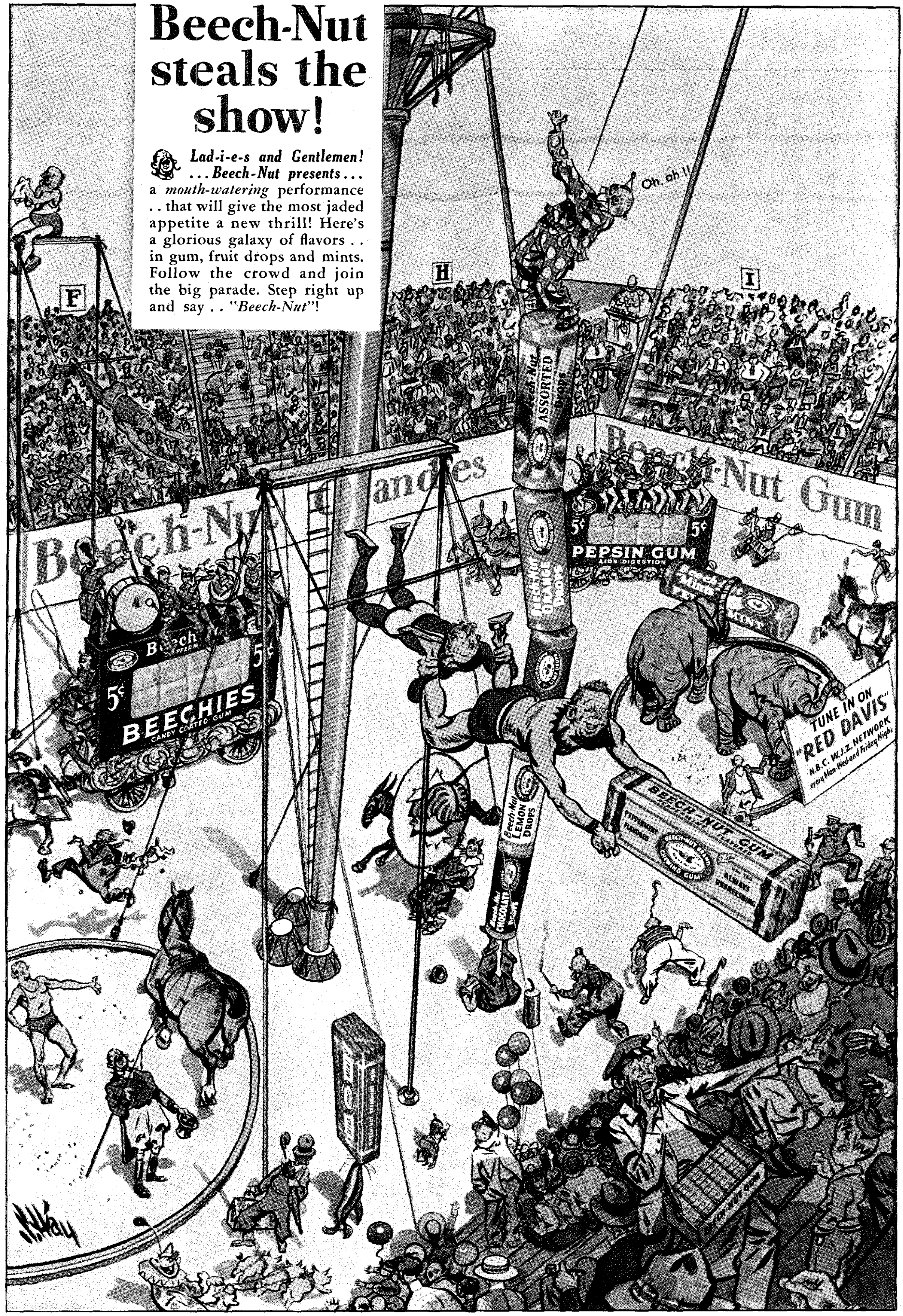
☆

Australia and New Zealand less than a fortnight beyond. Samoa and Fiji en route. Doubly appealing because of modest fares. *Illustrated booklets, helpful advice are free at your Travel Agent's, or* MATSON LINE · OCEANIC LINE, New York, 535 Fifth Avenue - Chicago, 230 North Michigan Avenue - San Francisco, 215 Market Street Los Angeles, 730 South Broadway - Seattle, 814 Second Avenue - Portland, Ore., 327 Southwest Pine Street.

S. S. LURLINE · S. S. MARIPOSA · S. S. MONTEREY · S. S. MALOLO

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! . . . Beech-Nut presents . . . a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . "*Beech-Nut*"!


F
H
I
Oh, oh !!
Beech-Nut Candies
Beech-Nut Gum
Beech-Nut ASSORTED DROPS
5¢ PEPSIN GUM AIDS DIGESTION 5¢
Beech-Nut Mints PEPPERMINT
Beech PEPPERMINT 5¢ 5¢
BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut ORANGE Drops
Beech-Nut LEMON DROPS
Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE Drops
BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVORED CHEWING GUM ALWAYS REFRESHING
TUNE IN ON "RED DAVIS" N.B.C. W.J.Z. NETWORK every Mon-Wed and Friday Night

been in business there for years. They don't speak much English, but they get along all right, and next week they're putting in a telephone. A fruit-and-vegetable market almost directly across from the Monroe Street entrance to Knickerbocker Village has gone into luxuries too. Joe, the proprietor, has Malaga grapes, asparagus, grapefruit, eating apples — everything he thinks the white-collar people might crave. Joe's store is in one of the dilapidated buildings Fred F. French acquired in buying up key plots throughout the neighborhood. Joe was paying twenty dollars' rent a month last year, but since Knickerbocker Village opened his rent has been raised to fifty dollars a month. He says he doesn't quite know how it's going to be, but he thinks he can swing it. Fifty dollars is a lot of rent to pay for a store, though, he says.

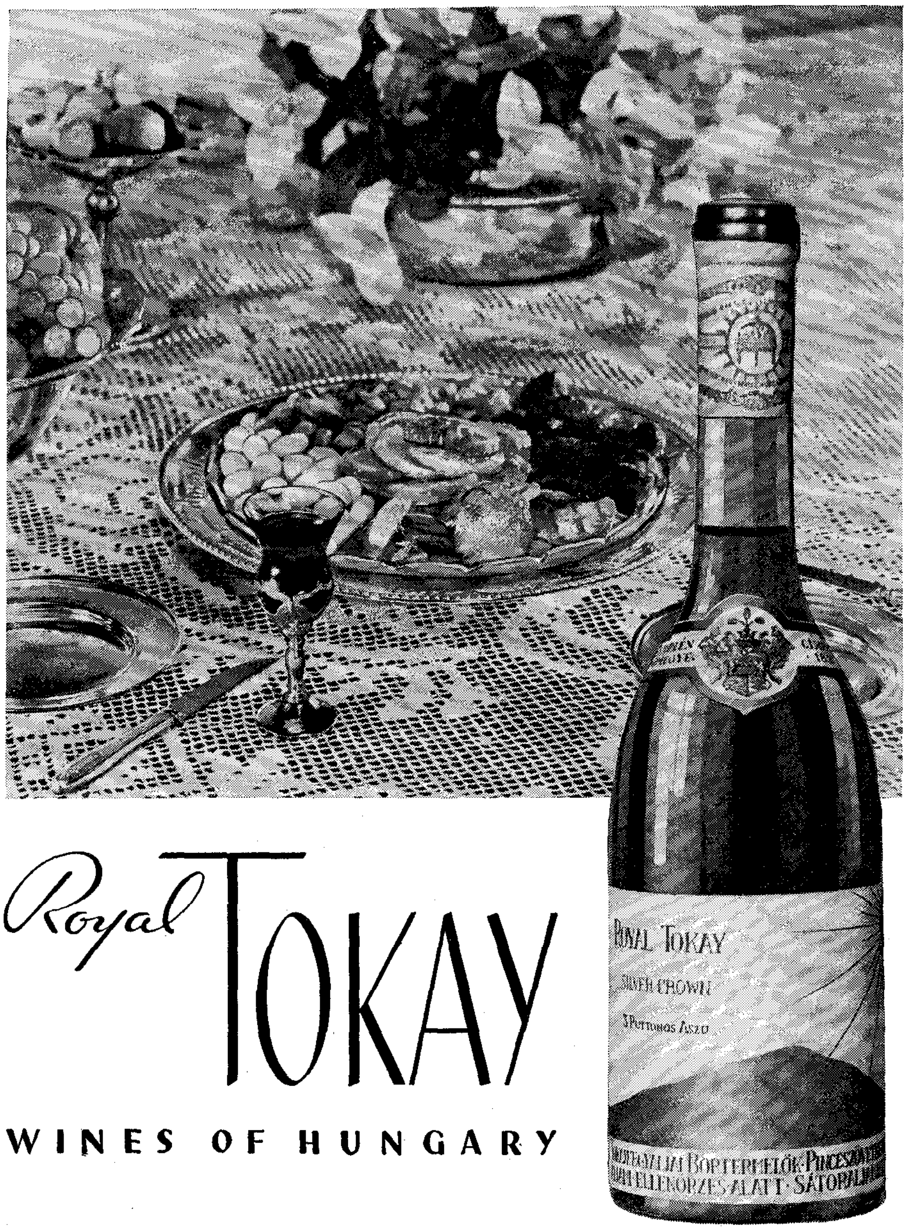
Food prices in the neighborhood are astoundingly cheap. The remodelled meat market on Madison Street sells the best of lamb chops for nine cents each, George Gogel's prices for staples are considerably lower than those of the chain stores, and Joe sells an armload of choice soup vegetables for a nickel.

THE whole neighborhood is a little concerned about its saints' festivals. Feast days are celebrated once a year in certain blocks. Colored lights are strung in arches across the street, a statue of the saint being honored is erected, and at night there are fireworks and band music. The celebration usually lasts a week. It can't take place without a permit from the city. Both Monroe and Cherry Streets in the Knickerbocker Village block have been having annual celebrations. A good many natives feel sure they won't be able to get the permits for the celebrations this year. Others say everything will be all right, because Roosevelt Street, just a few blocks distant, had a celebration a couple of weeks ago and none of the white-collar neighbors seemed to mind.

Nobody in the neighborhood is belligerent or unfriendly about Knickerbocker Village. Some of the older people are regretful, but that is all. They don't like to see the neighborhood change. It has always been their home, and they've known by name nearly everyone they met on the streets. They feel that there is something a little uncomfortable about having so many strangers around, but they are getting to know the new faces even if they aren't getting to know all the new names.

—ALBERTA WILLIAMS

ASZU ... the Tokay that is the incomparable companion of desserts in the Continental manner — fruits, raisins, dates, rare nuts.



Royal TOKAY

WINES OF HUNGARY

TO THE monarchs of the world who guarded Tokay as their own for more than 400 years belongs Royal Tokay's history . . . but its present is yours! The rare delights of Aszu and Szamorodni, its two types, have their place in the informal living of today.

Aszu, in addition to gracing desserts as described above, is adding an affable note to afternoon "tea" with tiny sandwiches and *petits fours*. Szamorodni, either dry or medium sweet, is a princely table wine. Dry Szamorodni's glowing fire makes it the ideal aperitif. All give sheer pleasure at any time.

Open a bottle today even for a single glass (the wine keeps exceptionally well) . . . savor its fragrance . . . let its majestic bouquet tell you why Tokay, the favorite of centuries, delights your palate today.

Supreme as a WINE • Supreme as a GIFT

Always the gift wine of aristocracy and the aristocrat of gift wines, ROYAL TOKAY will delight the hearts and palates of your family, friends and business associates today.

For Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years . . . for any occasion . . . Royal Tokay is a brilliant thought for an appreciated gift. Ask your wine dealer to show you the new Royal Tokay holiday package . . . a gaily decorated peasant basket.

Produced, Aged and Bottled under the control and supervision of the ROYAL HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT.

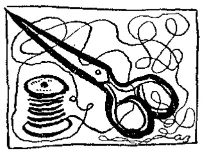
Obtainable at dealers in fine wines and at better clubs, hotels and restaurants. Send for brochure on Royal Tokay Wines and their uses.

DANUBE PRODUCTS, INC., SOLE AGENTS, 43 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, NOV. 14



THE November collections reverse the usual order. Up to now, the schedule has been fairly regular: small collections in May and November, when the designers tried their hands at something new and different, no matter how daft; then the choosing and mulling over the best, to make a foundation upon which to build the big collections of August and February. This year the August shows were the startlers, and the current openings are more or less the development and toning down of what was launched then.

In other words, don't expect anything dramatic, showy, or dashing. But you *can* expect about the best French clothes that we've seen yet, and we've grown gray on the Rue de la Paix.

YOU can expect from Lucien Lelong an evening dress of dark-green changeable taffeta, the skirt all inverted tucks that grow farther apart as they approach the hem, and the separate peplum blouse fastened double-breasted, making a low, square neckline at the front. At Lelong, too, there is a new taffeta evening blouse (worn with a floor-length black velvet skirt, and short cape) of horizontal black-and-white stripes, with a tiny black yoke across the back of the shoulders.

You can expect from Jeanne Lanvin a dozen new capes, all lengths, with fin pleats at the centre-back or on each shoulder; some new tweed suits with high collars like a little stuffed roll of the fabric; and an evening bolero of bright-red taffeta (called Vendetta) that is really only two big puffed, cuffed sleeves, pleated at the top and joined together to form a V-shaped neckline, back and front.

From Molyneux will come his usual practically perfect tweed dress-and-jacket suits, with some of the jackets so full that you will at first think they are capes; some dresses and suits in fine bright reds and mustard yellows; and a brand-new kind of evening dress which fastens at the side with buttons and buttonholes, has a wide, soft cloth belt, and a blouse top that gathers about your shoulders in a soft, rounded décolletage.

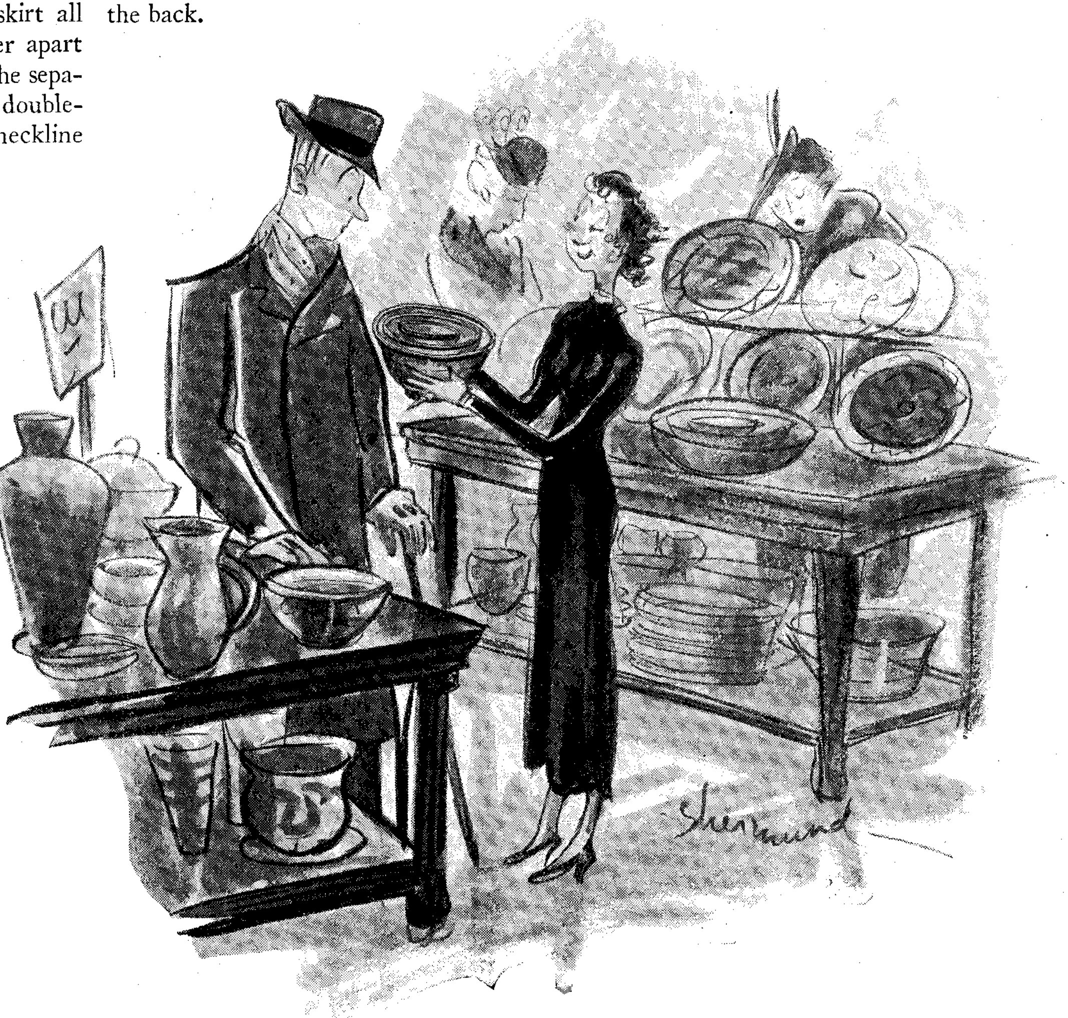
Dilkusha will send you any number of bathing suits and beach costumes, but all of them will combine in some way her three favorite Daumier colors—soot black, Crusader white, and rust. She will also send a rust-colored beach coat made of stiff waterproof linen, with big, useful bellows pockets; and a ski suit of Lastex tweed that will give for active movement but won't stretch.

Aileen Rice will produce at the same time a new knitted suit that will neither give nor stretch, and will look like thick tweed but won't have its bunchiness. It has a blue-gray-navy-mixture cardigan and skirt, and a knitted navy vestee whose scarf top twists around itself, then winds about the base of your throat to fasten over a big silver button at the back.

There will be new two-piece dresses from Bruyère—some of wool fabrics that look like knitted weaves, and some of a jersey that looks like a woollen; the jumper blouses are cut on the bias, are covered with crisscross tucks, and button up the front to little boyish collars, but the skirts are straight and slim. There will be a lot of trim, tailored suits in Bourgeon (bud) green and ultra-violet blue; and there will be a trouser-skirted sports suit that has a blouse of chamois skin with big brown buttons leading up to a collarless neckline.

Maggy Rouff will provide what has been missing for a long time—flat crêpe and satin dresses, in black or navy blue, with shoulders and hips marked by rows and rows of tiny shirrings, in yoke forms.

And from Schiaparelli you are going to get the best lot of clothes she has ever turned out: tweed suits, in soft colors, with short jackets ever so lightly fitted; an evening dress of black



"Would you care for a nest, sir?"

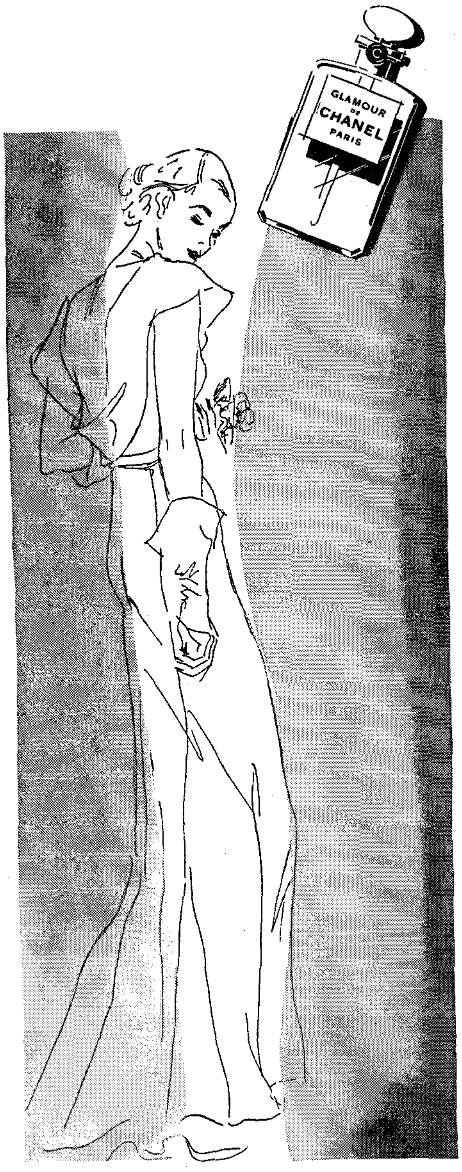
CHANEL

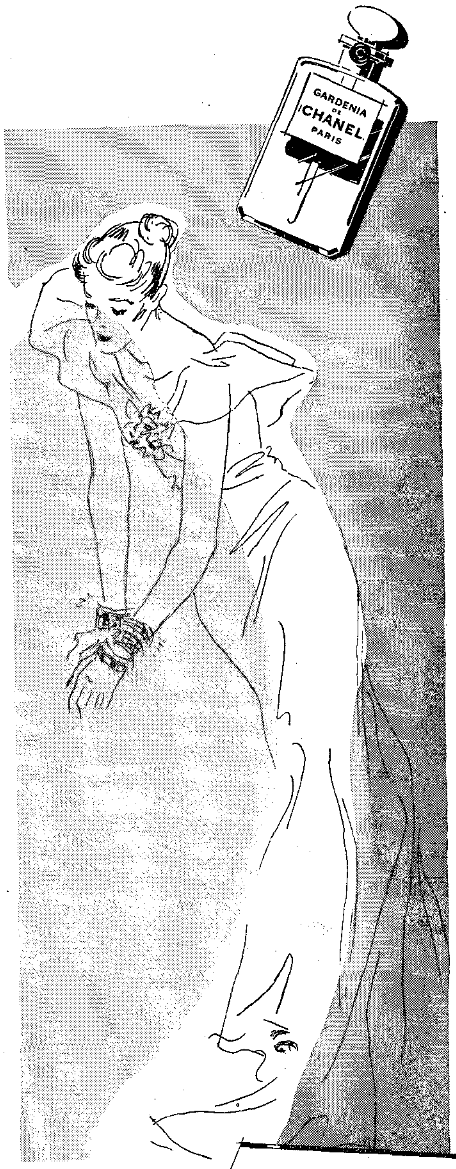
Presents

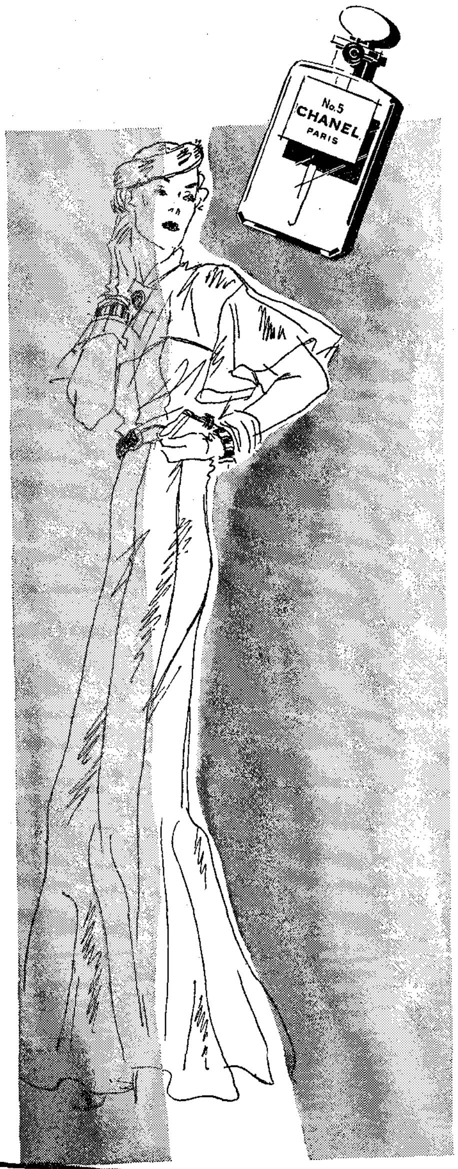
HER THREE MOST FAMOUS PERFUMES

IN CHARMING "*Petite*" BOTTLES

SO THAT YOU MAY MATCH YOUR MOOD WITH AN EXQUISITE CHANEL ODEUR


GLAMOUR
DE
CHANEL
PARIS


GARDENIA
DE
CHANEL
PARIS

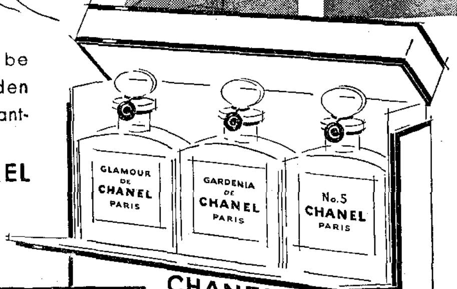

No. 5
CHANEL
PARIS

For those hours when you would play the role of Romance . . . when allure is of first importance—wear the new

GLAMOUR de CHANEL

A-ah! Tonight you would be elusive, fragile as a Dresden figure . . . elegantly enchanting?—wear

GARDENIA de CHANEL


GLAMOUR
DE
CHANEL
PARIS
GARDENIA
DE
CHANEL
PARIS
No. 5
CHANEL
PARIS
CHANEL
PARIS

And when your mood prompts you to make the grand entrance . . . to "take the breath away", in the grand manner—wear

No. 5

In this chaste white box—Chanel places these 3 perfumes. The price, box included, is but $6.75. Or you may buy any one of the "petite" bottles for $2.25. Only in the better shops.

By Appointment to H. M. King George V

"STYLE" NEVER MEANS CONSPICUOUSNESS

The true conservatism of Burberry styling lacks nothing in smartness of appearance. It avoids, however, any suggestion of the extreme in pattern or cut that would tend to dominate the personality of the wearer.

Your smart Englishman—almost invariably a sportsman—has realized this characteristic for over 50 years.

Burberry weatherproofed Gabardines are in the kits of every prominent English yachtsman, poloman or flyer.

BURBERRYS *Ltd.*
of LONDON, ENGLAND

EVERY BURBERRY COAT BEARS THIS LABEL
BURBERRYS LONDON

There are Burberry dealers in the larger cities in the United States and Canada. Write to our New York Wholesale Office, 10 East 38th Street for name of your nearest dealer.

IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA AT:
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH—L. BAMBERGER & CO.—FINCHLEY—KNOX THE HATTER—FREDERICK LOESER & CO.—SAKS FIFTH AVE.—JOHN WANAMAKER

and let's be thankful for

P.O.N.

INDIA PALE ALE

Aunt Beth who lives in Salem,
Thought Thanksgiving Day the time
For all the folks to gather
Round the festive board sublime.
So she sent out invitations
And she wrote, "Please do not fail,
We're to pledge our thanks by drinking
P. O. N.—the finest ale."

THIS year, make Thanksgiving dinner a banquet to be long remembered... serve Feigenspan India Pale Ale. Comparable only to the costlier Continental brews, this choice vintage ale—superb in bouquet—will turn even the simplest meal into an occasion for giving thanks. On sale at most good bars, your grocer carries it.

CHRISTIAN FEIGENSPAN BREWING COMPANY · NEWARK, N. J.
New York Office: 74 Varick Street—Phone: WAlker 5-2163, 2138

tulle superimposed on white, looking like moiré lace; a new mango orange and a new ginger brown; and a whole new race of pure silk textures, in matelassé weaves, with raised crinkled dots as big as your eye. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IT is always the assumption of the fashion world that we have all bought our winter wardrobes by November 1st, so most of the shops accept with resignation the slump that occurs before the Palm Beach season. Several enterprising ones, however, realize that at this point brisk new ideas will appeal alike to two widely separated classes of women: the spoiled brats who are already bored with the clothes they bought way back in September, and the women who suddenly realize that last winter's wardrobe cannot go through another season. For these, there are many new things well worth looking into.

Jay-Thorpe are having a splendid time with white hats that have gardenia touches, to be worn right now with your favorite black dress and white gloves. They are stunning, no less. One cap is all clustered gardenias; there is a white felt baby bonnet with a gardenia nestled next to your eyebrow against the jagged halo that frames your face; and they have a white felt pointed cap that has a wreath of gardenias around the edge. There are others, too, to make your entrances at cocktail parties noteworthy. And while you are on the prowl, nip upstairs to the Little Hat Bar, where for $7 you can find an exceptionally wearable little Russian hat of chenille. To brighten up an old tweed suit, they have tailored velveteen blouses with little turn-over collars in grand colors, and a thoughtful band of crêpe de Chine for the tuck-in, so that there is no bulk around the hips. Another of Jay-Thorpe's ideas for making winter days less dreary has resulted in an outbreak of pale blue and lovely dusty pink in dresses to be worn right now under mink coats. The models are their own—made of a silky sergy stuff, cut high across the throat, slim and beltless through the body, and adorned with buttons down the back. You wear a baby sombrero in pale blue or pink to match. It is considerate of them to evolve a new winter idea that is also suitable for Palm Beach. And in case you haven't a coat to wear over these things, you may be glad to know that the fur department has created a mink coat which is becoming to little women—there is

LIQUOR
ABBATIÆ FISCANEN
D.O.M
Le Directeur
VERITABLE BENEDICTINE
Marques déposées en France et à l'Etranger

DRAEGER, IMP.
PROCEDE 301

King of After-dinner Liqueurs for 400 years

NOW MIXES ROYALLY IN MANY NEW COCKTAILS

Bénédictine is patiently distilled today according to the secret formula used by the Bénédictine monks in 1510.

There is only one Bénédictine D. O. M.—*La Grande Liqueur Française.* Made and bottled at Fécamp, France.

America's younger set, making the most of a good thing, now enjoy Bénédictine *before* dinner as well as after. They use it in cocktails—and such cocktails! Follow the recipes at right.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK
Sole Agents for the United States—Established 1877.

BÉNÉDICTINE Cocktail

1 part Bénédictine
1 part lemon juice
2 parts Cognac
Preferably Jules Robin

•

D. O. M. Cocktail

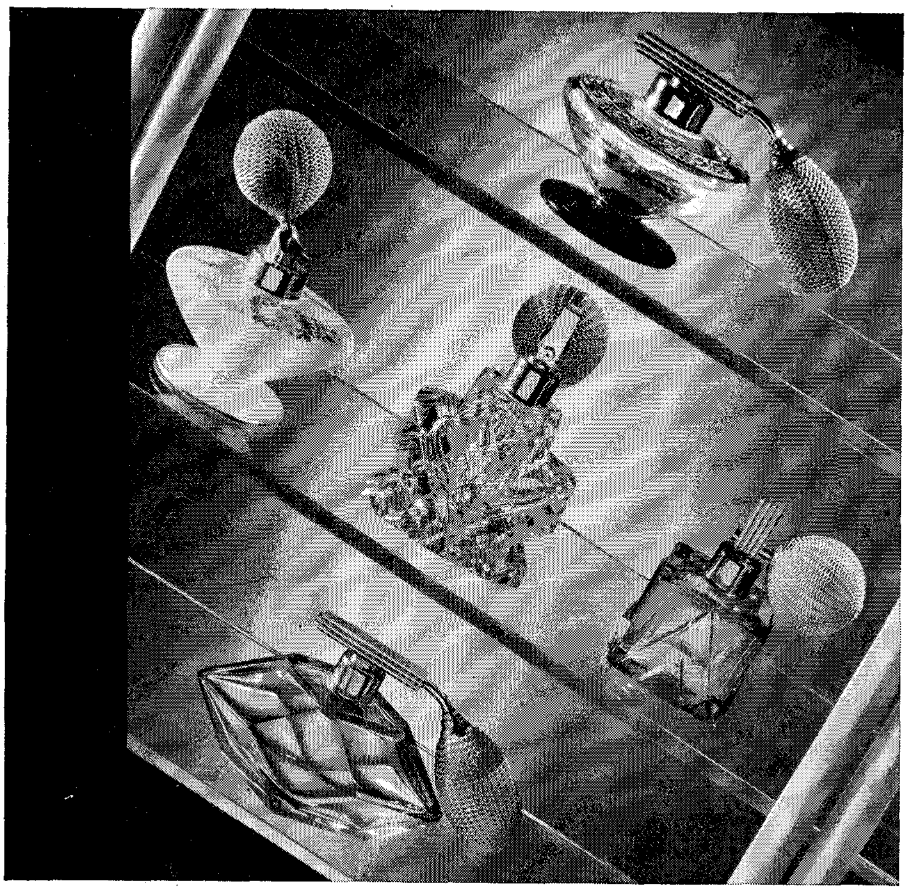
1 part Bénédictine
1 part lemon juice
1 part gin

BÉNÉDICTINE

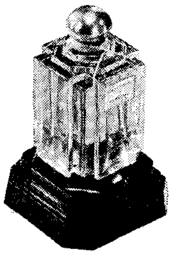
Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc. Importers Wines & Liquors Since 1877

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You, too, will want a NEW
DeVILBISS Perfume Atomizer



A DeVilbiss Perfume Atomizer enhances the fragrance of even the finest perfume. It transforms one drop into 2000 fragrant atoms, bringing out all the subtle, elusive qualities of the scent . . . Spraying also prevents staining of fabrics. And the DeVilbiss Closure guards against wasteful evaporation . . . The new DeVilbiss Atomizers are distinctively styled, in both imported and domestic glass—a design to suit everyone's taste. There are also larger sizes for spraying eau de cologne . . . The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.



YARDLEY SAYS: "Accentuate the loveliness of FRAGRANCE by spraying it with an atomizer . . . A diffused odeur is the more alluring."

DeVILBISS
Perfume Atomizers

a buttoned band collar, and the thing is knee-length, swinging out full in back and dipping slightly. They also show a new ermine knee-length coat that is supersuper—sable lies flat around the neck, and the ermine which surrounds it makes a stand-up fold around the tips of the shoulders.

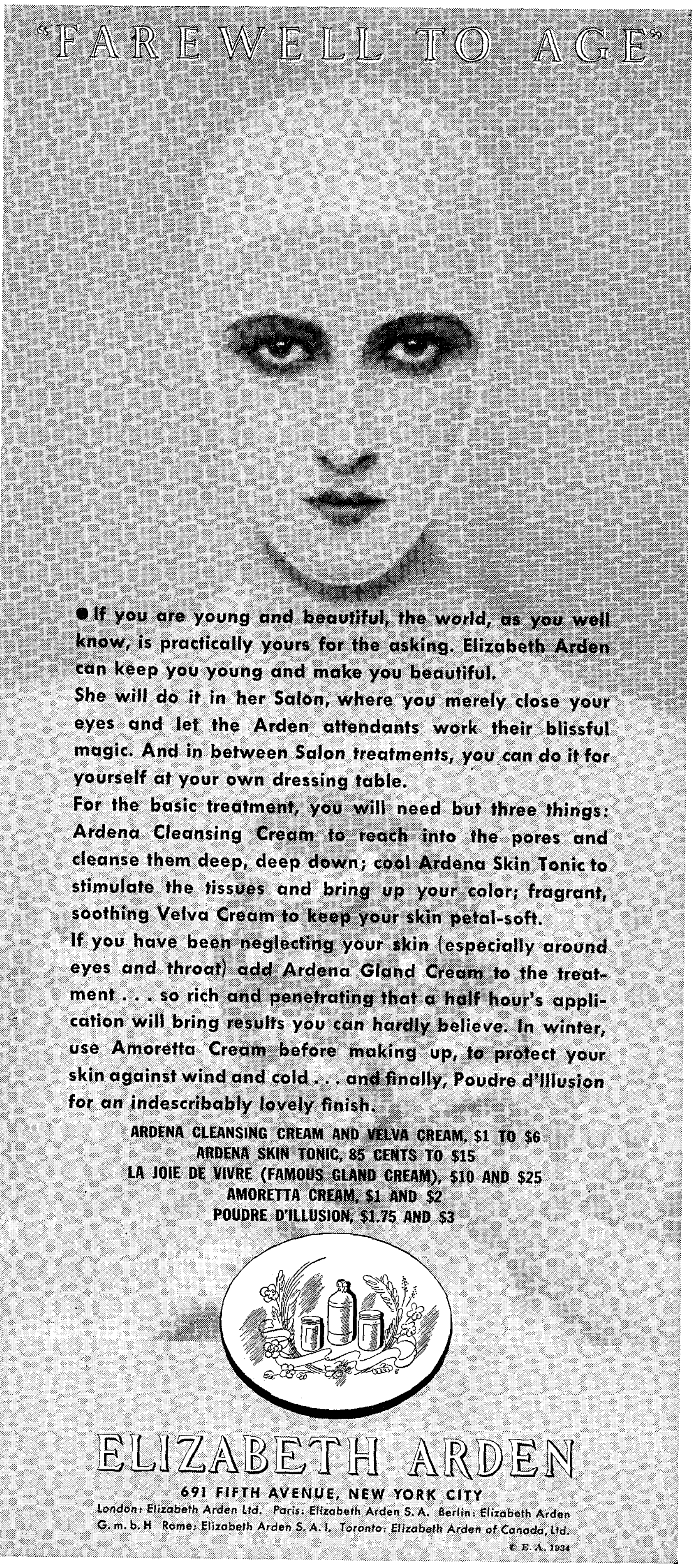
THOSE ultra-chic women who lunch at the Colony and seem to cover so much more ground than I do are having a swell time "discovering" the clothes of Maybelle Manning, 443 Park Avenue. When you see her things, you will realize that the girls are right again. Her clothes are all custom-made, and French models vie with a constantly renewed collection of her own. You'll like her redingote of soft brown tweed, with big, square wooden buttons at the waist. This one is lined with pale-blue jersey (here comes that New York and Palm Beach pastel again), and the pale-blue jersey frock beneath has brown square buttons and a brown belt; you can't do better. Then she has a red wool coat with a collar that is all things to all women; it is of blue fox, and goes around the neck and straight down to button on each hipbone. Or you can fasten it to make a tiny shoulder cape, or wrap it high around your throat. Manning also harbors a reddish velveteen Molyneux dress that I would die for—there are great hunky flowers at the throat, buttons down the ribs to make a princesse effect, and slits in the skirt, very coy. Not new, but few people have it. A woollen coat in a color to match swings wide over this to the knees. Two picture dresses I bet you haven't seen are here, too. One is of slipper satin, with a deep, square décolletage in front and a wide band starting across the upper arm and making a deep fold low in back. The other is a silly Lanvin affair of cocoa taffeta with great stitched panniers, a wide belt, and a bunchy top for the flat-bosomed. There is an ideal classic-type dinner dress, too: of trailing black velvet, with a top of black real-thread Alençon, and a short, flare-back jacket over it. I hope you grasp that

I share the society crush on the Manning clothes.

I AM stealing a march on the smart set, however, for I am sure that I was the first to see the Victor Stiebel collection at Altman, and I am wagering that it will be their next enthusiasm. I particularly liked his dinner dresses with peon smock tops, hanging straight and bunchy to the hips and making the skirt beneath look even slimmer. One of the smocks is of shirred green chiffon with a tiny collar; others are of white satin with straight-across yokes and lots of pleats below in back. They are amusing, and smart like mad. Stiebel likes great, zooming capes, so wide around the bottom that you can pick up one side and sling it over the shoulder; one of them has sable around the neck, slips over the head, and uses nineteen yards of velvet. There is a knockout picture dress of slipper satin, gathered very full and bunchy all around the waist and having the lowest square décolletage possible in front; a prim fitted jacket with a peplum and double collar goes over this for modesty. All of his slick evening dresses have trains that are particularly well cut, surging out naturally from the clinging sheath of the skirt and looking well in movement (most trains seem to be designed for pausing dramatically at the tops of staircases). All of his clothes cry out for movement anyway. And his colors are odd and effective. One hostess gown is of a red-brown coloring, with a bright-red sash and a pale-gray, high-necked top. And one of his pet sports suits has a gray wool jacket of the cardigan type, a brown wool skirt, and a blouse that approaches peacock blue. Stiebel is one of *the* couturiers of London, and you'll understand now why dowdy Englishwomen are on the decline. The models at Altman, as well as the ready-to-wear copies, are all for sale. You'll like. —L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THERE is no reasonable doubt that we are gamut-runners second to none. Who else, we ask you, could leap so airily from flower to flower—frivolous lingerie one second, grim guns or fool games the next? If you have any sense whatsoever, you will not only read the pearls of research that are to follow, you will paste them in your memory book for future reference. You'll find that most of the things we have dug up are much too good to give


"FAREWELL TO AGE"

● If you are young and beautiful, the world, as you well know, is practically yours for the asking. Elizabeth Arden can keep you young and make you beautiful.

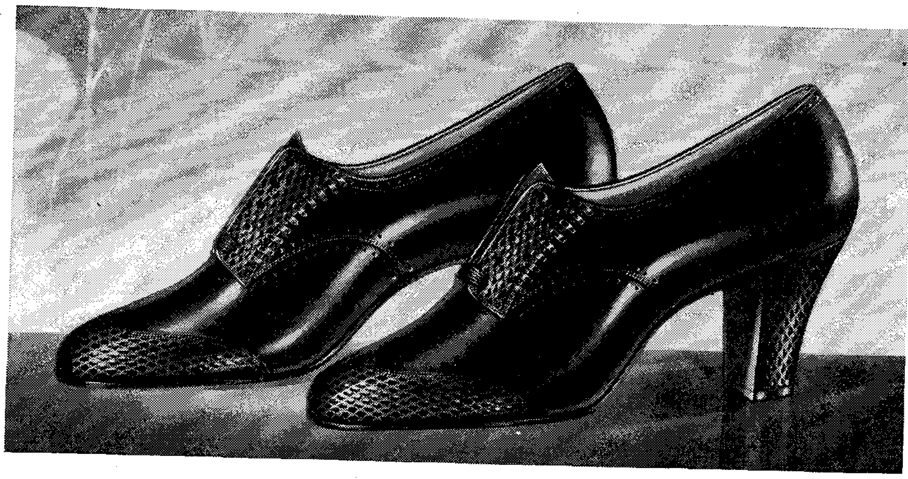
She will do it in her Salon, where you merely close your eyes and let the Arden attendants work their blissful magic. And in between Salon treatments, you can do it for yourself at your own dressing table.

For the basic treatment, you will need but three things: Ardena Cleansing Cream to reach into the pores and cleanse them deep, deep down; cool Ardena Skin Tonic to stimulate the tissues and bring up your color; fragrant, soothing Velva Cream to keep your skin petal-soft.

If you have been neglecting your skin (especially around eyes and throat) add Ardena Gland Cream to the treatment . . . so rich and penetrating that a half hour's application will bring results you can hardly believe. In winter, use Amoretta Cream before making up, to protect your skin against wind and cold . . . and finally, Poudre d'Illusion for an indescribably lovely finish.

ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM AND VELVA CREAM, $1 TO $6
ARDENA SKIN TONIC, 85 CENTS TO $15
LA JOIE DE VIVRE (FAMOUS GLAND CREAM), $10 AND $25
AMORETTA CREAM, $1 AND $2
POUDRE D'ILLUSION, $1.75 AND $3

ELIZABETH ARDEN
691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
London: Elizabeth Arden Ltd. Paris: Elizabeth Arden S. A. Berlin: Elizabeth Arden G. m. b. H Rome: Elizabeth Arden S. A. I. Toronto: Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd.
© E. A. 1934



TIRED ARCHES and Normal Arches Need FLORSHEIMS

$8.75 and $10.50
MOST STYLES

Flexing silently back and forth with the rise and fall of the foot . . . the Florsheim Two-Piece *Feeture Arch* gives a new lease of life to arches that are tired and needed protection to arches that are normal . . . yet there's so much style in a Florsheim Model, you'll never suspect it's an arch support shoe! *Illustrated,* The PINEHILL, W-147.

FLORSHEIM *Shoe Shops for Women*
501 FIFTH AVENUE 8 W. 34th STREET 36 E. 59th STREET
In Brooklyn—*Corner Fulton and Flatbush Ext.*

FOR YOUR PROUDEST DINNERS!

FOR the dinner whose every course must be a triumph . . . there is but one perfect dessert. That is Camembert, the Queen of Cheeses. But there are degrees, even in perfection. Serve Camembert, but serve the *best.* And to make sure you get the very best, insist upon Military Brand Camembert.

Borden's MILITARY BRAND Camembert

away; you'll want them for yourself some time.

So far, we have been expert on the following subjects:

November 3rd . . . . Christmas cards, stationery, playing cards, and handkerchiefs.
November 10th . . . . Custom luggage, special orders for men and for the house.
November 17th . . . . Gifts for the young.

This week, with every effort to maintain our glamour, we discuss:

Lingerie, below.
Games, guns, and gadgets, page 73
Food from back home, page 76

LINGERIE

WE don't have to tell our bright public that nothing pleases a woman, no matter what her age or station, more than a gift of lingerie. We may have to remind you, though, that no one can be quite as grand as the proprietress of a second-rate lingerie shop, and our advice to anyone confronted with that type of ritz is to follow us as we get the hell out of the place. We also urge you to note that you can get good-looking handmade lingerie for any price, from $3.95 (and you'll be amazed how good-looking such lingerie can be) up into hundreds of dollars. So don't be hornswoggled into paying more than you originally intended; it isn't necessary.

For years, Alençon lace held undisputed sway, but other laces, made more interesting by new treatments, are now rife. Binche, point de Paris, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Princesse, Bretonne, and sturdier laces for sports and day wear appear everywhere. Even the delicate Malines appears, and point d'esprit is used with excellent effect, though we will never get over its bassinet connotations. These revived laces are being used in ingenious combination with point-turque appliqué, drawnwork, or embroidery. Some shops, like Hazel Kolman, use no Alençon except by request. This does not mean that Alençon is dead; it also has been the subject of new treatments. Two examples are Jay-Thorpe's lovely "vapor gray" lace-and-chiffon underthings, and a special imported Alençon used by the Saks-Fifth Avenue custom shop, with the hand-run cords in blue or peach on the pale greige lace. The blue is lovely with the ice-blue satin that looks so especially well on blondes or white-haired women. The question of real vs. imitation laces is supposedly merely a question of the pocketbook. With the exception of Val, most of the good imitations, in our opinion, are just as satisfactory as the real, and even the swankiest custom houses provide imitations without so much as a raised eyebrow. Most shops are accommodating about using your own laces if you wish.

YOUR nightgowns can be as costumy as you like this year. Long-sleeved gowns are all around, most of them having a Jane Austen type of quaintness that demands a great amount of minx in the wearer. There are styles in Russian, Empire, Greek, or Regency lines. And some are so 1934 that they can be worn as evening gowns (the Paris mode for drawstring necks has already appeared in nightgowns). Bonwit Teller have a brilliant collection of costume gowns, most of them handmade copies of French models, original and at the same time in excellent taste. If you are a man and not sure of the lady's type (the week between Christmas and New Year's is devoted to exchanges anyway, so it doesn't matter much), you'll find off-the-shoulder nightgowns with Alençon used effectively, and some with deep, high-necked yokes, demure in front and having some surprise slit or other in back.

Practically every kind of fabric is used for robes, hostess gowns, pajamas, and the like except burlap and plaid calico. Velvet is still surefire—the quilted velvet robes this year are swell—and there are lots in that washable crushed velvet. For warm robes and jackets, the custom shops have many new silk-and-wool fabrics, and there are all kinds of attractive novelty woollens, quilted fabrics, and Shetlands, the last very popular in the country, even for actual sleeping. Hostess gowns are likely to be high at the neck, close-fitted, and trailing, with interesting sleeves and the minimum of trimming. Pajamas should either be tailored for sleeping or have jackets or longish coats that put them in the hostess-gown class. Travelling pajamas, usually printed, come in darkish tones with robes to match. Never never give pajamas that are froufrou.

Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), has a collection of exclusive French models and copies that are so perfectly exquisite we cannot imagine a situation worthy of them. They're the kind of things you'll want to treasure, and look at, and touch lightly from time to time, the workmanship is so delicate and the colors so subtle. Their ensemble sets of nightgowns with knee- or full-length coats include a set for Palm Beach, consisting of a flower-printed chiffon gown

Eye Wrinkles - Sleep Hollows

LAUGHING EYES . . . play late and stay lovely. Du Barry gives you a ten-minute eye ritual that's as good as a full hour nap. First refresh and bring back the sparkle with a Du Barry Eye Bath cup. Before you pop into the tub, apply a little Du Barry emollient cream—a film of Du Barry muscle oil. Smooth in rhythmic circles until you feel a glow. This Du Barry Hand Principle motion is authentic salon technique. Richard Hudnut

DuBarry
MUSCLE OIL
DuBarry
EYE BATH

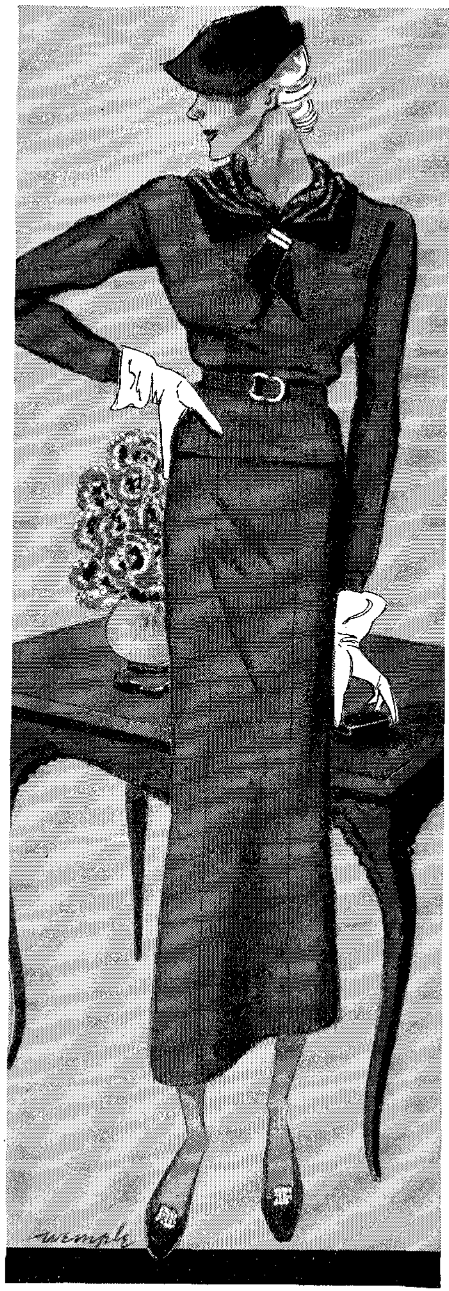
DU BARRY
Beauty Preparations

SOLD BY FINE SHOPS EVERYWHERE

Du Barry Eye Lotion....1.00
Du Barry Muscle Oil....1.00, 1.50, 2.50

"BUTTERFLY" EYE TREATMENT, 3.50. *Ice-cool fingers—soothing masks to shut out light, while refreshing herbs and eye lotion do lovely things. Richard Hudnut Salon, 693 Fifth Avenue*

NEW YORK · RICHARD HUDNUT · PARIS



FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
Lord & Taylor
SPORTS SHOP - 5TH FLOOR

A "Sunday Night Knit" with hand fashioned drawn work in blouse and sleeves. Lacy tie and metal hardware complete the ensemble. Wear it everywhere—just so your friends can applaud your good taste. In Turquoise, Coppergold, Madonna and Chin Chin. $22.75

Look for this label

THE ARISTOCRAT OF KNITTED WEAR
Sunday Night Knits
Marinette
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Marinette
SUNDAY NIGHT KNITS
MARINETTE KNITTING MILLS, MARINETTE, WIS.

and a long robe lined with soft satin; $275 for the original, but their prices for copies of this kind of thing range from about $60 up, and mostly up. When they use Alençon, it is of a quality that makes it seem new to you, and they employ all the other laces, too. The tailored robes are exceptional—diagonally striped satin, lined with ermine cloth and reversible, is the acme of something; about $80. Another is of white velvet with bright printed flowers on it, and a white satin lining. The most luxurious and lovely stuff possible and, as we warned you, expensive.

Hazel Kolman, at 509 Madison (53rd), is unexcelled in her work with nightgown and robe sets of the tailored type. This year, they are slicker than ever. For instance, there is a weekend set having a sapphire moiré robe lined with white satin, a pajama with moiré pants and a white satin tailored blouse, and two nightgowns (different models) bound with sapphire blue. Robe, $40; pajamas, $45; gown, $22. (To order, but she will gladly send the model and let the recipient bring it back to have a new one made to her exact measure.) Another set, in white crêpe, uses red and white gingham-checked silk as broad bindings on both robe and gown. Twin sets of robe and bed jacket of silk and wool made with Angora touches are favorites here. She also has bedcovers made of a crêpe ninety inches wide, so no seams show, decorated with block initials of écru Val. She is, we repeat, a queen of the ensemble and tailored things with a fillip, and her prices for custom stuff are reasonable.

THE Maison de Linge, 844 Madison (70th), is a very good choice for ladylike and practical lingerie at amazingly low prices. There is nothing unusual or eccentric in design to bring out the hussy in you. They are making a point this year of sets including gown, slip, panties, and bedcover of crêpe with Bretonne lace; the bedcover, edged with lace and having two rows of insertion, is but $22.50; the slip is $10.50, all handmade. They have lots of Lady Carmichael Shetlands. Lightweight robes of quilted crêpe de Chine with warm lamb's-wool interlining; $13.75. Among the excellent quilts and bedcovers, there is a quilt of brocaded satin, quilted in simple squares and having a satin lining, for $25. Nothing exciting, but beautiful taste and your money's worth.

Roger Barrot, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th), has a grand collection of French

PRIZED POSSESSIONS
CRÊPE DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS

● *De Luxe bottle, as above, from $10 to $30, according to size. Others from $1.25 to $6. This same scent also available in face powder, dusting powder, talcum powder, eau de toilette, Sachette.*

Crêpe de Chine
PARFUM by MILLOT · PARIS

6
GIFTS
IN ONE

Genuine SIX-WAY PILLOW

Lona Andre, Courtesy of Paramount Productions, Inc.

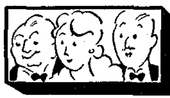
HE or she will appreciate a Six-Way* Pillow for Christmas. It's more than novel. It's luxurious. It offers a choice of 6 comfortable positions . . . for lounging, for reading in bed . . . for college students . . . for invalids.

Adjustable drawstring makes it hard or soft, holds shape regardless of hard use. Attractive, durable coverings in smart new colors and fabrics for living room or bedroom. At leading department stores.

• • • • •

BARCALO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BUFFALO . . . BURTON-DIXIE CORPORATION, CHICAGO & BROOKLYN . . . EMMERICH PILLOWS, INC., CHICAGO . . . SCHADT & MATHEWSON, INC., DETROIT . . . SEALY MATTRESS CO., HOUSTON . . . SIMON MATTRESS MFG. CO., SAN FRANCISCO . . . TY-TON MFG. CO., LOS ANGELES.

U. S. Pat. No. 1890358, Des. Pat. No. 90747
**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



The DE WITT CLINTON

They all speak well of it

Albany's
newest
smartest
hotel...
•
a Knott hotel
•
John J. Hyland
Manager

■400 spic span clean, outside rooms with bath. Faces Capitol Park. Splendid meals. Attentive service. Moderate rates. Come . . . we'll make you happy.

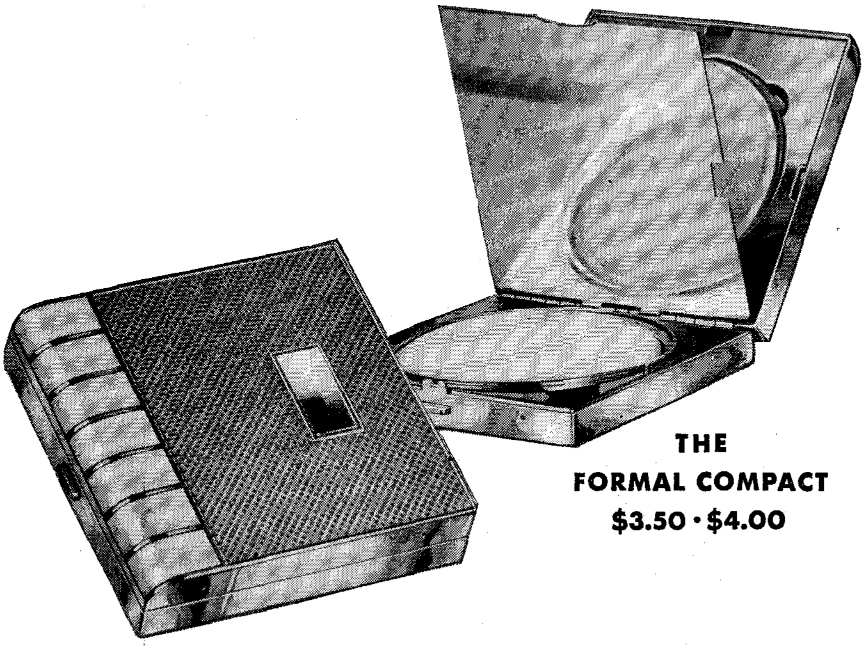
things, not many of a kind, with nightgowns around $25. Beautiful work, employing very little lace, seems to be his aim. One gown with bits of lace and point-turque embroidery is held around the neck by a delicate braided satin cord. Another has Colbert cut-out embroidery with the effect of Venise lace. He has all kinds of quilted robes, washable without looking it, and interesting negligees beginning at $22. . . . Kargère, 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd), is the place to go for those lovely trailing French robes of that long piled-velvet called *soie plume* (looks like fine fur), and the plain, trailing princesse model is $95. Fine, classic French lingerie is all around, and there are interesting matinées and robes, including some of the Gallenga type, which is being revived. . . . Mme. Collart, 581 Madison (57th), is another treasure house of imported French lingerie. Copies made here, also. It was a pioneer in the use of white laces and is still lavish with them on gowns, slips, combinations, and the like made in such simple designs that it is easy to alter them to give a custom look. The place is also noted for exquisite boudoir pillows, employing fine linen and crêpe de Chine, with bits of drawnwork and discreet use of lace in edgings—a relief from the over-fussy type that prevails in town.

YOU know, of course, about the hostess gowns at Fortuny, 509 Madison (53rd). They are of finely pleated satin in soft, subtle colors, either in one-piece style or the two-piece tunic type. They arrive rolled up into a cord in a violet box; $135 up. You'll find all kinds of jackets (many suitable for evening wraps) with the celebrated Fortuny dull-metal blocking on velvet and other fabrics.

Nanine, 510 Madison (53rd), has very nice lingerie to order, and is using all the new laces, including an English one resembling point-de-Paris called birkin. She has no negligees—just ladylike and lovely underthings that arrive deliciously sacheted and boxed. . . . Vera Sanville, at 746 Madison (65th), has good bed jackets, notably one of velvet made double in back so that the upper layer goes to form the long sleeves edged with white fur. Among the long robes, she avoids too tailored a look by attractive braided pockets and like touches. And she has a collection of inexpensive nightgowns that are enor-

FRANCES DENNEY *presents*

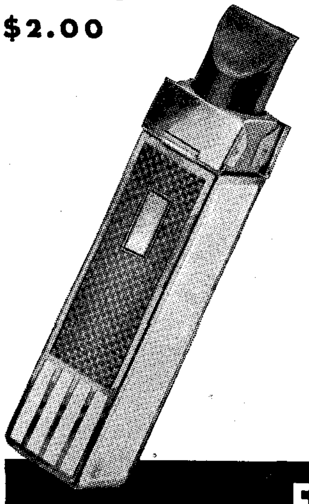
a lovely lipstick and compact....



THE
FORMAL COMPACT
$3.50 • $4.00

BE fussy with your poudre, exacting with your rouge but remember to be equally discriminating in your choice of compact and lipstick. A woman's taste in purse appointments *so* reveals her fastidiousness. MISS DENNEY presents her new Formal Compact and Formal Lipstick...with a full realization of the responsibility each assumes in complementing the prestige of FRANCES DENNEY Preparations. They are obtainable at exclusive stores in all cities. If you do not know the name of the store in your city, write MISS DENNEY. Address her: FRANCES DENNEY, PHILADELPHIA.

THE FORMAL
LIPSTICK
$2.00



THE FORMAL COMPACT...Smart in its slim patrician beauty of gold edged with chaste enamel. Modern as tomorrow's debutante. Its sophisticated charm...and price...suggest a happy choice for Christmas shopping lists. Single, for loose poudre, $3.50. Double, for poudre and rouge, $4.00.

THE FORMAL LIPSTICK...An exquisitely fine indelible pomade in an aristocratic new style holder of gold edged with contrasting enamel. Its haughty case is automatic and can be easily manipulated with one hand. A variety of shades to suit your mood and temperament: Light, Medium, Vivid and Russet, $2.00.

FRANCES DENNEY

TO ORDER FROM THE SALON....

FRANCES DENNEY, Philadelphia

DEAR MISS DENNEY: I inclose $______for which send me the following______

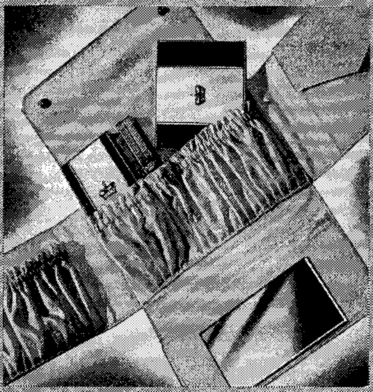
______

*Name*______

*Address*______

THE CREATIONS OF PRINCE MATCHABELLI

"Grace Moore", a serenade in scent; a perfume as stirring as the Columbia Star's voice. In regal Crowns, from $4.50



Prince Matchabelli's latest Vanity Purse fitted with new cigarette case, compact, lipstick. $15 and $20. Some from $10

The three most celebrated of Matchabelli's accessories: lipstick, compact, powder box, $5 With double compact, $5.50

Better shops will show you the perfumes and other creations of

Prince Matchabelli

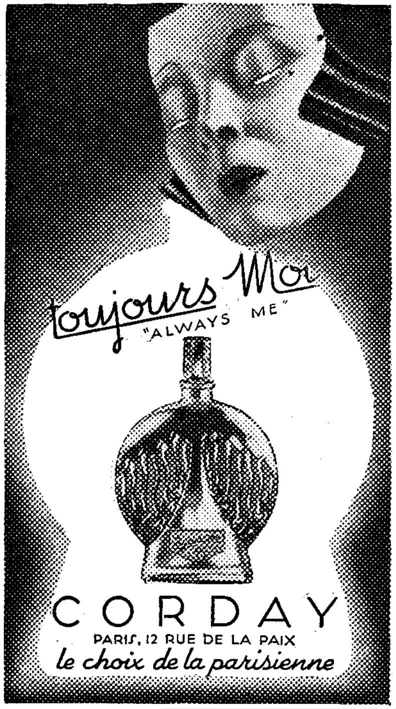
mously popular with young girls. . . . The Colony Lingerie Shop, at 664 Madison (61st), is expensive, ornate, and carries all kinds of elaborate lingerie for women who delight in a trollop tang. It has particularly magnificent bed sets—look at an imported one that starts out with a cover of pale-blue silk printed with tiny flowers and has sheets, pillowcases, hot-water-bag covers, and bootees lined with fine white-fur fabric to go with it. You can buy them separately, too. The bootees in velvet, lined with fur fabric, will be $20. And they like a new satin fabric with a wool back for jackets and such. . . . The Purple Box, 11 East 55th, has a new evening pantie that has no opening and doesn't show a wrinkle, made of satin with crêpe point-turque appliqué; $9.50. A Vionnet idea with a cowl neck in front and a V in back is their pet for wash velvet gowns; $24.50. Velvet throw to match, $32.50. A new short slip reminiscent of the old-time chemise is made of chiffon and grayish Alençon, designed to wear under the new slit evening gowns. The money you spend here provides work for the crippled, but you needn't feel too charitable. The stuff is all to order, and beautifully made, with hand embroidery a specialty.

BONWIT TELLER have superb lingerie of every possible type. We did not see a thing there that was in questionable taste, and we consider it a foolproof place for lingerie at whatever price you want to pay. A group of handmade nightgowns at $3.95 is present; there is an extremely original group of French models that were copied somewhere (they won't tell) and sell for $15, combining sheer with heavy materials, and adorned with fine tucks, hand-fagotting, point turque and the like. You'll find your costume nightgowns and ravishing ensembles there, too—witness a white satin Empire gown with a low halter back and a neck edged at the high front with point-turque flat petals; with a sheer white jacket; $29.50. The Russian one with colored embroidery has gay ribbons dangling from the gathered neck and elbow sleeves. The new custom department at Saks-Fifth Avenue specializes in lace combined with satin, crêpe, or ninon in a luxurious way, and adores monogramming on everything. The tailored stuff is distinguished because of the odd pale coloring of the bindings—pale chartreuse or delicate lemon. There is a $50 set with a slip, bed jacket, and gown contained in a Carlin Comforts velvet

The Higher
. . . the Fewer

MAKE one highball do the work of two by passing around these man-size super-highball glasses that hold almost a quart of liquid. Of sparkling crystal, they are 8 inches high and have non-skid fluting. Set of six, $15. Decanters of crystal and sterling silver to match, $45 each. Ice bucket and sterling tongs, $21. Tray, $75. Scotch and Rye Chains, $4 each.

BRAND-CHATILLON
Jewelers *and* Silversmiths
773 Fifth Avenue Savoy-Plaza



toujours Moi
"ALWAYS ME"
CORDAY
PARIS, 12 RUE DE LA PAIX
le choix de la parisienne

Plaza 3-4300
Gladstone
a residential hotel of established reputation
restaurant and bar
114 East 52nd Street

box to put in the dresser drawer—an ideal gift at this price. The ready-to-wear lingerie at Saks contains fine copies of French models, and the negligees, house gowns, and pajamas are unusually good. . . . At Wanamaker, among the traditional display of lingerie, you'll find several things in the point-turque appliqué that is again so much in vogue. The prices are incredibly low for this aristocratic kind of work—a lovely gown of heavy sheer, with an appliqué of satin to match, has a round neck in front and a low back with a Vionnet twist in the halter arrangement; $10.95. A gown, slip, and panties in satin with point turque cost less than $12 for the set.

GAMES, GUNS, AND GADGETS

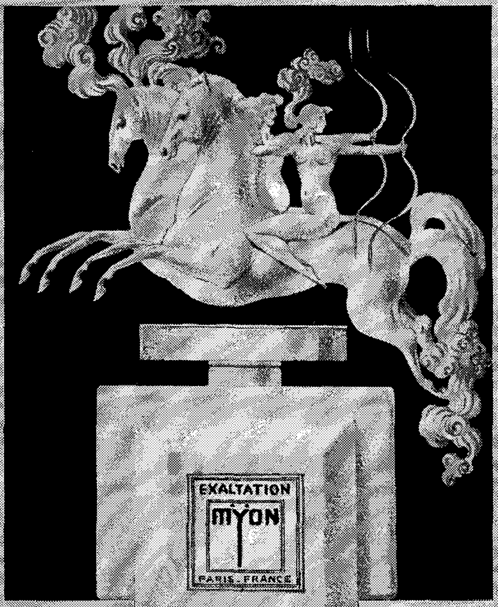
IT'S a haphazard collection of items we've seen in our travels this week, so we might as well begin with games; everybody likes to give them and play them this time of year. We're not going into bridge things, or poker sets, or parcheesi. Doubtless you have pretty definite ideas about these, and even if you haven't, you can't go far wrong with any of them. Instead, we shall try to list just a few aids for the Life-of-the-Party, or merely for dull evenings.

For those who favor the grimmer games, there's Hazard, Keno, Chuck-a-Luck, and of course roulette. You can get wheels as large as those at the club where you had that perfectly ghastly run of luck last summer, or small, all-metal ones that are quite as accurately balanced. Abercrombie & Fitch have a travelling roulette layout ($15): a good-sized wheel, a cloth, and plenty of chips, all packed in a leather overnight bag for someone going on a cruise or a transcontinental train trip. We can recommend On Me, which is quite new; and the good old English (Army) game of Crown & Anchor—particularly for whoever has the bank. In this category is Rolluck. You press something on the side of a box, and three colored balls pop out on a layout cloth that has the odds of the different color combinations. Then there is Java-Calcutta ($7.52 at Macy), a sort of backgammon Mah Jong—if you can imagine that—but not so involved as it sounds. It's a fast game for two players. More cerebral is Malba, which was invented by the bridge champion of Long Island, Dr. Albert Ferguson. However, it's engrossing enough to have a vogue. Macy has a new backgammon board ($18.79), with a heavy sailcloth cover

A *New* CONCEIT IN PARFUMS . . . DIRECT FROM PARIS

MYON'S

Exaltation



an unforgettable odeur . . .

MYON
242 RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS
724 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

$10. $16.50 $25.
AT BETTER STORES

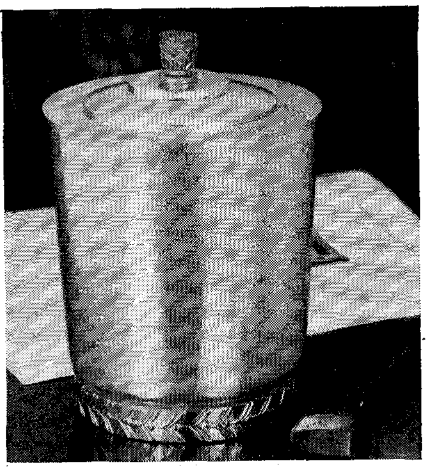
Gracious Gifts

● Wrapping for his friend, or unwrapping for himself . . . he is not going to be disappointed! Kensington gifts have a man's flavor, a man's simplicity.

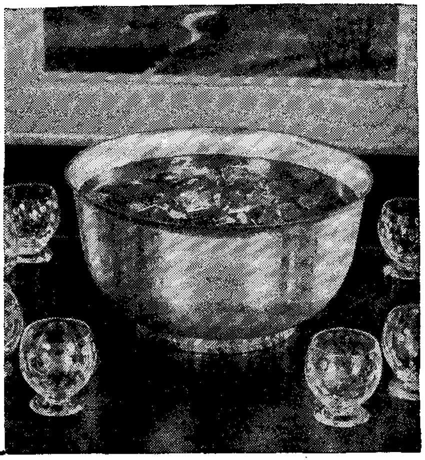
Crafted from a new metal that glows with the soft lustre of old silver. Tarnishing and staining unknown. The gift for 1934!

These and sixty-odd other distinguished pieces are being shown by leading department stores, jewelers, and specialty shops. The very honor of your gift list commands your immediate inspection.

Kensington
INCORPORATED
OF NEW KENSINGTON



The Charleston Tobacco Jar: tight cover and sponge-clip, too, $6.00.
●
The Round Table Punch Bowl: $10.00.



MEET HER IN
THE CORINTHIAN ROOM
FOR COCKTAILS

It will, of course, mean staying on for dinner . . . for, there is something so exhilarating about this new type of restaurant and cocktail lounge, which just puts any idea of going anywhere else out of mind...It will be a pleasure to see you.

★

Dinner and Dancing
Pancho and his ORCHESTRA
Prix Fixe Dinner $3.00

★

Sunday Dinner Concerts

TEL. REGENT 4-5900 FOR RESERVATIONS

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE at 61st STREET • NEW YORK
EDWARD H. CRANDALL
Managing Director

GOWNS "GET" THE MAN
OR, help to, anyway!

• That's why smart young misses are rushing to Wilma for their holiday wardrobe. It would take a man of stone to withstand the feminine appeal of these Débutante frocks!

The special Débutante price is
$29.50
WILMA GOWNS
132 West 57th Street, Manhattan

In gold lamé, with tailored belt and bow

and collapsible sailcloth cups, for travellers who can't bear the idea of being separated from their game.

Or if you have one of those cheaters on your list, there's "New Deal Solitaire," a book listing thirty-three games invented recently by John Nelson Fitts, Professor Emeritus of Connecticut State College, and with it you get a swell deck of playing cards. Among the new card games is Make-a-Million, a variation of bridge; in this, the cards represent sums of money.

The shops are full of football games. There's Oliphant's (if you remember your Army teams, you'll remember Elmer), which we played, and like; Monday Morning Coach, Howard Jones' game; and Pigskin, which will be welcomed by those experts who love to draw diagrams or plays on the tablecloth while listening to descriptions over the radio.

Among the gay games, Subway Express is one of the newer variations of bagatelle; so is Bag-a-Ball, the layout of which is supposed to be a golf course, with the usual hazards. Socca-Ball can be exciting; you snap bits of celluloid at a ping-pong ball, and try to drive it over a goal-line before your opponent does. We love The Twin Palookas ($5 at Abercrombie & Fitch) for their name. They're two wooden figures, a bit over a foot high, standing in the position of boxers. Their arms are articulated, and two people, working them as they might marionettes, can left-jab and right-cross for hours and hours. Unfortunately, no knockouts are possible, as the figures are fastened to a heavy board. As for rowdy games, we haven't seen anything comparable to Krazy Table Tennis, to be played after the fourth drink; it's at Spalding, Abercrombie & Fitch, and Macy.

WE couldn't imagine anyone who wouldn't like one of the clocks J. A. Henckels, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), is so proud of. They're the most appealing, quaintly carved wooden Scotties you ever saw, and you tell the time by looking in their eyes. Sounds foolish, but the eyelids of the animals have the conventional clock calibrations, and the eyes, which roll around, have little marks to designate the hour and the minute; the right eye marks the hour, and the left the minute. Even if anyone didn't care for so distracting a clock, it would decorate any mantel. It comes in several sizes.

Henckels, as you know, is famous for scissors and knives—hunting knives with roebuck handles, small machetes

orchidée bleue
"BLUE ORCHID
CORDAY
PARIS, 12 RUE DE LA PAIX
ses parfums aparts

KNOWN ON SIX CONTINENTS AND SEVEN SEAS

Celebrating 55 Years in Business, Week of November 19th to 24th

We are proud of our reputation—for Sea Food—Steaks & Chops—Cooked to your order

Gage & Tollner
FULTON STREET NEAR SMITH
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Borough Hall Station on all Subways

Our Drinks match our Quality Food

HOTEL
MARGUERY
270 PARK AVENUE
at 47th Street
NEW YORK

SINGLE ROOMS with bath . . . . $4 and up
DOUBLE ROOMS (Twin beds), bath . . $6 and up
SUITES, Living room, bedroom and bath . $10 and up
(Special Weekly and Monthly Rates)
TELEPHONE: WIckersham 2-9000

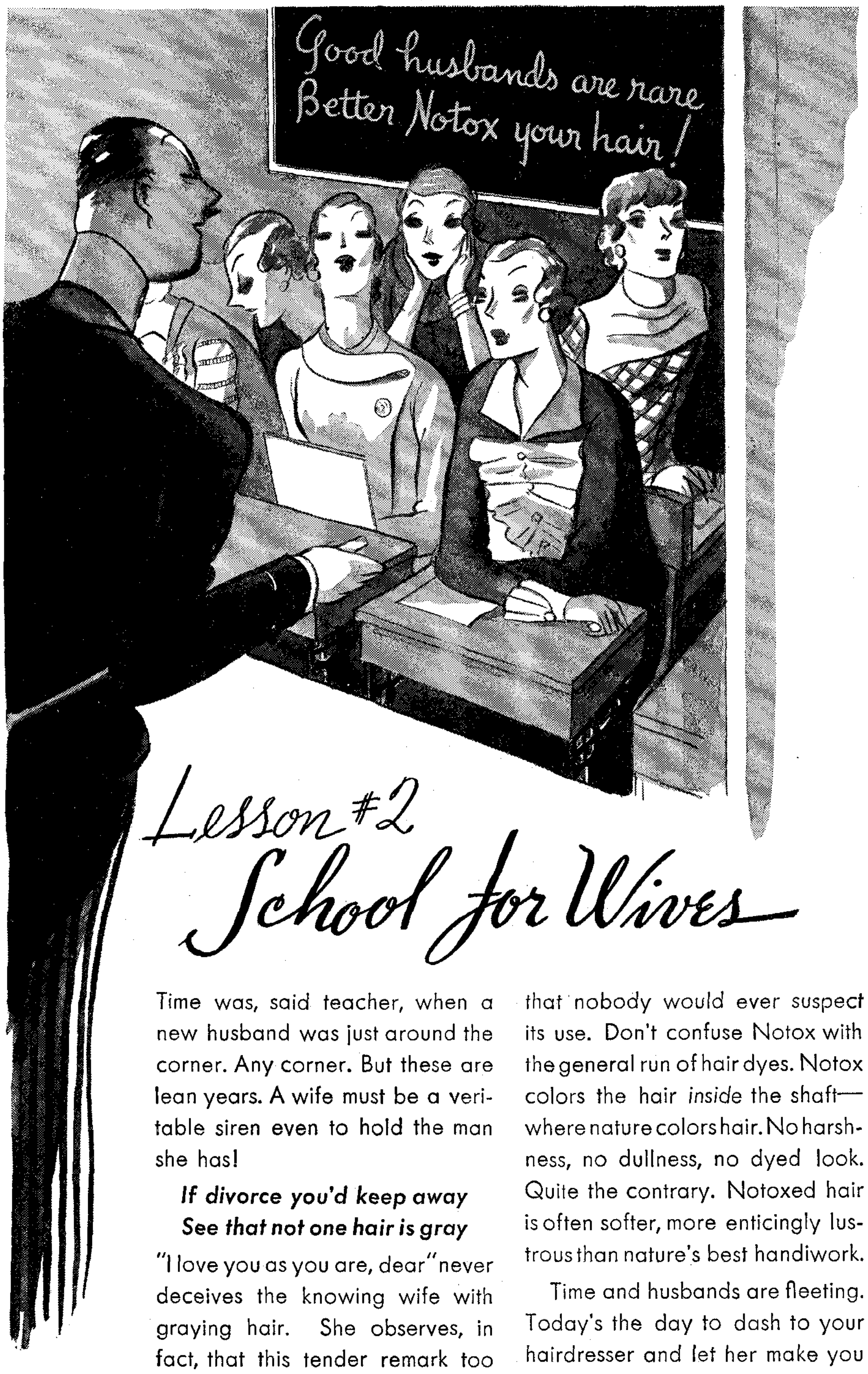
for people going big-game hunting; every kind. We particularly liked a sportsman's knife, one of those multi-blade affairs that seem to have everything except a split-bamboo rod.

MOST men who've done any shooting at all prefer to buy their own shotguns and rifles. Besides, a gun should be fitted to its owner as carefully as his tailcoat. However, it might be worth remembering for yourself that Winchester has just brought out a line of de-luxe, double-barrelled, single-trigger shotguns to prove that American gunsmiths can rival Purdey, Holland & Holland, Boss, Francotte, and Sauer. They are gracefully reminiscent of the old Kentucky rifle, and some ($450) are beautifully engraved. As for ourselves, we coveted a plain gun with three sets of interchangeable barrels: a twenty-six-inch one for skeet, a twenty-eight for field shooting, and a thirty for duck, all in a smart leather case, for $375.

To get back to gifts, a pair of leather gun racks—they come in several sizes—is always acceptable. If you want to be particularly generous, though, you might give an order for a number of hours at Abercrombie & Fitch's shooting school, where one can practice under the best conditions, or take lessons from an excellent instructor in all sorts of trap and field shooting.

THERE'S something fascinating about the smell and feel of sound, well-cured leather. Saks-Fifth Avenue have a heavy, hand-sewn leather cigarette box with a tip-up top, and smaller boxes of the same sort, that would look quite as well in the library as on the dressing table. They also have new, extra-smart black suede wallets to go with white ties and tails. And we haven't seen a better collection of fitted dressing cases anywhere in town; we commend to your attention an elaborate one that slips into a tired businessman's briefcase which they have thoughtfully equipped with a compartment for pajamas.

You have already been advised about custom-made luggage. In case you weren't interested, Saks-Fifth Avenue have an ample collection of first-rate things ready to be painted with initials and taken away. Of course the showpiece is a pigskin, morocco-lined, fitted suitcase with a drop front. The fittings are of engine-turned silver, with brushes by Kent. We really were saving it for our Extravagance Notes, for it costs $850. Perhaps be-



Lesson #2
School for Wives

Time was, said teacher, when a new husband was just around the corner. Any corner. But these are lean years. A wife must be a veritable siren even to hold the man she has!

If divorce you'd keep away
See that not one hair is gray

"I love you as you are, dear" never deceives the knowing wife with graying hair. She observes, in fact, that this tender remark too often accompanies a wandering step, a roving eye.

Her path is clear. As clear as yours, dear pupils. She promptly has her hair recolored with Inecto Rapid Notox. Then with a shimmering halo of lovely youthful hair, *she is ready to defeat all comers.*

Notox recolors hair so naturally, matches your shade so perfectly, that nobody would ever suspect its use. Don't confuse Notox with the general run of hair dyes. Notox colors the hair *inside* the shaft—where nature colors hair. No harshness, no dullness, no dyed look. Quite the contrary. Notoxed hair is often softer, more enticingly lustrous than nature's best handiwork.

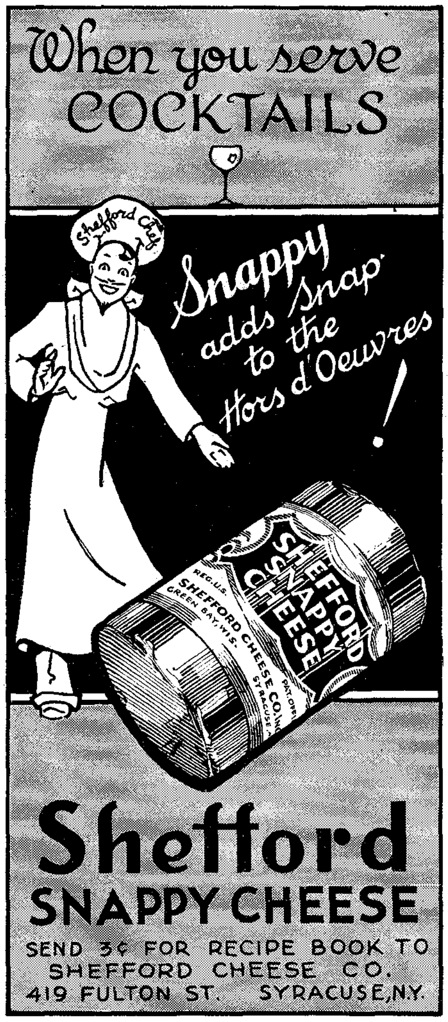
Time and husbands are fleeting. Today's the day to dash to your hairdresser and let her make you young again with Notox. But be sure it's Notox—take no chances. Resent a substitute. Identify Inecto Rapid Notox by the little brown bottle with the crinkly green cap. Ask at any good hairdresser; buy Notox at any smart shop.

Consultation free at New York Salon—33 West 46th Street, Telephone BRyant 9-7387.

Free *Interesting booklet, mailed in plain envelope*
Write Inecto, Dept. 7, 33 W. 46th St., New York

INECTO
Rapid
NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does



SEND 3¢ FOR RECIPE BOOK TO
SHEFFORD CHEESE CO.
419 FULTON ST. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Why do millions drink hot BOVRIL every day?

...Because this world-famous beef drink is appetizing, delicious and stimulating. ...It contains the goodness of prime beef, highly concentrated.

Drink it with your meals and when tired, chilled or depressed; hot Bovril warms and cheers. Stimulates convalescent appetites. Famous abroad for nearly fifty years. Made in 10 seconds . . . a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water.

TRY IT!

If not available at your food or drug store, send this coupon:

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Wm. S. Scull Co., 102 Federal St., Camden, N. J.
I want to try a ¼ lb. bottle of Bovril.
I enclose $1 ☐ Send C. O. D. ☐
Name
Address
Name and address of store where I'd like to buy Bovril:

cause we weren't quite so awed, we liked a cowhide suitcase ($175) just a bit better. This was something extra, as it didn't have the usual frame and lining; the leather, which had been molded when wet and then dried, reminded us of those rhinoceros-hide canes the dandies of several decades ago used to prize. And don't forget to look at the sailcloth-and-leather matched sets of trunks and bags.

WE aren't especially interested in furniture, gift or otherwise, but we saw a smoker's chair ($225) at Dunhill that might properly fall into the category of a gadget. We pulled out drawers in the overstuffed arms and found tobacco jars, ashtrays, cigarette boxes, Dunhill-lighter holders, and whatnot, while under the seat was a big humidor for cigars, and a pipe rack—maybe the pipe rack was in one of the arms; we forget. At any rate, all we thought it lacked was a gimmick to hold our pipe while we smoked. Dunhill also is proud of new patent tobacco jars—which they've been working on for years—that seal almost hermetically. The trick is done with springs. And the latest thing in tobacco pouches, so far as we know, is made out of a foulard handkerchief and can be carried in the breast pocket.

WELL, at Abercrombie & Fitch, we saw a real Tyrolian jacket—in the conventional green and gray, with silver buttons and everything—that seemed just the right smoking jacket for that chair. . . . The MM Importing Company, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), where you will find Kennett pipes, and all sorts of other things for smokers, will get you a magnificent Civil War vintage cigarstore Indian.

FOOD FROM BACK HOME

TO hear any New Yorker carrying on to a Philadelphian, or to somebody from Detroit, about our markets, you would think this town was the crux of the gastronomic universe (which, as a matter of fact, it is). But just let Christmas come around, and most good New Yorkers from the South and the Middle West and New England remember some specialty of state or county, and hastily take pen in hand to order it from old Mrs. Somebody back home.

Charleston perhaps has more local specialties for sale than any other place in the country, some of which can be shipped, and some of which can't. I have written reams to the ladies of

CALL
SUSQUEHANNA
7-1700

for Immediate Delivery Anywhere in New York

CHOICE WINES & LIQUORS
at very Moderate Prices

FOR EXAMPLE
WHITE HORSE SCOTCH WHISKY
3.59 FIFTH

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT CO.
ESTABLISHED 1820
Broadway at 87th Street

Other Acker, Merrall & Condit Co. Stores

HACKENSACK, N. J.	HACKENSACK 2-9056
UNION CITY, N. J.	PALISADE 6-9061
PATERSON, N. J.	SHERWOOD 2-1645
EAST ORANGE, N. J.	ORANGE 5-3311
ASBURY PARK, N. J.	ASBURY PARK 3636
STAMFORD, CONN.	STAMFORD 3-0500

VOYAGE À PARIS
Voyage à Paris Corday
CORDAY
PARIS, 12 RUE DE LA PAIX
le cachet de l'élégance

THE GREEN EXHIBITION
For the Benefit of the Heckscher Foundation
REINHARDT GALLERIES
730 FIFTH AVENUE

ARE YOU A KNIT-WIT?
Are you an enthusiast without technique? Do your knitted necklines bulge and your knitted shoulders sag?
"KNIT TO FIT"
Expert knitting instruction stitch by stitch in how to turn a hank of wool into an enviable costume. Blocking.
Telephone Wick. 2-7364.

Charleston explaining how sure I am that pine-bark stew and shrimp paste can be expressed to New York, and at any rate will they please try. At the end of the correspondence, the Charleston ladies write very firmly that New Yorkers who hone for pine-bark stew and shrimp paste will have to come to Charleston to eat them. So those of us who haven't time to go to Charleston are left thanking our stars that white fruit cake with that gorgeous almond icing, and Colonial relish, and Lady Baltimore, and pecan roll can be, and frequently are, shipped to hungry New Yorkers.

The almond icing that goes on the sticky black fruit cake, as well as on the more delicate white, is a secret recipe not known beyond Legaré Street, and the lady who makes it warns me that it "would never do for commercial purposes," as the icing gets hard after a couple of weeks. I don't know what commercial purposes she suspects I have in mind, but I pass it on to the rest of you that it would never do. Furthermore, once you lay your eyes on one of these fabulous cakes, you are pretty certain to find a strictly personal use for it. They weigh five pounds and cost $11.50 packed and shipped. The un-iced black fruit cakes cost $1.25 a pound, and the postage is extra. The much more publicized Lady Baltimores cost $4.25 delivered.

In Charleston, they also make a ravishing sweet orange, lemon, and grapefruit marmalade put up in one-pound jars at $6.82 a dozen, and in little individual jars at $2.05 a dozen, postage paid. All of these things, as well as pecan roll, which is a delicious candy that you slice down like an Italian sausage, and peach leather (another confection), and a pickle called Colonial relish, can be ordered through Mrs. Blanche Rhett, at the Pirate House.

FARTHER South, in Montgomery, Alabama, Jean Read makes the most incredibly good plum puddings, which are like no other plum puddings in the world, for somehow she manages to turn that usually oversweet and heavy dish into something really delicious. She ships them in two-, three-, and five-pound molds at $1.20 a pound, prepaid. She also makes pickled Jerusalem artichokes that are grand to serve with cocktails; $5.50 a dozen pint jars.

Also in Montgomery, Nancy Pearré, at 54 Jefferson Davis Avenue, makes

In the annals of Scotch Whisky no name means quite so much as Haig & Haig
Haig & Haig
Glasgow and London
Blend of Scots Whisky
Haig & Haig Limited
Specially Selected
Blended and Bottled in Scotland

Haig & Haig
SCOTS WHISKY

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD.
230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK . . . 1 NORTH LASALLE STREET, CHICAGO . . . 111 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE editors of The Virginia Quarterly Review work on the assumption that a magazine may be genuinely thoughtful without being dull, critical without being denunciatory, authoritative without pontificating.

The business management is working on the assumption that readers intelligent enough to enjoy The New Yorker are intelligent enough to enjoy, for different reasons, The Virginia Quarterly Review.

Brentano's will take your subscription ($3.00 the year) or furnish you a copy of the current issue (75 cents).

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
One West Range
University, Virginia

DIANE TATE
AND
MARIAN HALL
801 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK
GIFTS
FROM ONE DOLLAR UP

YOUNG WOMAN

What Now?

You are seeking a career?...a little uncertain at times?...The Barbizon for you! Learn the dollars-and-sense value of right environment... encourage a zest for achievement by cultivating friendships with the right people.

The Barbizon is "New York's most exclusive residence for young women"— but you can afford to live here. A few charming little rooms now available... come in and inspect them.

•

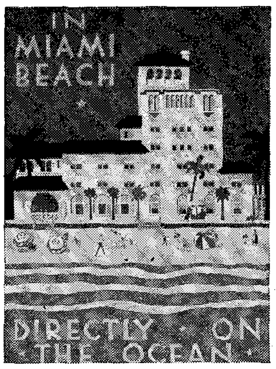
Very Moderate Tariff

•

Write for the Barbizon Booklet "C"

The Barbizon
New York's Most
Exclusive Residence for Young Women

LEXINGTON AVENUE
at 63rd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY



You expect certain things in a fine hotel. You get all these, of course, at the Pancoast. Yet there's an added personal friendliness—the atmosphere of a private house party on a luxurious estate. Private beach and Cabaña Club. Excellent cuisine, attentive service. Location secluded without being isolated—convenient to all sports and amusement centers. American Plan in winter, European in summer. Advisable to write or wire for reservations today.

HOTEL PANCOAST
★
OPEN ALL YEAR
ARTHUR PANCOAST, *Pres.*; NORMAN PANCOAST, *Mgr.*

a taffy of black walnuts and thick cream which is one of the best sweets of its kind I know. She sells it for $1.75 a pound, including postage.

THERE are admirers of Hendrik Wilhelm Van Loon who will tell you that his books are as good as the maple syrup his son Hank makes up in Vermont, but I never heard anybody go so far as to say the books are better. This priceless syrup (eighty cents a quart) is all first-run, and is shipped express free. It can also be had in gallon tins for $2.75. The address is Henry Van Loon, Dorset, Vermont.

In Wakefield, Rhode Island, J. B. Eldred makes a sausage that is famous all through the South County. It costs forty-three cents a pound, with twelve cents added for two pounds by parcel post. Mr. Eldred makes his sausage fresh on Mondays and Thursdays, and it reaches you the next day. It's the kind that isn't highly seasoned, but it's every bit pure pork.

A most magnificent addition to a buffet supper is one of the smoked turkeys that John Brown, Jr., of 199 Main Street, Ossining, prepares by a process all his own. Don't ask me how it's done, for I never even heard of smoked turkeys until I met up with Mr. Brown's birds, and the simply divine flavor gives no clue that would help you smoke a turkey of your own. The price is fifty-five cents a pound, with postage extra; you are billed for the whole thing when it is shipped.

Mrs. B. E. Corwin, 81 Maple Court, Hayward, California, makes a delicious fruit cake entirely unlike the Charleston variety. It is sort of brownish and moistish, and so filled with glacé fruits that when you cut into it, it looks like a piece of twelfth-century stained glass. It keeps well, and costs $1.20 a pound, postpaid.

Quite grand soft black figs, stuffed to bursting with walnuts, are made in Los Angeles by Edna McDermott, at 4440 West 63rd Street. They are shipped postpaid in three-pound tins for $3.75, or they can be had in decorated Chinese baskets that hold two pounds; $3.

Down on the Isle of Hope, Georgia, A. M. Barbee & Son put up diamond-back turtle meat at the reasonable price of $1 a tin, with postage extra. High-living Georgians usually make a soup of it, for which an old Savannah recipe is printed on each tin. It calls for cream, and sherry, and lemon peel, and—but you had better try it for yourself.

BAHAMIAN
MUSTARD
BAHAMIAN
MUSTARD

New and Different

Even a whiff of its spicy aroma would tempt the most jaded appetite . . . a perfect accompaniment to every meal or snack. Contains English mustard and Bahamian spices. . . . Lasts three times longer than ordinary mustard.

At all leading grocers.

Bahamian Mustard Co., Inc.
29 East 83rd St., N. Y.

L'Ardente Nuit
THE ARDENT NIGHT
$38.50 le flacon
L'Ardente Nuit Corday Paris
CORDAY
PARIS, 12 RUE DE LA PAIX
son parfum précieux

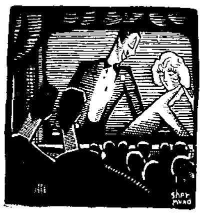
Roll out with BENCHLEY!

Have you read about Whang the Gong, Son of Whang the Old Man, brother of Old Whang Syne; or The Menace of the Pigeon; or Who Killed Rasputin? They're all in Benchley's new book, with illustrations by Gluyas Williams.

FROM BED TO WORSE
$2.50 HARPERS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Astaire and Others



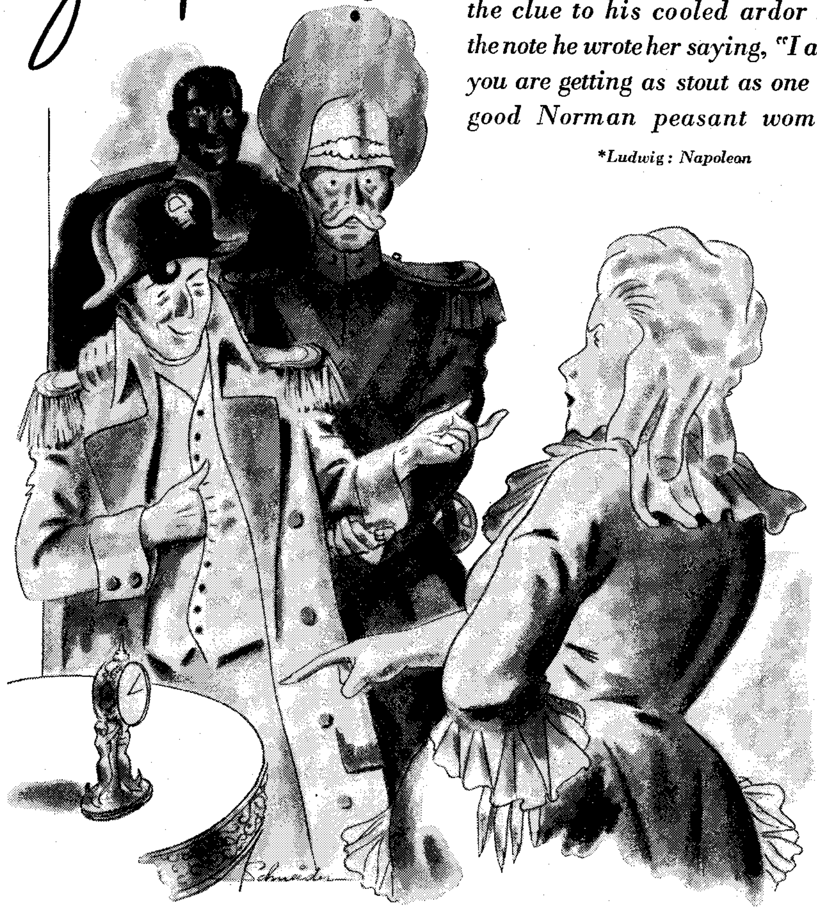
THE movie people have at last allowed Fred Astaire to do some dancing. Hitherto they have had him about on the set now and then, perhaps begrudging him a turn or two, but in "The Gay Divorcée" he can skip around all he wants to, and the result is very pleasing. All in all, there is quite a bit of talent in this movie, including not only Mr. Astaire's but Miss Ginger Rogers' also, and Miss Alice Brady's and Mr. Edward Everett Horton's. I am inclined to say, however, that in the handling of all this talent there has been shown very little equivalent skill. It would almost appear that unless Lubitsch directs it, any big musical show on the screen is bound to be cumbersome, rather wearying, and monotonous at times, seldom really fresh or inventive. "The Gay Divorcée" is no exception to the rule. It's a little oppressive occasionally, and pretty long, running one hundred and seven minutes, as some passing statistician was heard muttering to himself, which means, you know, that it's about half an hour longer than the average. With so many people in town in a hurry, those half-hours count, of course.

YOU may need to be told that "The Gay Divorcée" is contrived from Fred Astaire's Broadway play, which I seem to recall was called, with Manhattan simplicity, merely "Gay Divorce." Perhaps you need to be told, too, not only that Fred Astaire can dance, bound up and down a stairway and over the furniture like nobody else on earth, but also that he is one of the smartest and politest comedians we've got. Ginger Rogers seems to enjoy his comedy as well as find his dancing a pleasure, as he would seem to find hers. I must add a note about Alice Brady as the matron of the group. Never have I heard anything more convincing than her statement on one occasion that she hadn't been astonished since she was eight. I believed it. There is a big dance spectacle toward the end of the affair, featuring the Continental, a step I should imagine rather too gymnastic for the average penthouse ballroom. The music seems usual, although for-

"Don't Blame me Josephine!"

*Napoleon and Josephine — ah, there was a romance for you! Napoleon, the conqueror, became Napoleon, the slave, when he married the dashing Josephine. But romance died — so history tells us — and his not-so-little woman found herself at home—while Bonaparte cavorted with the boys! Can the clue to his cooled ardor lie in the note he wrote her saying, "I am told you are getting as stout as one of our good Norman peasant women."**

**Ludwig: Napoleon*



Even with Josephine in mind you've only yourself to blame if you starve to keep a satisfactory silhouette. *We'll* tell you here and now that hunger strikes are as out of date as the Little Corporal's famous hat. One eats Ry-Krisp these days—and has a thoroughly good time of staying slim.

Because it tastes so good, you'll eat Ry-Krisp with delight at any meal — and never even miss the foods that make you fat! You see, it's simply flaked whole rye, salt and water—double baked into crunchy wafers. That's why it's so safe—so rich in the unique flavor that's all its own! Try Ry-Krisp on your guests. They'll love you for it! It comes—from practically *any* grocer — in red and white checkerboard packages.

Tune in

Mme. Sylvia of HOLLYWOOD

World Famous Authority on the Care of the Figure

NBC Blue Network, Every Wednesday
Evening. — 10:15 EST — 9:15 CST
8:15 MT — 7:15 PCT

Eat

RY-KRISP

And Watch Your Waistline Waste Away

●

MAX GORDON'S 3 HITS!

THE MUSICAL HIT!
Production conceived and directed by
HASSARD SHORT
"THE GREAT WALTZ"
Book by Moss Hart. *Music by* Johann Strauss
Dances by Albertina Rasch
Eves. 8:30 55c-$3.30—Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c-$2.20
THE CENTER THEA., 49th St. & 6th Ave.

THE COMEDY HIT!
THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE
by Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly
with JUNE WALKER HERB WILLIAMS HENRY FONDA
Directed by MARC CONNELLY
46th ST. THEATRE, W. of B'way, Eves. 8:40
Eves. 55c–$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c–$2.20

THE DRAMATIC HIT!
WALTER HUSTON
in SINCLAIR LEWIS'
"DODSWORTH"
Dramatized by SIDNEY HOWARD
SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THE TOWN HALL ENDOWMENT SERIES
Russian Male Chorus Jaroff, Dir.
DON COSSACKS
Only N. Y. Recital This Season
Town Hall, Fri., Nov. 30th, at 8:30
Tickets Now at Box Office BR. 9-9447

"Makes you weak with laughter."
—*Brown, N. Y. Post*
BROCK PEMBERTON PRESENTS
"Personal Appearance"
with GLADYS GEORGE
A New Comedy by LAWRENCE RILEY
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:40—Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
3 MATINEES THANKSGIVING WEEK: THURS., FRI. AND SAT.
LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40
BERT LAHR RAY BOLGER LUELLA GEAR
FRANCES WILLIAMS

EVA LE GALLIENNE ETHEL BARRYMORE
in **"L'Aiglon"**
By Clemence Dane
"A Le Gallienne Triumph!"—*Burns Mantle, News*
BROADHURST Thea., 44 St., W. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30, 55c to $2.75
Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, 55c to $2.20

Sybil Thorndike
in John van Druten's
The Distaff Side
"A masterpiece of our time."—*World-Telegram.*
with Estelle Winwood—Viola Keats
Booth W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A GREAT PLAY, SUPERB PRODUCTION."
—*Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times*
GEORGE BUSHAR and JOHN TUERK present
Sean O'Casey's
"Within the Gates"
with LILLIAN GISH, BRAMWELL FLETCHER
MOFFAT JOHNSTON, MARY MORRIS and a Cast of 70
NATIONAL THEATRE—41 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30, Pen. 6-8225

"The town has its first exciting and exhilarating show."
—*Walter Winchell*
COURTNEY BURR presents
SMALL MIRACLE
by Norman Krasna—directed by George Abbott
48th St. Theatre. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

tunately the film retains Cole Porter's "Night and Day" from the stage version.

THERE are some other more or less nondescript new films about town. Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions" is a routine affair, Eddie Cantor himself being funny, of course, continuing his good work with unabated zeal, as they say in missionary circles. Still a wide-eyed innocent, he is loose this time in Egypt, equally alert in the harem or among the mummies. Then there is Evelyn Laye's "Evensong," from a novel of Beverley Nichols. This is musical, too, but of another species, being well soaked in "Traviata" and "Bohème." I am afraid that I got a little tired of "Evensong," which is the history of a prima donna: early struggle, success, triumph, love affair (only one is allowed her), the war, old age, wrinkles, and flat notes.

Not musical, which will be a relief to some, are "Big Hearted Herbert" and "The Firebird." The first is homely comedy, slapped on a bit too roughly, with Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee; the second a melodrama, its mystery element rather too obvious, with Lionel Atwill, Ricardo Cortez, and Verree Teasdale. "Big Hearted Herbert" should have been much funnier than it is, but possibly you will be surprised that you become as interested as you do in the murder in "The Firebird," or in Miss Verree Teasdale, who may not have played much part in your life before. Then there's "Lady by Choice," a poor picture with some good people in it, including May Robson and Walter Connolly, about the idylls and ideals of a fan-dancer. —J. C. M.

•

I have a six-year-old French poodle that has been showing some peculiar symptoms lately. In fact, at times I am greatly embarrassed by the noises emanating from the animal. While the animal is sleeping or lying down, there will be loud gurgling and bubbling sounds that apparently come from his stomach. These sounds do not appear to annoy the animal, but they are annoying to the family.

Mrs. Helen Hertz

—*Letter in the Daily Mirror.*

Send the family out of the room.

•

DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

[*From "Improve Your English," in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle*]

Words Often Misused: Do not say, "We shall have to face the music." Say, "Confront the consequences."

Come and Sing Tra-la-la-la with
LUCIENNE BOYER
in 2d Edition—Entirely New
CONTINENTAL VARIETIES
with VICENTE ESCUDERO
and a company of international artists
Little Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way. LAc. 4-155C
Every Eve. at 9 Inc. Sun. Entire Orchestra $3.00 (Plus tax) Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 3. Pop. prices
EXTRA MATINEE THANKSGIVING DAY

"CHARMING, CHARMING, CHARMING."
—*Robert Garland, World-Telegram*
YVONNE PRINTEMPS
in NOEL COWARD'S Musical Romance—
"CONVERSATION PIECE"
Cast of 60—Orchestra of 30
44th ST. THEATRE. W. of B'way. LAc. 4-7135
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
The
Children's Hour
A new play by Lillian Hellman
with a Distinguished Company
Maxine Elliott's Thea. 39th St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30

Opens Wednesday Eve., Nov. 28
The GROUP THEATRE presents
in Association with D. A. DORAN, Jr.
GOLD EAGLE GUY
MOROSCO Theatre, 217 W. 45th St.
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday
SEATS NOW ON SALE

VINTON FREEDLEY Inc. presents
William GAXTON ★ Ethel MERMAN ★ Victor MOORE
—in—
"ANYTHING GOES"
A New Musical Comedy with BETTINA HALL
ALVIN THEA., 52 St. W. of B'way. CO. 5-4114
Eves. $1 to $4. Wed. Mat. $1 to $2.50
Sat. Mat. $1 to $3, plus tax

ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS
Thurs. & Sat. Eves. "CHURCH STREET" and "THE RESURRECTION."
Fri. Eve. "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK"
—Week Beginning November 25th—
Mon. Eve. "GROGAN AND THE FERRETT"
Tues. Eve. & Wed. Mat. "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK"
Wed. Eve. & Thurs. Mat. "SPRING" & "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"
Thurs. Eve. "LOOK AT THE HEFFERNANS"
GOLDEN THEA., 242 W. 45 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. 2:30

ALEXANDER McKAIG Presents
Tallulah Bankhead
in **"DARK VICTORY"**
With EARLE LARIMORE
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St., W. of B'y. LAc. 4-6720
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thursday and Saturday, 2:40

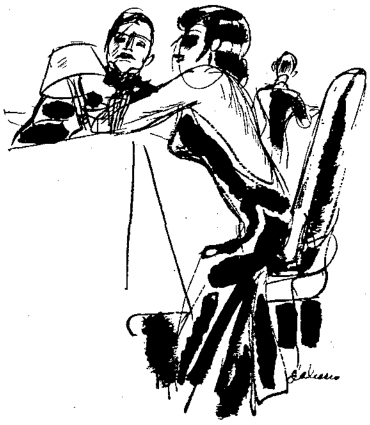
SAM H. HARRIS presents
"Merrily We Roll Along"
The New Kaufman-Hart Play
with Kenneth MacKenna, Mary Philips, Walter Abel, Cecilia Loftus, Jessie Royce Landis
"THE HIT OF THE YEAR."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, American.*
MUSIC BOX THEATRE, 45 St., W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30—Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
FROM SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON
ENGAGEMENT ENDS SAT. DEC. 15
This week—Thurs., Fri. & Sat. Nights & Sat. Mat.
"THE GONDOLIERS"
WEEK NOV. 26—Mon. & Tues., "RUDDIGORE" Wed. Night & Thurs. (Thanksgiving) Mat. & night, "Trial by Jury" and "H. M. S. PINAFORE." Fri. & Sat. Nights & Sat. Mat. "The YEOMAN of the GUARD"
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St., W. of 8 Ave.

TABLES FOR TWO

New Bars and Such

THE marital discord around town is terrific, whether you believe the tabloids or not. New York has become like London—you dine with a happy couple *en famille* one night; the next afternoon, you daren't ask one about the other, because they may not be speaking. Life is uncertain to everyone except the restaurateurs, for all those neglected wives are trying to look popular in public, and nothing enchants a young cad-about-town more than a discarded wife who is sufficiently solvent to pay checks.



THE Hotel Weylin's Caprice Room is not as capricious or as exciting as it sounds, being a comfortable, cosy kind of place where people who enjoy each other's company can either dance to the Madriguera orchestra (I like it so much better in an intimate room than in a roaring one) or talk without the feeling of being watched. Just before one o'clock, Eva and Raul Reyes come leaping out in a vital and mad rumba routine, but you have to wait to see a pair of innocuous ballroom dancers and a singer named Teddy Lynch, who follows Libby Holman in her manner of singing through her stomach, to view them.

The Savoy-Plaza has opened up what to me is one of the most comfortable bars in town. It is attractively lighted, and partitioned off so that you may dance quietly to a nice orchestra, or sit at the bar and receive your friends, or huddle in corners in conference, all with equal ease. It is restful in the middle or at the end of a strenuous day. Also, the hotel is specializing in the snack idea, for lunch, dinner, and supper. The dishes are few but exquisite, and you can sit back against the wall and have a cocktail or a glass of wine (they sell it by the glass, which is a fine idea) and an entrée, leaving the place with a smug smile in twenty minutes. Very efficient. I don't know any other spot in town where you can be so completely yourself without knowing managers, headwaiters, captains, bartenders, or anybody except the person you came with.

The Sherry-Netherland has burst forth with a new bar which frightened me nigh unto death. I needed four aspirins after twenty minutes there. It is all white walls and black tile and the kind of green that rich people say "goes with everything"—sort of a soda-fountain bar, cold and efficient and clattering. . . . Mayfair House has a little love of a bar right off Park Avenue at Sixty-fifth Street. It is small and becomingly lighted, and gives you that why-go-home trouble. Also, it doesn't look so decorated that you get the jitters. A young man of my acquaintance, however, yapped that he'd spend more time in such places if it weren't for that damn checking-hats system. Said that if it weren't for the required chichi of depositing his outer wear in custody, he'd come in from the street more often. . . . Don't get brand-conscious at the St. Moritz. I asked for Monnet brandy, and my guy got a check for $1.25, which would have made Tony selfconscious in his palmiest days.

I WENT to the Tavern in the Park to laugh, and came out gorged. This is the controversial restaurant in the People's Park, at Sixty-sixth Street and Central Park West. It is a low, brick, U-shaped building, with a faked tavern atmosphere, great soaring beams, all antiqued, red leather cushions, and a quaint hat-check girl. Along the rows of tables are people you don't care about seeing again, but way around the horseshoe (you can cut across the court) is the bar, where fairish cocktails are served, and there are a few people of the congenial bar type. In the eighty-five-cent lunch, I had the best ox-tail ragout, liberal, tasty, and altogether magnificent, that I've found outside Paris. I also noticed, in my quarter-mile hike to the bar, that even the vegetable luncheons on the tables looked tasty and tempting—I can say no more. If you order à la carte, the food is expensive, but the table d'hôte is superb enough for any being short of a Continental gourmet. Some snappy and impoverished young people report that the dinner is equally delectable, and that it is fun to dance there with your

FEAST WITHOUT FUSS
AT THANKSGIVING

GIVE Bridget a break and bring the family down to the shore for a bang-up holiday week-end. We'll prove that a Thanksgiving feast at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is much more fun than meal-planning at home. Aside from our holiday program, W. & J. plays West Virginia Thanksgiving night in the Auditorium, and the Little Army and Navy Game is scheduled for Saturday night, December 1st.

Rates as low as $7 up at Chalfonte, and $8 up at Haddon Hall, single, American Plan . . . European Plan also. Special weekly rates.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
ATLANTIC CITY

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT 9
3rd Year—New Yorker Edition
New York's smartest Sunday night entertainment. Reservations. Cir. 7-7000, ext. 125—$1.00 & $2.00.
Barbizon-Plaza Theatre
58th St. Cor. 6th Ave.

• PLAZA •
58th St. E. of Madison Ave.
Sat., Sun. & Mon. "THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI" With Constance Bennett, Fredric March & Charles Laughton
Tues., Wed., Nov. 27, 28 Loretta Young, Charles Boyer in "Caravan"
Thurs., Fri., Nov. 29, 30 Gary Cooper & Shirley Temple in "Now and Forever"

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
The gay rhythmic stars of "Flying Down To Rio"
FRED ASTAIRE • GINGER ROGERS
in "The GAY DIVORCEE"
with ALICE BRADY
and an unusual Music Hall stage show
SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION

Loew's Leads in New York!
LEXINGTON · 72ND STREET
LEXINGTON AVE. at 51 ST · 72 STREET & 3RD AVE.
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon. Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26
"THE LAST GENTLEMAN"
with GEORGE ARLISS
Nov. 27-28 "TRANSATLANTIC Merry-Go-Round" & "Men of Night"
Thurs.-Mon., Nov. 29-Dec. 3 WM. POWELL MYRNA LOY "EVELYN PRENTICE"
ZIEGFELD 54 ST. and 6TH AVE.
Nov. 23 to 26
"THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"
with Robert Donat—Elissa Landi
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 27, 28, 29
"TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND" & "MEN OF NIGHT" with Bruce Cabot

own party. I'm terribly afraid you smart readers will have to take the Tavern seriously.

THE Central Park Casino is not the peepil's choice, but it is the Place to Go when you are dressed in your best, nevertheless. The new bar is a large, four-sided affair, surmounted by a towering nude statue, with rivers running down chromium gutters for no reason. You know already that all the Cholly Knickerbocker set cavort nightly here, at dinner and supper, to Eddy Duchin's inimitable rum-tum, but maybe you haven't found out about it for lunch. I ate my finnan haddie the other day in the greatest peace and quiet I have known, feeling exactly as if I were in a country-club lounge with all nature teeming outside. Very chatty and uninhabited and swell.

ANOTHER visit to the Place Piquale after the theatre got me up to Here with ermine capes, smart chitchat, and Names. They were all having fun, too. When you get a packed bar, and tables crowding the dance floor, you have Success of the 1929 vintage that is as stimulating as possible. The Eve Symington is startling—she has the deepest possible woman's voice and, curiously enough, sings the difficult, simple songs the best. Things like "Parlez-Moi d'Amour" she tears through superbly; the tinpan output brings forth the stomach tones in her. And Dario and Louise Brooks are dancing. I didn't dare look at first, because Brooks has always been a swell girl; when I finally peeked, I was grateful to her for being a swell dancer besides. It is damn nice of her to be so good. —LIPSTICK

•

Asked at her press conference today if she felt the prestige of the President's wife had aided her campaign, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

"Funny enough, I had no feeling I was the wife of the President at all. In fact I entirely forgot I was a President's wife, and I was back campaigning just as I had campaigned many and many a year before."—*Boston Globe.*

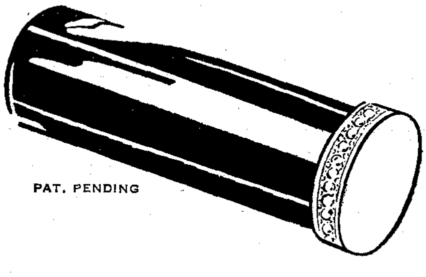
Tying a string on one's finger sometimes helps one remember.

•

While the couple was celebrating the reunion, Sylvia Sidney, screen actress who capitulated to stardom under Schulberg's guidance, was packing her trunks for a trip to New York.—*The Sunday News.*

The Great Surrender.

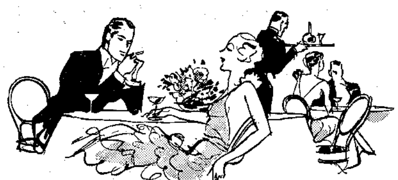
PRESENTING THE NEW
ZIBELINE
JEWELLED LIPSTICK



The paragon of elegance and good taste achieved in classic simplicity . . . An exquisite new Marcus creation of ebony, platinum and diamonds . . . With or without diamond initials . . . The product of the combined skill of Marcus and *Parfums Weil Paris* . . . Delicately scented with the famous Zibeline, masterpiece among alluring perfumes . . . *Exclusively with*

MARCUS JEWELS
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-THIRD STREET
GEMS JEWELRY GIFTS WATCHES STATIONERY

DINNER *Achieves*



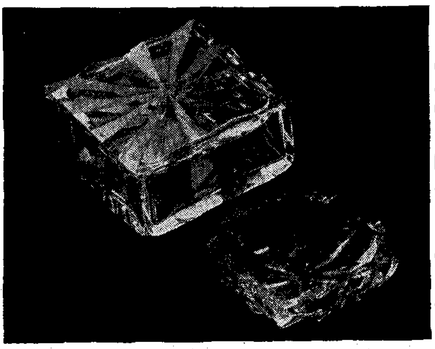
Banquet FLAVOR

When Julius Marcus Creme de Cacao accompanies the demi-tasse, you have a smart and satisfying finale to any dinner. You'll find it in high favor with connoisseurs of both sexes, as an after-dinner liqueur . . . and as the base for the "Alexander" or "Presidente" cocktail. Julius Marcus Creme de Cacao is expertly distilled only from the genuine imported Cacao Bean . . . yet it comes to you free of high import taxes. *Try it!*

Creme de CACAO

A JULIUS MARCUS *Liqueur*
Original Julius Marcus, Inc., Jersey City, N. J.

DINNER DANCES
in the
beautiful
DELLA ROBBIA
Room
DINNER $1.50
No Cover Charge
JOE MOSS' MUSIC
(Direction of Alexander Draslen)
Dancing Exhibitions by Arthur Murray Teachers
VANDERBILT HOTEL
PARK AVENUE at 34th ST.
Phone ASHland 4-4000



CRYSTAL CIGARETTE BOX AND ASHTRAY
Hand Cut—Square box 3½". Deep ashtray 3". Mail orders filled. $6.95 per set
Alfred Orlik
395 Madison Ave. bet. 47th & 48th Sts., N. Y.

LUCRECE

Miss Babcock worked at the desk next to mine, and she occupied a very important position in the office. She was homely, but there was nothing definitely unattractive about her except that she always wore brown. In fact, she always wore the same brown. It was a dress you couldn't exactly pick a quarrel with, but at the same time you couldn't honestly praise it. She had brown, flat hair, a tan face, brown eyes, and a wistful smile. She was the kind of girl my mother calls "wholesome." She lived in a girls' club, saved her money, and of course was in love with the boss.

She didn't know it. He did. I think bosses always know when their secretaries are in love with them; I think they like it. It is an integral part of office life. Probably he was shocked in his subconscious by the whole thing, and although he exploited this passion without conscience, keeping the poor girl working late Saturday evenings when the files needed rearranging, he made up for it by being fiercely moral in his sentiments.

"Sex," he used to tell me impressively, "has no place in Business."

I must explain that this was not intended to ward off advances on my part; it was part of my training and entirely abstract. For I was young and inexperienced, and it was only Miss Babcock's insistence that had given me my job in the first place. Miss Babcock had put it to the boss quite plainly and with courage; she had to have an assistant.

In the process of becoming the semblance of a secretary, I grew fond of Miss Babcock, but we never grew intimate. I didn't see enough of her for that. We took turns at the lunch hour, and her choice of outside pleasures was not mine. She never went shopping. She dined at the Club. I didn't even try to guess what she did after dinner—probably Canfield. But I liked Miss Babcock, and Miss Babcock liked me. I guarded this friendship; I took care never to criticize the boss in her presence, because this was her right, and hers alone. My clearest memory of her, in fact—she has a way of becoming blurred in retrospect—is the peculiarly proud, affectionate tone of her voice when she said, "Oh-h-h, that *man!*" She might have been a mother talking of her baby, a wife of her husband, not an underpaid employee discussing her exploiter. Therefore, even when I panted to express my opin-

BLACK & WHITE

Scotch Whisky

Fads may come and fashions go, but Black & White is constant—a trusted, delightful, enduring old friend.

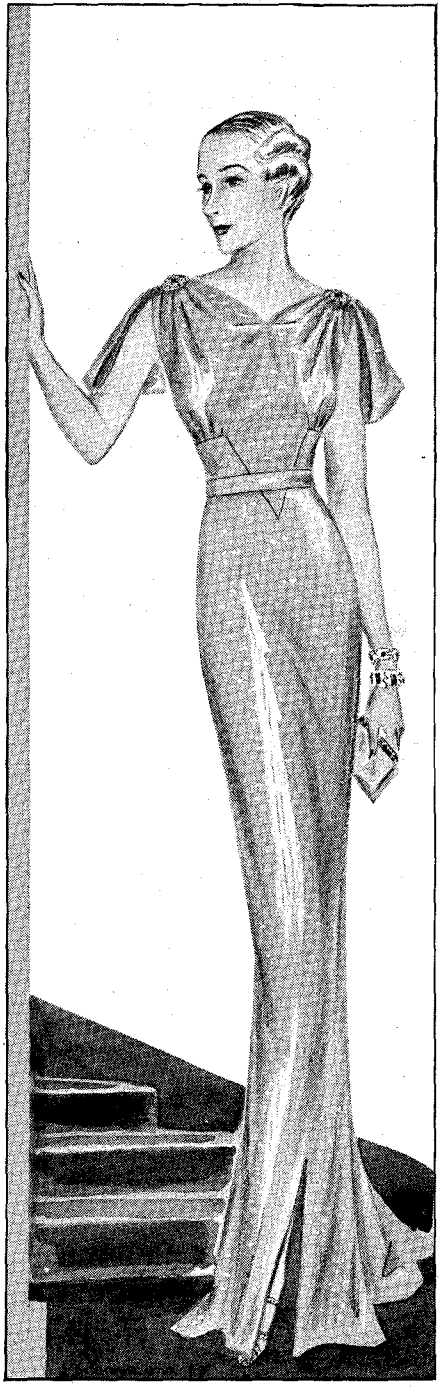
BY APPOINTMENT

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
BLACK AND WHITE
JAS. BUCHANAN & CO.
GLASGOW & LONDON
By Appointment Distillers to H.M. the KING & H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES
SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED
"BLACK & WHITE"
SPECIAL BLEND OF CHOICE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
James Buchanan & Co.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
GLASGOW & LONDON
DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Our trade mark **SHAW** on every bottle

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALEX D. SHAW & CO., INC.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



A Salymil—exquisitely woven crêpe flecked with running threads of gold. Great jewelled clips mount the shoulders. Wear it with tremendous distinction to the holiday parties. In aquatint, autumn leaf rust, white. **$49.75**

SALYMIL SHOP—FOURTH FLOOR

MILGRIM

57th Street, New York

Cleveland Detroit

ion—and I cordially hated the boss—I controlled myself.

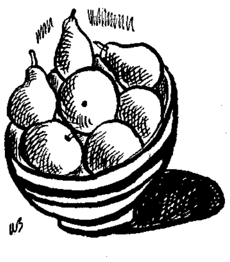
The boss was a gay blade. Sometimes when out-of-town salesmen dropped in at the office, they taxed him to his face with all sorts of gay immoralities. He denied the impeachments, but so jocosely that I was afraid to look at Miss Babcock. In time my squeamishness became unnecessary. She faced facts. She learned to embrace them. Even the boss's sins took on an Olympian tinge for her. She was proud of them.

"At least," she said to me, "he never forgets that Sex has no place in Business. You should have heard him one day when Mr. Spence chucked me under the chin! I suppose men will be men, but at least in the office he *respects* women."

"You bet," I said heartily. "Have you seen the September correspondence envelope?"

MONTHS proceeded smoothly. Miss Babcock's dress wore out at last, giving way at the seams under the arms, and somewhere she found another dress just like it. Business grew better, grew worse; we introduced a new system of bells; the office boy almost died of influenza. It seemed to me that Miss Babcock wasn't well. She forgot things. She lost her slight color. She was late to work—an alarming phenomenon. The boss was away on a trip, and word came to us that he was being very gay. I worried a little when the salesmen told us these things, but Miss Babcock's wistful smile didn't seem to change, so I forgot about it. Then, when he returned, she told me the most astonishing thing. She was going to be married!

"He lives in Indianapolis," she said. She was very ladylike and restrained about the whole thing. One would have said she was not especially interested. "He makes trips here sometimes. He knows my family. Yes, it's much better to be married. I've expected it," she said strangely, "for some time now, but I thought I'd wait till you had hold of things. I'm so glad that you've caught on so nicely. I'll



FRANCE HAILS AMERICA!

STEEPED in the traditions of 550 years of distilling by the de Caussade family of Armagnac, France . . . the royal brandy of the courts of Europe . . . is now proudly presented to the connoisseurs of America. • Mellowed and hallowed are the exquisite vintages of 1914, 1900, 1893, and the incomparable 1878. For favored few there is a small quantity . . . 100 years old. Through the rich harvest years extensive reserves have been accumulated . . . and thus modest prices now prevail. • There is true inspiration in this brandy . . . in its quaint old flacon. Ask for it by name.

MARQUIS DE CAUSSADE ARMAGNAC

"The Brandy of Lafayette"

PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC.
24 State St., New York, N. Y.

Ten Park Avenue at 34th St. New York

UNUSUAL HOTEL SUITES

Living Room-Bedroom Combinations, complete kitchens large dropped living rooms, dressing rooms.

$6 to $8 daily

2 rooms $12 to $15 daily

Special Monthly Rates

RESTAURANT

CAledonia 5-5200

Management

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

be able to leave with a clear conscience. *He*'ll be all right," she said, referring to the boss in italics, as she often did. She sighed. "I'm going in now to tell *him*," she said, and walked toward his door with a firm step.

"Wait a minute," I stammered. "He—I mean your fiancé—couldn't you go on working here even when you're married?"

She shook her head. "We'll be living in Indianapolis," she said. "Besides, he—" She seemed embarrassed, and came back to the desk. "He's silly sometimes. You won't believe me, but he's always been terribly jealous. Of *him*." She nodded mysteriously at the boss's door. "It's too silly. But it's just as well, in that case, that we'll live in Indianapolis. Don't you think so?"

The boss took it pretty well. Handsomely, in fact. He gave me a check and sent me out to buy the present, and he was loud in his lamentations over her departure. In confidence, he told me he was a little bit disappointed in Miss Babcock. "She's throwing away a brilliant future," he said. "I had lots of things in mind for her; she's a bright girl. Well, the next girl who quits to get married will walk up to the altar on crutches. I'm telling you! Remember, Sex has no place in Business."

I said I would remember, and then he told me that he planned to give Miss Babcock a farewell party.

Unfortunately, the future Mr. Babcock couldn't get into town for it. But the boss went ahead very heartily, and it was a nice party. The first half of it was, anyway. We were having dinner at the boss's favorite restaurant, and all the salesmen were there, and the office manager, and a couple of the girls, and Miss Babcock sat next to the boss in her other dress, her good one for Sundays. It was pink. She seemed a little distrait. As the evening proceeded, the boss drank rather a lot. Of course everybody toasted Miss Babcock, and she blushed and smiled in a flurried sort of way, but the boss drank in between the toasts, and became sentimental. He'd always been fond of Miss Babcock. He sat back in his chair, gazing at her with a very meaning expression. There was amusement in it, and affection, but most of all there was a surprised indignation that she should leave him for a paltry marriage. Also, he looked as if he had just discovered something. All in all, he drank a lot, and I grew restive as the evening wore on.

He offered to take Miss Babcock home, but to my surprise she refused, saying that I was going her way, and we would be all right. In the cab she burst into tears. I was astonished and upset, but there was nothing I could do. She was shaking violently, and for a long time she wouldn't talk.

At last, "Did you see what he did?" she demanded between sobs. I said I hadn't. "If it had been anyone else," she wept. "He—he kept pawing me. Under the table. I was so shocked I couldn't move. I couldn't move anyway. He nudged my leg with his. He patted my knee. *Him.*"

"Well," I said feebly, "he was drunk."

She made no reply, but cried harder than ever. "What will Robert say?" she demanded fiercely.

"He doesn't know," I said. "You aren't going to tell him, are you?"

"Of course," she said. She dried her eyes and sat up sternly. "I'll have to tell him."

I argued in vain. She was fanatically determined, and when I left her at the door she said she was going right in to write the letter. I knew she meant it.

A FEW evenings later she phoned and demanded frantically that I come over right away. I found her in a welter of bedclothes and unbecoming tears. Robert had answered her letter. He was angry. He was enraged. He was furious. All his suspicions, he said, were now justified. No doubt she hadn't told half of it. It was time this came to an end. In short, the engagement was off.

Miss Babcock talked wildly of nunneries and suicide, but what she really wanted to do was rush down to the office and tell the boss what he had done to her life. I struggled valiantly. I might still be in that bedroom endeavoring to keep her calm if the landlady had not announced a long-distance call from Indianapolis. She sprang to answer it, and I crept away from the house. . . .

That's all there is to the story of Miss Babcock. She married and lived, I suppose, happily ever after, teaching her children that Sex has no place in Business.

—EMILY HAHN

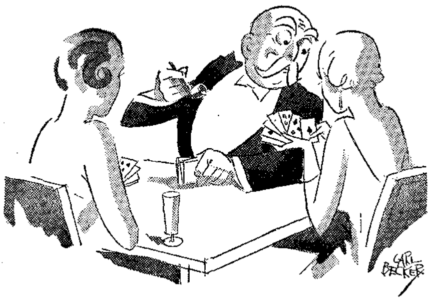
• •

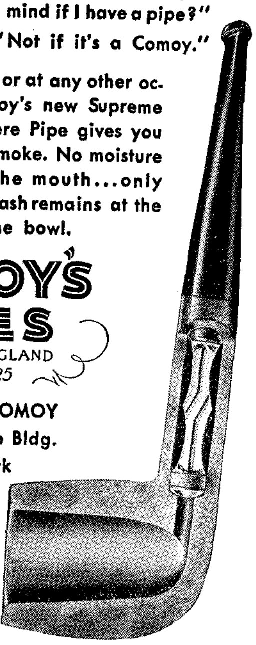
THANKSGIVING

A Charting of Some of Those Who Should Give Thanks at This Season for the Receipt of Extraordinary Blessings

THE RECIPIENT	THE BLESSING
Timid old ladies everywhere	A Colorado astronomer has proved by figures that meteors strike human beings only once in fourteen thousand years.
Babies of France	The Princesse de Polignac recommends regular doses of champagne as part of the diet of small children.
Fathers of the world	Lloyd's of London has begun the sale of insurance against quadruplets.
Inhabitants of New Jersey	The Mayo Clinic reports that mosquito bites prevent insanity.
Stamp-lickers of America	The Bureau of Chemistry and Soils recently concocted a pleasantly flavored mucilage for use on the backs of postage stamps.
Button manufacturers	Australian tailors report the appearance of a new variety of beetle, which eats trouser buttons.
Dog-owners of the world	Gabriele d'Annunzio has announced that he is preparing a glossary of the canine language.
Mothers of Germany	The Third Reich gave them a free concert on Mothers' Day.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN





THE MAJOR: "You'll make your bid easily, my dear. Do you mind if I have a pipe?"
WINIFRED: "Not if it's a Comoy."

At bridge...or at any other occasion, Comoy's new Supreme Patent Bruyere Pipe gives you a cool, dry smoke. No moisture can reach the mouth...only perfectly dry ash remains at the bottom of the bowl.

COMOY'S
PIPES
MADE IN ENGLAND
Since 1825

HOUSE OF COMOY
British Empire Bldg.
New York

At your Tobacconist's from $4.00 to $7.00

"TRIPLE SEC"

One of the famous NUYENS Cordials...a delicious liqueur...try it in a SIDE CAR as follows:

1 part Nuyens Triple Sec 1 part Nuyens Cognac
1 part lemon juice Shake with ice.

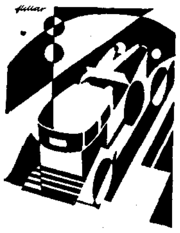
B.B.DORF&CO.,Inc.,*Sole Agents*,601W.26thSt.,N.Y.C.

Triple Sec
NUYENS
NEW YORK & BORDEAUX

NUYENS
CORDIALS
Famous since 1802
CREME DE MENTHE · CACAO · APRICOT, etc.

MOTORS

The Briarcliff Trophy —Radio as You Ride— On Hookups and Aërials



THIS department took its Sunday driving vicariously last weekend and saw the revival of the Briarcliff Trophy Road Race. The event, which was at a hundred miles (thirty times around a twisty up and downhill course), lasted two hours, seven and a half minutes, and was won by Langdon Quimby in a Willis that looked decidedly plain and homemade beside the swank M. G. Midgets and Bugattis. It is. Quimby probably has built it over so many times that only the chassis and engine are left of the original car. Charles Zumbach, who services most of the racers, did a lot of work on it, too, strapping its springs and shock-absorbers, and putting in special piston rings and such. T. W. Dewart, in a M. G. Midget, was second, and Miles Collier, with a white crash-helmet, trick celluloid dust screen, and everything, was third in a Riley Nine.

It was ever so much more fun for the seventeen drivers than for the spectators. Unless you can see most of the course, especially the hairpin turns, a road race begins to get dull about the twelfth lap. Then you wander around the pits, where each car's repair crew has half the contents of a garage machine shop laid out like surgical instruments, and watch the timers, who are as busy with their chronometers as so many bellringers.

Still, the Briarcliff race had its moments when the little cars came roaring up to a turn, spun round it in a cloud of dust, and went bumping downhill. A surprising number finished—even the Austin that Mrs. Carle Conway, Jr., drove went well until a front wheel dropped off on the twenty-sixth lap.

THREE years ago, the Collier boys (Barron, Jr., Sam, and Miles), with a few friends, founded the Automobile Racing Club of America to revive road racing. They toyed with the idea for some time, driving small, fast sporting cars, some of their own design and construction (a M.G. Midget costs about $2,000, and a Bugatti $7,500), around a five-laps-to-the-mile course on the Collier estate in Westchester. Now they've branched out a bit. They call their teams *scuderia*—stables to you—and they've had a race near Boston (Quimby won that one, too). Of course they don't expect to have a race comparable to the Ulster Tourist Trophy, the Mille Miglia, or the Grand Prix at Montlhéry quite yet, but the revived Briarcliff Trophy seems to be a fair start.

Curiously enough—perhaps happily, too—motoring here is less sporting than abroad, for the young French and Italian amateurs, particularly the latter, like to get into their cars and imitate what people call a bat outa hell.

SOMEONE suggested the other day that this department hadn't said anything about radios in cars for a long time. Well, a great many motorists do like them, and after all this department can be wrong. Of course you can't have a short-wave set because of state laws, but if you will be content with a conventional, ready-to-install outfit, you can have a Philco (there are four models) or a Motorola for around $40 and upward, or an R.C.A.-Victor for from $52.50 up. We suggest that you hear them all before you make a choice.

As for aërials, you'll not have to give them a thought if your car is a closed one, as practically all the newer models are wired for sound. Aërials under the car haven't been quite so satisfactory on convertibles, roadsters, and tourers. A better trick is to turn the spare tire in the rear (at last they've discovered a good use for those metal tire-covers) into a ready-made aërial, because it is insulated by the rubber on which it is mounted. Or you can use the trunk rack, the trunk itself, or the rear bumpers, after insulating them at the proper places.

SOME of the new 1935 motors will be out in a fortnight—they say. This department has heard so many rumors that it's going to wait and see. —SPEED

•

HARBOR ACRES
HOME VISITED
BY MARAUDER

ELUSIVE NORTH SHORE JEWEL
THIEF ALSO GETS $290
IN CASH AT CUSHMAN'S

CUT WIRE SCREEN

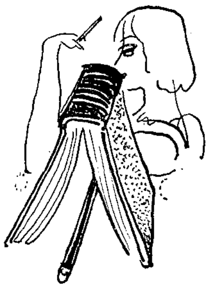
MOST IMPORTANT BURGLARY
IN SANDS POINT SINCE
PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT

—*Flushing* (*N.Y.*) *North Shore Daily Journal.*

What did *he* get?

BOOKS

Odd Lot



THE point of Peggy Bacon's caricatures lies as much in what they hint at as in what they affirm. One feels with glee that had she wished, she could have been much more damaging; that her very restraint, carefully indicated, is a kind of extra malice. The Dorothy Parker of ink and crayon has now lined up in an amusing album forty celebrities (including Peggy Bacon) who henceforth will regard their countenances with pained surprise and even regret. Her book is called "Off with Their Heads!," an apt title, for her execution is capital.

Among the heads that roll are those of the President, the Mayor, Sinclair Lewis, Art Young, Dorothy Parker, F. P. A., Heywood Broun, Carl Van Doren, Childe Hassam, Carl Sandburg, Lillian Gish, Alfred Stieglitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Diego Rivera, Rexford Tugwell, George Gershwin, Kuniyoshi, and Edmund Wilson. Only one of the forty does not come off: Bill Robinson is just a nice-looking Negro, and no more. He seems to resist caricature.

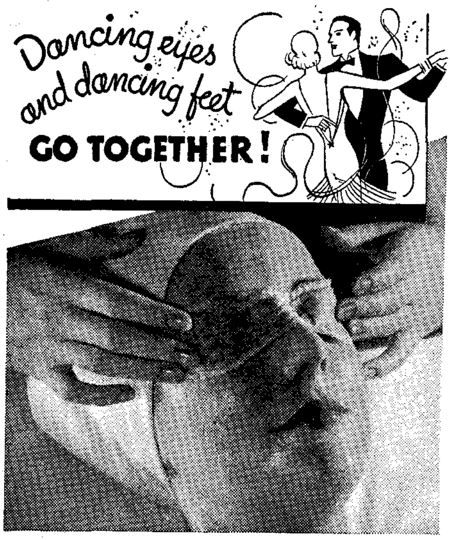
All her real technique, I suppose, is to be found in these full-page crayon drawings. Nevertheless, I prefer the careless little pen-and-ink squiggles on the left-hand pages, particularly the one of Sinclair Lewis as a grocer adding up a slip, and the one showing Stieglitz riveting with his conversation an exhausted young man who has his back up against a gallery wall. Any enterprising publisher who is thinking of a new illustrator for Dickens will do well to study these tiny gargoyles. Peggy Bacon and Mr. Pickwick should meet.

As for the hooked paragraphs that accompany each caricature (evidently merely Miss Bacon's studio notes, which her wise publisher retrieved from the wastebasket), they stop modestly short of murder. The family luck saves Mr. Roosevelt, the charmer, who gets off with: "Bright, direct look, the frank, clear gaze of craft, clever as hell but so innocent. Urbane grin, fine stage presence. A grand old actor." But nobody in his right senses would want to forget that Heywood Broun "looks like a stage elephant made of two men;" that Mr. LaGuardia is the "little hard licorice-candy type;" that General Johnson is an "unusually intelligent primate with an expression like an old procuress;" that Lillian Gish has the "air of one in possession of a talisman," Mr. Tugwell is "a nice headmaster," and Morris Ernst's mind is "glitteringly unoriginal;" or that Mrs. Sabin is "a bonbon blonde with a slightly elongated face, as if it were stretched out by a trick mirror." These minute but pitiless victories of phrasing will remain among one's unforgetabilia.

WHEN Harry Hansen took over the editorship of the annual O. Henry Memorial Award short-story collection, its literacy level perked up at once. The 1934 volume is a case in point. It contains only two stories (both mediocre) from the large-circulation periodicals, and of the remaining seventeen, fifty per cent are chosen from the little magazines. While the book contains nothing first-rate, the standard is respectable and there is very little hint of the machine-turned yarn. Even the big monthlies and weeklies are capitulating to intelligence. It is almost ridiculous, as a matter of fact, to watch them falling with pathetic eagerness on young writers discovered a year or two before by humble publishers' readers or by the editors of such little magazines as *Story*.

Traditionally, the O. Henry collection is conservative and polite, but this volume upsets the apple cart. There are only two stories dealing with nice people and over half are naturalistic to the point of toughness.

First prize is won by Louis Paul for "No More Trouble for Jedwick," a tale of an escaped chain-gang Negro who, to make good his freedom, is forced regretfully to commit two murders. I don't think it's worth three hundred dollars. The second prize goes to Caroline Gordon for a quiet, charming tale of an old Southern gentleman-fisherman whom you will have met in her novel, "Aleck Maury, Sportsman." Mr. Saroyan—we encounter him on all sides these days—carries off one hundred dollars for the best short short story, "The Daring, etc." Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Stribling, and Mr. Faulkner contribute pieces unworthy of their talents, and Mr. Wolfe, in "Boom Town," convinces those of us who are watching him with bated breath that he needs an exceptionally strong-minded and ruthless editor. Among the newcomers, I was impressed by Madelene Cole, whose "Bus to Biarritz" is a reserved, ironical study of three generations of women. There are



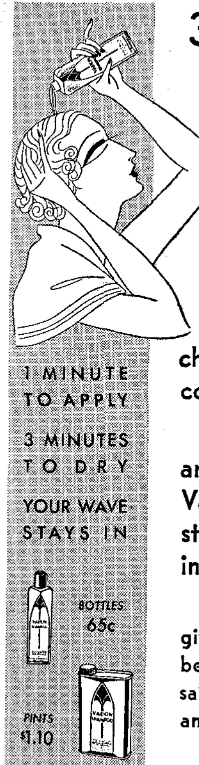
Dancing eyes and dancing feet
GO TOGETHER!

● Dull eyes lead to dull evenings by one's self! If you see a suspicious hint of crow's-feet..if wind, weather, fatigue, have dimmed and strained your eyes...let Kathleen Mary Quinlan's famous Eye Treatment restore their brilliance!

A special eye bath cleanses and soothes . . . a delicate cream smooths out lines. An invigorating astringent tightens drooping, puffy contours, and soothing, fragrant herb packs are miraculously refreshing. Eye shadow, cosmétique and eye drops give your eyes new radiance . . . starriness!

$3.00. For an appointment, call PLaza 3-4086.

kathleen mary quinlan
Stylist in Beauty
Salon: 655 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street



3 MINUTES TO DRY

The Wave Stays In

SAVE your time, your wave, your money and avoid the chances of a shampoo cold.

Waterless, soapless and perfectly harmless, Vapon dries almost instantly without disturbing your wave.

Vapon Shampoos are given by all the better beauty parlors. Bottles on sale at leading department and drug stores.

VAPON, INC.
Montclair New Jersey

VAPON
DRY SHAMPOO

no other eye-opening discoveries, as far as I can see, but the book as a whole makes fairly good reading. Misanthropes, by the way, may take comfort from the fact that out of nineteen stories, as many as five deal with human beings in relation to animals.

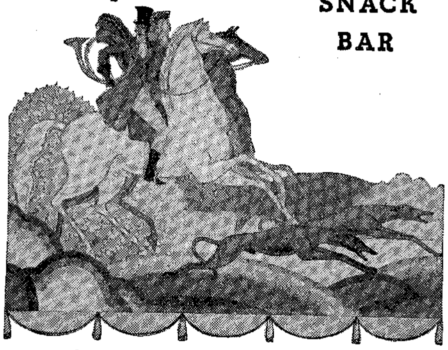
IT is a pretty nasty comment on things in general that the picaresque novel (unless it's a fake, like "The Good Companions") is rendered an artistic impossibility by the conditions of our time. The bottom has fallen out of adventure on the open road. It might be possible to defend the thesis that our nearest approximation to the picaresque romance is the novel about the down-and-out, the dispossessed. The unemployed manual or white-collar worker is, ironically enough, footloose and in a position to have a great many things happen to him. He is the twentieth-century wanderer, the Knight of the New Deal.

The best domestic novel I've come across this week is a New Deal adventure narrative. It is by Edward Newhouse, a youngster worth watching, and is called "You Can't Sleep Here." You might call it the human-interest story behind the Hooverville evictions. The newspaperman-hero (a member of the post-Hemingway generation, which is not lost because it has never even had a chance to find itself) is fired. Like an eighteenth-century hero, but with a rueful difference, he fronts a world of novel incalculables. He has his adventures with a park bench ("If you let your arm fill the crack between the second and third plank, your body was comfortable but the arm became numb"), with Tenth Avenue rooming houses, breadlines, and flophouses. He drifts into a shanty colony, pickets in a strike of food workers, and finally leads a rebellion against the police, who, armed with tear bombs, succeed in evicting the men Mr. Schwab was so sorry to lose as neighbors.

Mr. Newhouse tells his story without self-pity or revolutionary heroics, in a spare, bitterly humorous prose. His characterization, however, is casual, and he doesn't know quite what to do for an ending. The book's no masterpiece, but I found it interesting, both as narrative and propaganda. It is not, I should add, for the gentle reader: the language is completely, though not obstreperously, male.

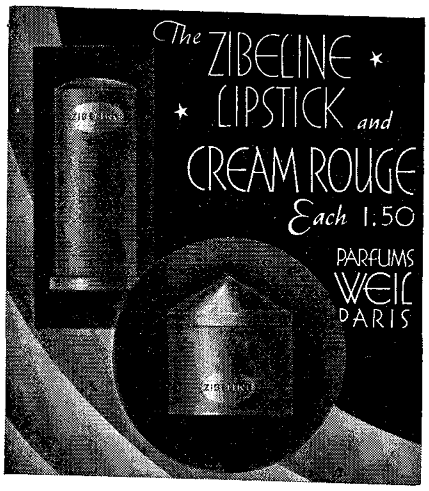
IT is my duty to remind you that the publishers have covered themselves with glory by releasing a modestly

THE NEW Café Lounge AND SNACK BAR


SP

When curtain time is getting close and there isn't time to dine leisurely ..try the Continental Snack Bar. Open from noon until closing for Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner and Supper. Dancing during Cocktail Hour, five until seven, with BASIL FOMEEN and his Internationals. After the theatre BOB GRANT with his Orchestra SUNDAY Dancing from 4.30 to 7

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STREETS


The ZIBELINE ✶ ✶ LIPSTICK and CREAM ROUGE
Each 1.50
PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

JAMAICA
EDWIN CHARLEY'S
Jamaica RUMS
"The Soul of Sunshine"

priced one-volume edition of "The Science of Life," a truly great work by two Wellses and a Huxley. If you do not know this tremendous and fascinating (the adjectives are carefully chosen) outline of all living things, you should. When I read it a couple of years ago, I thought it the most valuable and interesting popularization of knowledge ever published. I still think so.

For some of us, the only satisfactory escape literature today is the literature of fact. Science offers a universe that, on paper at least, makes sense. Those who feel the world is too much with them should immerse themselves in these fifteen hundred pages, which transform a dozen 'ologies into a single panorama of all life, from mosses to mankind. For such a book, superlatives are not only in order but compulsory.

—Clifton Fadiman

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

Tarabas, by Joseph Roth, translated from the German. The story of Nicholas Tarabas, a Russian army officer (pre-revolutionary) whose better nature is five fathoms under in a welter of blood. His brutality and courage win him an almost mythical reputation. During a pogrom in the little district of Koropta (a pogrom he might have prevented), his conscience awakes from its long winter's nap. He resigns his commission and becomes a wayfarer, earning his meals by sawing wood and menial labor, quite in the Tolstoy manner. In the end he dies peacefully in a monastery. The story is told with the simplicity of a Franciscan legend, all but the most essential details being dispensed with. The tone is medieval and religious. The book is not up to the standard of his "Radetzky March."

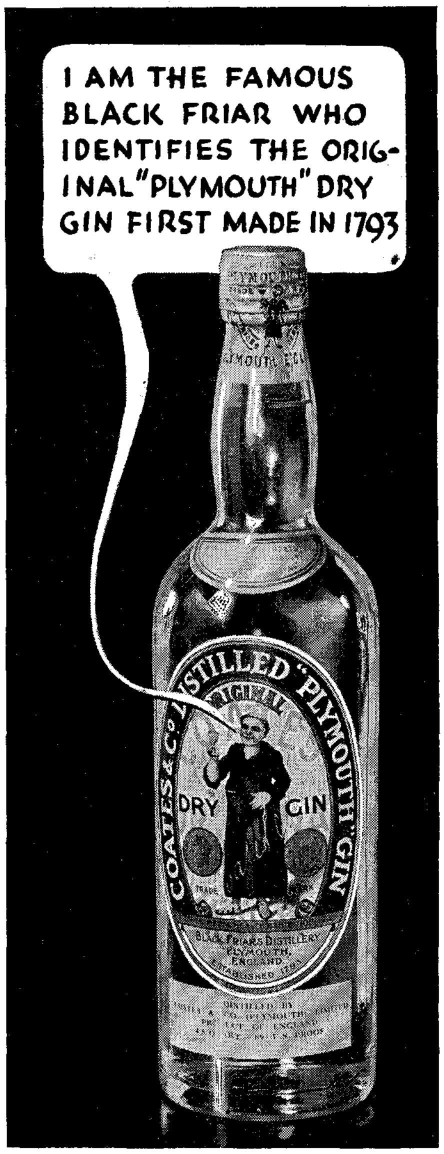
The World Outside, by Hans Fallada. The new Fallada book is a harsh and powerful welding of Dickens and Zola. It opens with Willi Kufalt—helpless as Pinneberg, the Little Man, but harder—being released from prison after a five-year term for embezzlement. It closes with his return, a year later, to do seven years for robbery. He has struggled desperately to learn to think for himself, a habit prison life does not encourage; he has been overwhelmingly handicapped in his efforts to earn an honest living, not only by the unemployment situation but by his prison record; and he is glad to give up his illusory freedom for shelter and the relief from responsibility. Those who melted over "Little Man, What Now?" will find this a more uncompromising affair. No pathos and no love story, but greater maturity and some fact-facing.

GENERAL

Fire on the Andes, by Carleton Beals. A successful attempt to do for Peru, past and present, what the author did for Mexico in "Mexican Maze" and for Cuba in "The Crime of Cuba." A full account of Peruvian culture and history, which reached its high point in the Inca civilization, was plunged into chaos by the gangster raids of the Spaniards, and is now, after slumberous years, rediscovering itself. The book contains rather more legends, descriptions, stories, and personal narrative than basic economic analysis. Beals' manner, as always, is fervent and even feverish, but it keeps you interested. To those who don't know a great deal about what is happening south of the Rio Grande, the book will reveal a new world. The black-and-white drawings by the native artist José Sabogal are curious and sometimes powerful, but fifty photographs and a good map would have been more to the point.

South of the Sun, by Russell Owen. Incredible as it may seem, the *Times* did not print everything that happened on the first Byrd Antarctic expedition. Here is the rest of it: Mr. Owen's informal narrative of the collective life—monotonous and eventful, heroic and comical—led by forty-two men in a region where your breath actually freezes with an audible crackle. There is an occasional Explorers' Club note, and Mr. Owen tries too hard to render the stark impressiveness of the Antarctic. Otherwise, this is an interesting study of solitude, stillness, and comradeship under difficulties.

Challenge: Behind the Face of Japan, by Upton Close. A kind of Eastern complement to Henri's "Hitler Over Europe," this frankly sensational book offers a picture of the most completely Fascist state in the world today. Japan, in Mr. Close's opinion, is dangerous because it unites Western technique with a medieval temperament. How many


I AM THE FAMOUS BLACK FRIAR WHO IDENTIFIES THE ORIGINAL "PLYMOUTH" DRY GIN FIRST MADE IN 1793 *
DISTILLED ORIGINAL "PLYMOUTH" GIN
COATES & CO.
DRY
GIN
BLACK FRIARS DISTILLERY PLYMOUTH ENGLAND

© 1934

THE GIN *for better cocktails*

Practically everyone knows that a drier gin makes a better cocktail. That is why Coates & Co., Original "Plymouth" Dry Gin—distilled at the Black Friars Distillery in Plymouth, England, since 1793—makes the finest cocktails in the world.

Coates & Co. ORIGINAL DISTILLED

"PLYMOUTH"

the quality dry GIN

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

*FREE! Send for Souvenir Book—containing Cartoon History of Coates "Plymouth" Gin with Limerick text, and Improved Recipes for America's Favorite Drinks. Address our New York office, G. H. Mumm Champagne (Société Vinicole de Champagne, Successors) and Associates, Incorporated, La Maison Française...610 Fifth Avenue.

YOUTH.. LAUGHTER.. GOOD LIVING

Sherry's

A new welcome . . a new spirit of informality . . make the Louis Sherry Room one thoroughly delightful place for Dinner . .

Dancing to the music of
JOSEPH C. SMITH
and his Louis Sherry Orchestra

Special
THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER
$2.00—Noon till 9:30 P. M.

Chas Wilson
Director

300 PARK AVENUE at 49th STREET

THREE
EAST SEVENTY-SEVENTH
(RENTAL SECTION, 960 FIFTH AVE.)

Carefree Living

For those who desire only a "Pied-a-terre" in town — 3 EAST 77th provides more flexible living than either a hotel or the ordinary housekeeping apartment. . . Full hotel service available at moderate hourly rates—a private dining room —

3-4-5 ROOMS
$1500 UP

Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

TO EACH A PENNY
Francis Plummer
"SHOULD HAVE A VOGUE AMONG NEW YORKERS"
—William McFee
A LOTHROP BOOK $2.50

THE VILLAGE BREWERY
AT THE SIGN OF THE STEIN
A true replica of Old New York
WINE-DINE-DANCE
Handsome 36-page book of real old songs sent free upon request
186 West 4th Street

of Mr. Close's charges are true and how many of them Yellow Peril journalism is up to the experts to determine, but there is no doubt that his book is interesting and scary. In his endeavor to cover everything, from Dr. Noguchi to the Mitsuis, Mr. Close occasionally gets a little incoherent. Twenty photographs and two maps, one showing Japan as she is and the other as her Rosenbergs and Thyssens would like her to be.

Through Space and Time, by Sir James Jeans. A collection of popular lectures on the solar system, tracing its history and outlining man's present knowledge of the subject. It is liberally illustrated with photographs and diagrams, and the material is so simply presented that even if one's knowledge of astronomy is limited to "Twinkle, Twinkle," it is not hard to get into.

How to Make a Revolution, by Raymond W. Postgate. Mr. Postgate is something of a connoisseur of revolutions; he probably knows more about them than any other man in England. In this small and lively volume, he considers scientifically the various means, constitutional and violent, whereby sweeping social changes have been and may be effected: Marxism, Fascism, Leninism, Syndicalism, Anarchism, the general strike, Blanquism, armed revolution, and Communism. The viewpoint is left-wing British Labour.

MYSTERIES

Murder in St. John's Wood, by E. C. R. Lorac. Pretty usual stuff, involving rich Englishmen, blackmail, murder, and mistaken identity, written (if the foreword is any clue) more because the author felt sentimental about the past glories of St. John's Wood than because of any great idea up his sleeve.

Murder without Weapon, by Means Davis. A very uneven mystery, amateurish in spots and quite expert in others, by a writer who dwells chiefly on the unpleasant things which may happen to hospital patients. The solution is a little too cockeyed to be plausible.

THE SEASON'S VERSE

Wystan Hugh Auden and Stephen Spender, English poetry's newest ornaments, reached American print this year. Critics have uttered at length on their common qualities: Oxford educations, a fiercely critical attitude toward the existing social order, and a definite Leftist set. Linked so closely for so long, it is difficult at this time to pry the two poets apart, but an effort should be made in that direction. For they differ greatly; considered simply as poets, they are less like brothers than like fifth cousins twice removed.

Spender belongs to the romantic lyric tradition, Auden to the satiric. Spender views the future through a prospect of flowers; he believes in beautiful new generations, in great souls, in a perfect and possible new order (rather like the School of Athens furnished out with appropriate machines). Auden brings his considerable intellectual and technical equipment to bear on the idiocies of "the old gang" by which he is surrounded and of which he reluctantly admits himself to be a younger member. He is objective and merciless; he is a wit. His hope for the future is at once imaginative and mild. Spender has been compared to Shelley; he resembles him only on the Champak odours side. Auden, on the other hand, shows a certain kinship with Swift. And by that token Auden's writing skirts the faults observable in Spender, who, at his worst, is merely silly. Auden has himself in hand; he has a tendency to get lost in private associations, but he experiments with acumen and daring, and has a great natural power over language. Both men must be read by the student of modern poetry; it is recommended, however, that some time be allowed to elapse between the two books (both so sternly called "Poems").

LOOKING homeward, away from the two young Englishmen disabused with current conditions, we come upon Edna St. Vincent Millay's latest volume, "Wine from These Grapes." Miss Millay, although cognizant of the sickness of society, has kept clear of comforting and fashionable closed systems. Lyric poets in their

When a connoisseur says "that's real Scotch" chances are he's drinking . .

LONG JOHN

"MOST SCOTCH OF SCOTCHES"

●

D'ye ken the round, brown bottle?

●

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U. S. A.

Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

Prince's Reserve

FINEST LIQUEUR "LONG JOHN" SCOTCH WHISKY

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

DISTILLED AND

LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES LTD

GLASGOW & LONDON

Flyweight LUGGAGE

OSHKOSH

34th STREET SHOP

Oshkosh Trunks, Inc., 10 East 34th St.

Booklet "Luggage Prescriptions" on request

PIRIE MACDONALD

Photographer-of-Men.

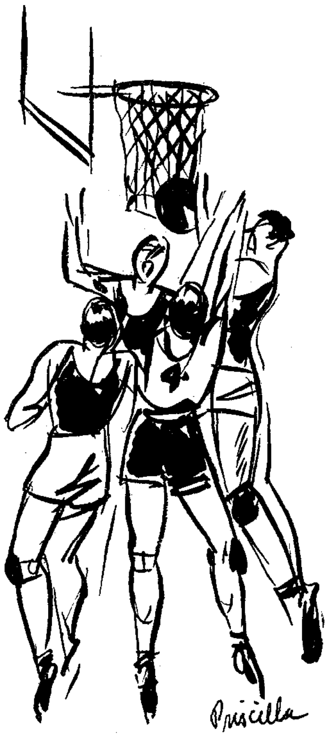
576 FIFTH AV. COR. 47TH ST

TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074

(Dear Lady; You want them to be "De Luxe"—They are not factory-made—I make *every* sitting myself.)

maturity either sink into a long, monotonous slumber, punctuated by moans, or, disabused at the centre, turn their scorn and contempt not merely against economic wrongs that warp mankind but against mankind itself. Into this latter company (and it is a great one), Miss Millay has passed. She has finished with literary fal-lals. She has heaped the final ashes over that more-dodo-than-phœnix, romantic love. "Wine from These Grapes" is concerned with the lonely, imperfect human spirit, the facts in life and death that grieve it, the brief intimations that bring it joy, and the horrors it breeds for itself. "Epitaph for the Race of Man," the sonnet sequence which closes the book, again displays Miss Millay's incontestable literary endowment, and it displays more—a quality for which there is no just term, for maturity will not do, is not enough.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD's inconclusive title, "Not Mine to Finish," infects her book of poems throughout. She has managed to combine a remarkable range of poetic styles, from the Comrade-to-Comrade-Illiterate ("Swell guy, you got to die. Did you have fun?") to subtle Hopkins and Spender measures; her *Standpunkt* shifts between the high romantic desire to be struck dead by delight and the high revolutionary ambition to write songs for the people. When she is herself, and in her proper vein (that of a romantic and lyric poet), she is capable of real excellence; it seems a pity that she should seriously strain her talent



Frank Brothers

Mezzanine Shop

A new idea . . . The Mezzanine Shop . . . for shoes that are styled to keep pace with the tempo of young New Yorkers . . . constructed according to Frank Brothers standards . . . and sold at lower prices.

$10.75 $12.75

Frank Brothers

FOOTWEAR INC.

588 FIFTH AVENUE

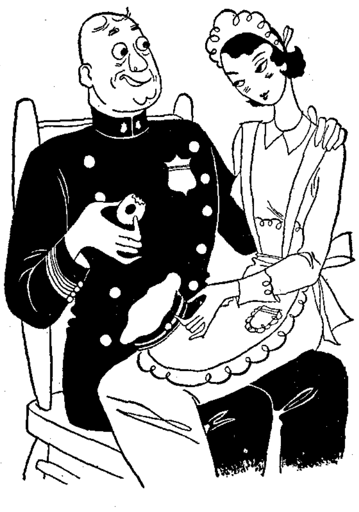
Bet. 47th and 48th Streets

CHARBERT

DRUMSTICK Lipstick 1.00

24 West 57th Street, New York

"How 'bout some horse de urvies?"



"Clancy, darlin', there just ain't left-over horse de urvies any more. Not since the missus quit sandwiches of cavey-air, and stuff like that. We serve them little sausages called Deerfoot now, and niver a one comes back to me kitchen."

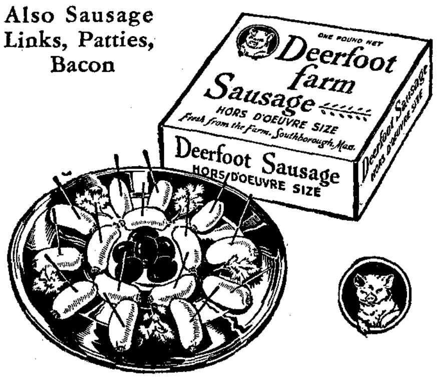
• • •

Spicy, midget Deerfoot Hors-d'Oeuvre Sausages are bound to prove the most popular appetizers you ever served! They've got what it takes to give your best cocktails a fitting background—an honest, thirst-provoking taste to tease the appetite. You'll welcome Deerfoot Hors-d'Oeuvres in place of those queer oddities that have been the scourge and the discouragement of cocktails for too, too long.

These tiny sausage links can be baked or broiled to a warm, crisp brown . . . skewered on toothpick handles (buy them in colors for just such a purpose!) . . . and served alone or with other appetizers. You can get your Deerfoot Hors-d'Oeuvre Sausage at most any good store. Bars and restaurants serve it. Deerfoot Farm, Southborough, Mass.

DEERFOOT *Hors-d'Oeuvre Sausage*

Also Sausage
Links, Patties,
Bacon



endeavoring to be several other things as well.

To sum up poetic events of the last six months briefly: Marya Zaturenska's "Threshold and Hearth" announced a new woman lyricist of distinction, while the best that can be said of Paul Engle's "American Song," on any ground, is that it gave every evidence of cultural lag. (One frontier disappeared in 1900; several others in 1914.) E. A. Robinson published his annual long poem; its 1934 title was "Amaranth." Gerald Bullett edited a fine anthology of English lyrics, "The English Galaxy." The British Empire's former glories now lie embalmed in a collected edition of Rudyard Kipling's verse. The Old Masters, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, produced a work apiece, viz: "The Rock" and "Eleven New Cantos." "The Rock" is a pageant and an act of piety which, unexpectedly, bursts at some points into poetry comparable to Eliot's best. The "Eleven New Cantos" are rather like the thirty old cantos, save that Pound now transliterates his Greek tags (why?), and has advanced unintelligibility from an artistic attitude into an article of faith. Edith Sitwell has written three serious prefaces to her critical anthology in three volumes, "The Pleasures of Poetry." She writes and writes on the subject of prosodic texture; her contribution, after Saintsbury, is small. Isidor Schneider offers a specimen of revolutionary poetry in "Comrade: Mister" that is worth serious attention. And I wish strongly, though belatedly (for the book was published last year), to recommend Elizabeth Drew's somewhat unfortunately titled book, "Discovering Poetry." It is sensible, scholarly, and sensitive, and should be in the hands of anyone who cares, even faintly, that poetry should live rather than die, who wishes to understand and draw nourishment from it while it remains extant.

—Louise Bogan

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

Castaway, by James Gould Cozzens. A short, macabre tale, "Robinson Crusoe" in reverse, about a man who was isolated in a large modern department store and found the litter of civilization too much for him. Interesting, if not quite lucid.

My Next Bride, by Kay Boyle. About some Parisian expatriates whose reactions are not always clear and whose speech is elliptical. But if you want Style, here it is.

Women Must Work, by Richard Aldington. Disappointing novel about a post-Victorian girl who went to London to be independent, succeeded, and found that life lay in ruins about her feet. Mr. Aldington has done better work.

The End of a Childhood, by Henry Handel Richardson. The long title story tells you what happened to little Cuffy Mahony, whom you will remember from "Ultima Thule." There are a dozen other stories, all distinguished, of course. Particularly fine is a group of eight studies of adolescent and pre-adolescent girls.

Morning Shows the Day, by Helen Hull. A sound, unpretentious, and interesting novel about seven more or less average young people who lived in a small Midwest town some thirty years ago, and what happened to them when the Big Crash came.

The Proud and the Meek, by Jules Romains, translated by Warre B. Wells, Volume III (Books 5 and 6) of "Men of Good Will," in which Madame de Champcenais and Roger Sammécaud commit a little refined adultery, Haverkamp starts his career as a promoter, and the worlds of the rich and the poor mingle and clash in five hundred fascinating pages.

The Death and Birth of David Markand, by Waldo Frank. A serious and elevated study of the ways and means by which David Markand, prewar uprooted businessman, found himself in the realities of social strife.

GENERAL

Portraits and Prayers, by Gertrude Stein. Various mumblings, in the Simon-pure, pre-Toklas manner, about Miss Stein's artist and writer friends. Tastefully bound, for the most part in a large photograph of the author.

Logical Nonsense: The Works of Lewis Carroll, edited by Philip C. Blackburn and Lionel White. Contains about everything, except the mathematical treatises, the Reverend Dodgson ever wrote, arranged chronologically from the first printed appearance of his work. Lots of curious things here—especially the "Symbolic Logic"—even the Alice-maniac may not know about. There's an introduction, a biography, notes, and a good bibliography. Worth owning.

Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells. Very full outline (718 pages) of H. G. Wells, done by an old hand at the outlining business. A rich story, stuffed with interesting reminiscences, and highly self-explanatory. Loads of illustrations and funny drawings by the author. Unquestionably an important book, if a trifle dull in spots.

The Roosevelt Omnibus, edited and annotated by Don Wharton. A composite portrait of the President, created by an ingenious arrangement of photographs, articles, cartoons, caricatures, newspaper headlines, genealogical tables, memo slips, and quotations. Contains a valuable bibliography of Rooseveltiana. A daring and successful attempt to fix the general popular impression of New Dealer No. 1.

City Editor, by Stanley Walker. Crackling gossip of the newspaper business by a man who knows all there is to know about it. As lively in its way as "The Night Club Era."

Not I, But the Wind: Memoirs of Her Husband, by Frieda Lawrence. An intimate, tender, and revealing sheaf of memories, its value enhanced by the inclusion of eighty-nine hitherto unpublished letters written by D. H. Lawrence from 1912 to 1930, many of them to his mother-in-law.

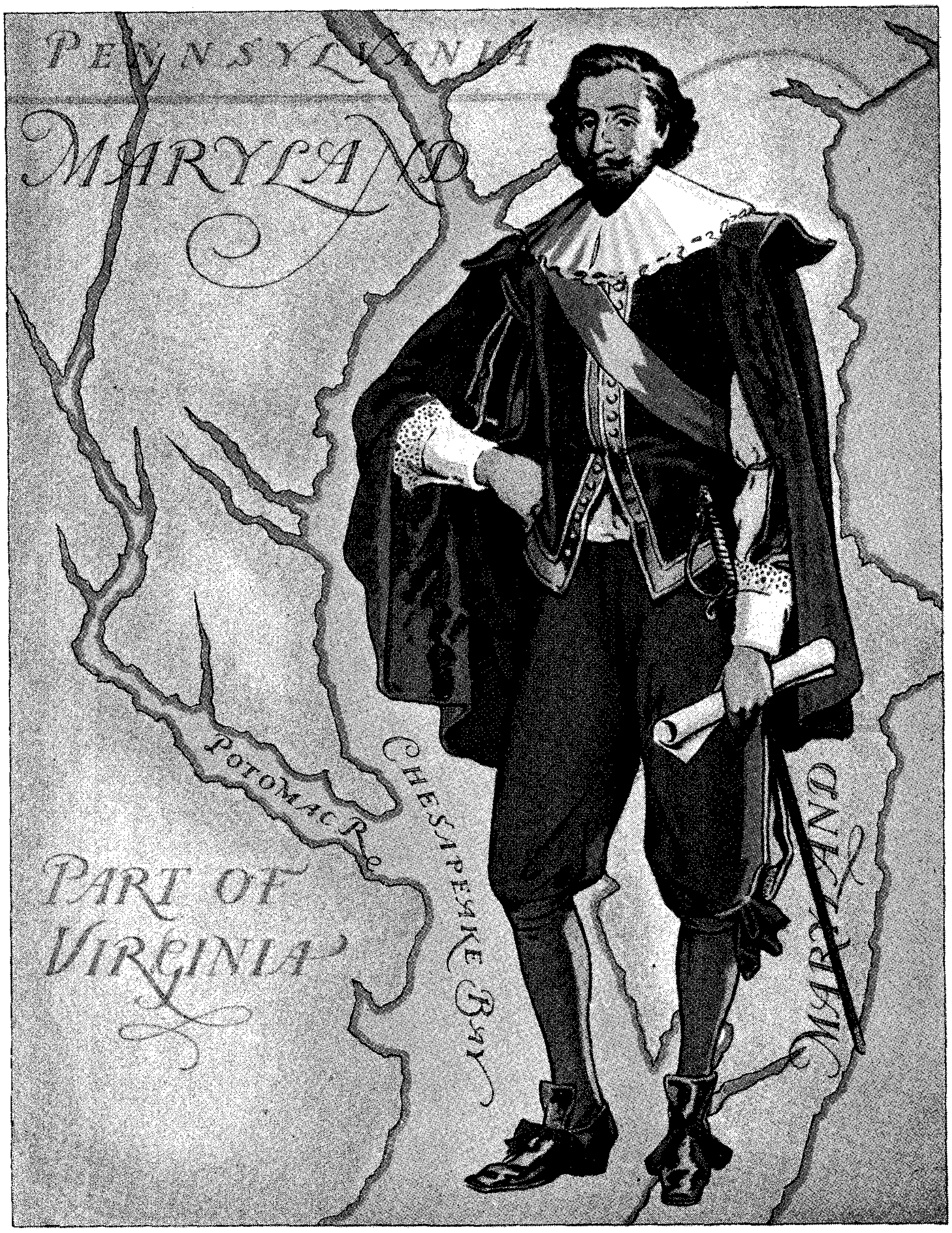
Rameses to Rockefeller, by Charles Harris Whitaker. An appealing history of architecture, written with charm, discernment, and freedom from pedantry.

All Around the Town, by Herbert Asbury. The author of "The Gangs of New York" does some further delving into the city's past. Twenty-three stories, many of which appeared originally in this magazine, about odd or wicked New Yorkers and the comedies and disasters in which they took part. Illustrated with contemporary engravings.

VERSE

On the Contrary, by Phyllis McGinley. Songs and ballads of comic despair by a poet familiar to readers of these pages. Illustrated by Helen Hokinson.

300 YEARS AGO


PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
POTOMAC R.
CHESAPEAKE BAY
PART OF VIRGINIA
MARYLAND

© 1934, CALVERT-MARYLAND DISTILLING CO., INC.

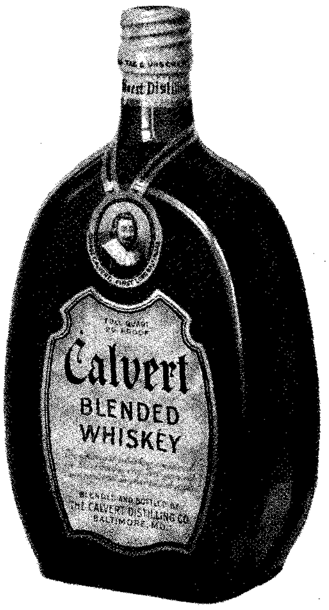
This is the tercentenary of the founding of Maryland by the Calverts, "Lords Proprietary" of the newest colony of the New World. Besides a colony, Lord Calvert, with his company of gentlemen, also established a tradition of integrity that persists with all its vitality to this day.

So, the makers of CALVERT Whiskey—long famed in the annals of Maryland—feel both responsibility and pride in offering you a whiskey that is sound in every sense of the word.

The straight whiskey in CALVERT was aged in charred oak casks for five years before being blended with neutral grain spirits. Then the blend was returned to the original casks to unite until "Perfectly Married" in that harmony of rich flavor and delicate fragrance so notable in this noble amber whiskey.

Even in its price—which is most reasonable—you will find that CALVERT is true to its heritage of fair dealing.

The House of Calvert, General Sales Offices, 30th Floor,
Chanin Building, N. Y.
Tel.: AShland 4-7300.
Distillery: Relay, Md.


Calvert
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

PERFECTLY MARRIED
TRADE MARK

Calvert

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
The Cream of the Crop

The clean center leaves are the mildest leave

They Taste Better!

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Co.